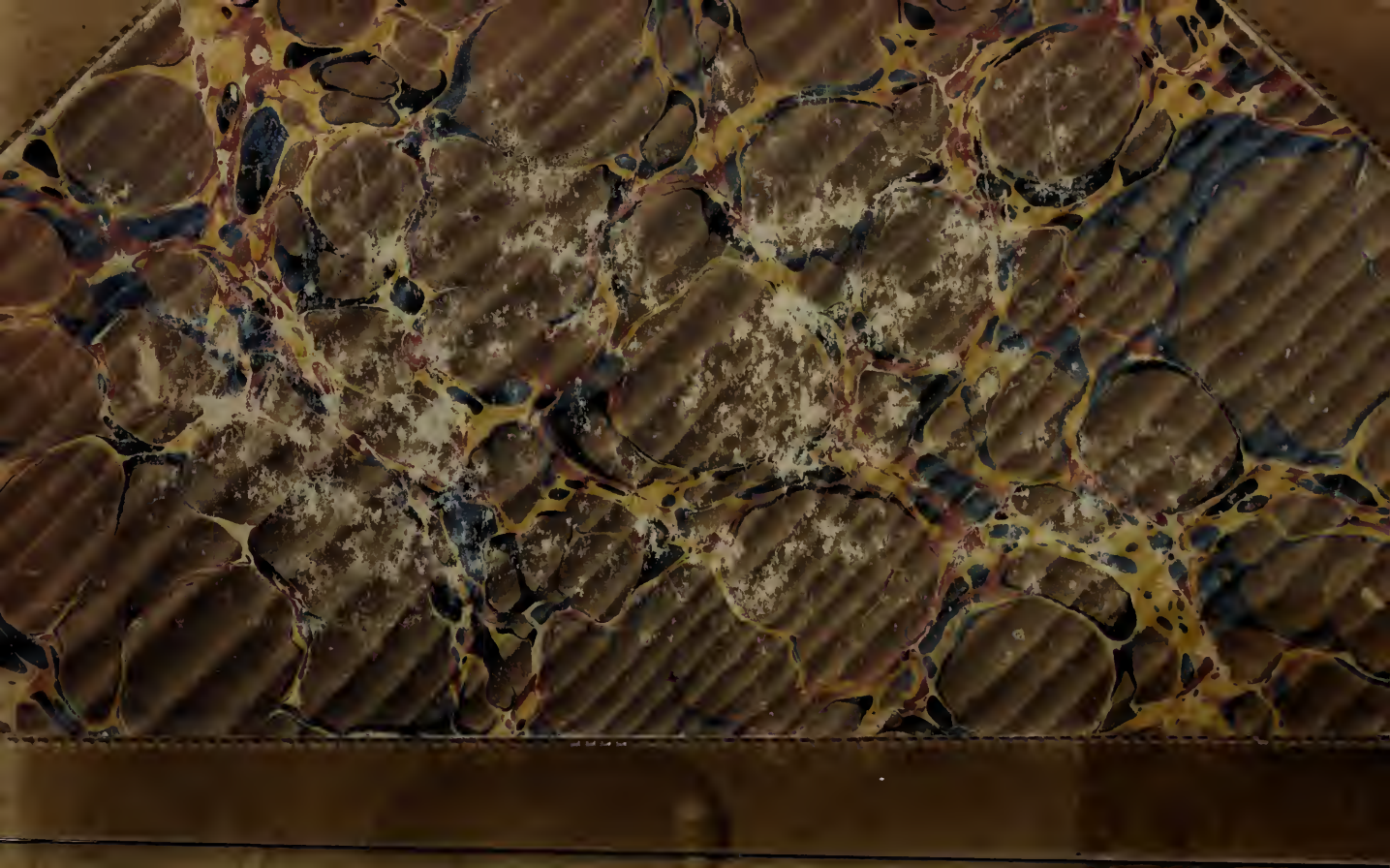


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THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Edited by Alfred W. Cole and Roderick Noble.

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PREFACE TO VOLUME VIII.

In accordance with established usage, the editors of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* in issuing the eighth volume of their literary bantling, and the last which is to appear under their management, take the opportunity of indulging in the weakness of a few "last words" before on them at least the curtain falls. The *Magazine* has now existed over a term of four years, which in periodical life may represent the years of "curly" juvenility and opening manhood. It has met and successfully resisted the attacks of all the ills to which young periodical life is heir, and is at the present moment fairly established in healthy vigour, and secure in the favourable opinions of its hundreds of patrons throughout the whole of South Africa. When the editors commenced their task four years ago, their project was one of but doubtful prospects. "The adverse experience of previous periodicals of unquestionable merit had rendered it doubtful whether the field of the Cape was sufficiently extended to furnish either contributors or subscribers in numbers adequate to the support of a monthly serial." But all uncertainty on that point for them has long since disappeared. The number of subscribers, though still inadequate to yield any pecuniary profit to its supporters, has far exceeded that of any previous periodical in the colony; and, notwithstanding the heavy expenses incurred for the publication of the *Magazine*, has sufficed to secure the proprietors from any actual loss. But the success to which the editors most aspired was the literary one which they flatter themselves they have achieved. From its first issue to the closing number of this eighth volume, every article which has appeared has been of colonial origin and growth; and these have been so varied and so multiform in their character and topics that by means of them the *Cape Monthly Magazine* has now fairly become what it was ever intended to be "an organ of communication and discussion on colonial subjects of literary, scientific, agricultural, or

social interest; a repository of information respecting the past history, manners, traditions, and romances of the colony and the surrounding States, and a means of evoking and fostering literary tastes among our South African population generally." Under its new management the prospectus issued on another page shows the determination of the proprietors to maintain the character it has already acquired, and at great cost and pecuniary responsibility to themselves still further to enhance its attractiveness and utility. The present editors now retire from the post which with considerable labour and greater pleasure they have held for the last four years; and in resigning it they gladly take the opportunity of cordially thanking the numerous staff of contributors to whom they attribute all their success, and who, like themselves, have been content to work without the prospect of any other reward than the satisfaction of fostering the nascent native literature of South Africa.

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THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GERT VAN BENGEL,

A TALE OF "WOODY CAPE."

> Quoth Sidrophel: You look askew,
> As if the story were not true;—
> When, all along, you know I said it:
> *It is exactly as I've read it.*
> Here! Wackum! run to yonder nook,
> And quickly hand Sir Knight the book.
> *Hudibras.*

Most of us may have heard of "Woody Cape;" but, perhaps, few are aware of its exact locality, and fewer still, of the strange traditions connected with the place, and so generally current amongst the neighbouring farmers.

Forming the north-eastern horn of Algoa Bay, it is simply remarkable when seen from a distance to seaward as a uniformly dark and isolated prominence, with little distinguishable feature, and only conspicuous in contrast with the weary monotony of the extensive tracts of bare white sandhills which form the coast on either side of it.

It is only when seen from a position close in shore that its stiff and beetling crags wildly strike the eye, especially as viewed under the rapidly changing shadows of sunset, when the seaward face of the precipice presents a huge, huddled mass of fanciful and grotesque shapes, ever varying in form and position.

On shore, and underneath the cliff, which, at low water, is for the greater part accessible from the beach, the wildness and grandeur of the scene is even increased. High above the rugged rock and shingle of the beach, beetles the perpendicular front of a dark-brown decayed sandstone, covered at the summit with a dense impenetrable jungle of brushwood, matted together by long yellow ropes of *cynanchum*, and the interminable twigs of the treacherous *wacht een beetje*.

For upwards of a mile in the back-ground, and as far as the eye can reach, on either side, the land consists of a fine and beautifully white sand, not of an unvaried level, as in Table Bay and other parts of the southern coast, but swelling

into huge masses, and forming steep and conical sandhills (some of them rising to the height of three or four hundred feet), continually altering in form and locality, particularly with the strong westerly gales which whirl in amongst them and sweep the eddying sand, in huge clouds and columns, far and wide. Above high-water mark, a stream of clear, fresh water, about the thickness of a man's body, is seen to issue from a fissure in the cliff, and mingle with the spray beneath; and, as the tide rises, the advancing waves—impetuously dashing in amongst the fragments of rock and shingle, and hissing and roaring in the numerous crannies and fissures of the crag—are seen to leap higher and higher, and even strike into the fresh-water fount above with reverberating clamour, as if in fierce anger at the puny stream which dares to unite its drops with the seething sea below.

On the crest of the curling wave, the sea-fowl sits lazily watching the fish below him, while myriads of his feathery tribe circle and sweep to and fro overhead,—either returning to their nests in the cliff, with the proceeds of the morning's fishing, or soaring out to seaward, to their favourite haunts in the Bird Islands, which lie opposite.

The beach is everywhere thickly strewn with driftwood; and the presence of numerous fragments of wrecks adds, if possible, to the interest and wild solitude of the scene,—such as portions of a burnt hull, a shattered boat, broken oars, battered spars, sheaves of blocks, and other ships' furniture abundantly scattered about, as also the wave and weather-beaten fragment of a life-buoy, jammed high up in a crevice in the cliff, and which all seem to point to many an unknown tale of hardship and disaster.

We have indited these descriptive remarks, in order the better to introduce to the notice of the reader a curious little volume, which, through the kindness of a friend, has just reached us from Holland. The title, which may as well be quoted in the original, runs thus: "*Zonderlinge lotgevallen van Gerrit Cornelis van Bengel, vooral aan de Zuid Oost Kust van de Kaap de Goede Hoop in de Jaren* 1747—1758. *Uit nagelatene Papieren bewerkt en uitgegeven door Mr. Simon Proot, J.U.D. Gedrukt by de Gebroeders van der Post. Utrecht* 1860."* The book, we are sorry to say, is ill-

* Singular Adventures of Gerrit Cornelis van Bengel, principally at the South Eastern Coast of the Cape of Good Hope, in the Years 1747—1758; compiled and edited from Posthumous Papers, by Advocate Simon Proot, LL D. Printed by Van der Post Brothers. Utrecht, 1860.

digested and diffuse, and the style much too stilted for the subject; and we would recommend to Mr. Proot (should this ever meet his eye, and should he understand English) to give a few more days and nights to the study of the best Dutch writers. He will then, we hope, be prepared to strike out what he *now* deems his *fine passages*, should a second edition of the book be called for.

Gerrit van Bengel, it appears, was born in Arnheim, in 1715; and following the profession of his father (who in early life had landed with William III, at Torbay, as a trumpeter), he soon rose to the rank of corporal in the Dutch East India Company's service, in which capacity he arrived in Table Bay, in the company's ship *Veldhoen*, in 1747, with the pay of twelve guilders per month.

Van Bengel appears to have been of an ardent, imaginative temperament, not a little nurtured by the eager reading of the marvellous El-Dorado tales of the East, and the romantic achievements of the buccaneers in the West Indies, which he pored over in his moments of military leisure. No wonder that he earned the name of the "Visionary" amongst his companions-in-arms, who (although fond of listening to his wonderful relations, detailed by him with all the vividness and vehemence of an enthusiast) often shook their heads significantly when discoursing amongst themselves, over their long pipes of fragrant Virginia, about his general sanity. In one respect, however, he was as sane as any of them. His monthly pay of twelve guilders he husbanded with a frugality which even a Dutchman would have admired. If he could not share in the treasure-yielding exploits which formed the ground-work both of waking dreams and of the more fantastic vagaries of his nightly slumbers, he was wise enough not to forego the chance of saving money, even on the trivial scale actually within his reach. Besides, he was still in the prime of life, and a vague prescience that he might yet one day realize his golden aspirations, pointed to the desirability of his rendering himself independent of military service.

A chance meeting, in 1757 (when he had been ten years at the Cape), with a shipwrecked sailor, fanned the flame of his imagination afresh. The ill-fated *Doddington*, laden with treasure and merchandize from England, had been wrecked off Bird Islands, in 1755. His new acquaintance communicated to him the strange, eventful story of the shipwreck,—expatiated in glowing terms on the treasures which the ship's officers had buried on the island, on a spot unknown to the men, for fear of indiscriminate plunder and eventual mutiny

amongst them. A romantic adventure, during the stay on the island, interested Van Bengel still more. Three of the ship's crew, and amongst them the narrator himself, had gone out fishing one day, in one of the *Doddington's* boats, in the direction of the opposite coast; and venturing too near the surf, which was rolling high at the time, their boat had capsized, and he and another sailor (being both good swimmers) had escaped on the not distant shore. Here he remained for a whole day, when he succeeded in again reaching the ship with the boat, which had happily been cast on the shore. While there, he had seen some curious sights. Perceiving a stream of water issuing from a rock covered with dense bushes, and overhanging the cliff, he had clambered up to slake his thirst, when he noticed a large number of bags, evidently containing money, and further appearances of treasure in another opening close by; but the fear of being cut off by the rushing tide, which was already setting in strongly, had made him desist from further explorations.

Gert van Bengel's mind was now made up for immediate action. He petitioned the then Governor, Ryk Tulbagh, to be discharged from the Company's service, and to be made a burgher, by reason of his having done duty for ten years. It was absolutely requisite to obtaining a discharge, in those days, that the petitioner should state what handicraft he intended following. This puzzled him for awhile, as he had been all his life a soldier. At last, he fixed on tailoring,—not that he understood it, or intended pursuing it at all; but his object was only to seize the first favourable opportunity for escaping in some vessel from his thraldom, as, with the ostensible rights of a freeman, he would still be subject, in those despotic times, to several restrictions and disadvantages, —such as his not being allowed to leave the limits of the colony, and his running many risks of being more or less arbitrarily compelled to resume his old duties of corporal, on pain of deportation.

His request was, without much difficulty, acceded to, for, fortunately for him, he had just hit upon an employment which was then in very great demand at the Cape. Orders for habiliments of every description soon poured in from all directions, but the pseudo tailor slyly craved a little leisure-time, for providing, as he said, the necessary tools, furniture, and material; and one fine morning, while, no doubt, the good, easy burghers of Cape Town, in their artless simplicity, were picturing to themselves the ex-corporal perched, pagoda-like, on his elevated board, and vigorously plying his needle, or with sure-guiding hand propelling his steaming

goose over their fine Leyden broadcloth,—the rogue lay snugly hid amongst the casks in the hold of the *Zwaardvisch*, an outward-bound East Indiaman, which was just about weighing anchor in Table Bay. After some twenty-four hours' confinement, Gert ventured from his skulking-place, with his *Burger Privilegie* in hand, to show, at all events, that he was no common deserter. It was now too late to send him on shore again, and there was therefore no alternative but to make him work his passage as a sailor, which, of course, he was very willing, though unaccustomed, to do. On doubling Cape Agulhas, the ship encountered a fearful storm, which she only escaped after losing part of her mizen-mast, and suffering otherwise very considerably; so that, some days after, when she was sailing in fair weather between the coast and the Bird Islands (for hugging the shore was then much more common than at present), the captain, mindful of the long voyage still before him, thought it prudent to anchor under the lee of the islands, to repair the damage which the storm had occasioned.

What an unlooked-for concurrence of events for Van Bengel! That he should ever actually view so near, and while at anchor, the spots which his sailor-friend had so fascinatingly described to him, had scarcely ever crossed his glowing imagination. He rubbed his eyes in wonderment. But, surely, he was perfectly awake. And *there* lay the Bird Islands, quite close to him; and *yonder*, some miles further, his peering eye could plainly discern the opposite coast, with its broad belt of sandhills stretching from the west, and that sudden dark-looking break, the very spot so minutely described to him by the stranger.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men."—

Had Gert van Bengel read Shakspeare—a very unlikely thing, we apprehend—he might have quoted to himself the soul-stirring words of the bard, in his waking reverie. But he *did more*. He felt that Fortune was now smiling her sweetest smile on him; and silently vowed—that at every risk, even of life itself, he would not relinquish the tempting opportunity.

A delay of some ten or twelve days at the Bird Islands was anticipated by the captain, for effecting his repairs. This gave the sailors an opportunity of visiting the cluster, on the south-east side of which they found a large anchor and an iron gun, which, from its fine state of preservation, left no doubt of having belonged to the *Doddington*. Van Bengel was marvellously alert in poking about for appearances of

the hiding-place of the ship's treasure; but he was soon satisfied that the search would be a hopeless one, for nearly the whole island was covered with a guano crust, to the depth of several feet, and all that he found was gannet eggs innumerable, remains of muskets, spars, and other pieces of wood intermixed with the *débris* of a ship's forge, and such-like articles.

In his eagerness for spoil, he partly opened a low mound, which, however, he soon discovered to be a human grave.

The fruitless result of his explorations here, now unmistakably pointed, he thought, to *that other treasure spot* on the opposite coast (and which, from our description, the reader will, ere this, have identified as Woody Cape), as the locality where his golden visions would certainly be realized.

How, however, could he accomplish that Herculean task, for the distance was considerable; and he was aware, as we have seen, of the dangers connected with an attempt to land on the coast. To get the captain's consent to so fool-hardy an expedition, which would require a boat's crew that could be ill-spared at that busy time, was out of the question. Besides, even with permission, what sailor would risk his life to accompany him for such a purpose. But the indomitable ardour which possessed him left no obstacle unsurmountable to his mind. He had with him, in cash, about two hundred guilders, the hard savings of a ten years' military servitude. With the whole of this sum he bribed three of the sailors,—such was the sacrifice he was prepared to make. Not, however, to give him more than his due, it should be borne in mind that by this time Gert van Bengel's heated imagination had been wrought up to such a pitch, that he already verily believed himself the fortunate owner of those heaps of treasure lying ready for him, and which, with but a few hours' trouble, he had only to fetch away. To such a man, a matter of some two hundred guilders could be but dust in the balance.

At day-break, one exceedingly fine, calm morning, he and his three companions left the vessel, clandestinely, in one of the ship's boats. His friends hoped to be back the same evening, and trusted to assuage the captain's wrath with some plausible story, accounting for their day's absence. The distance they had to row was about five miles; and the day remaining true to its fair promise at dawn, the party thought that they had every prospect of effecting a safe landing.

Nothing marked their progress until they had nearly reached the outermost roller, when they lay on their oars for awhile, anxiously watching the dashing of the surf ahead of

them. The prospect was certainly formidable, for the rollers, three in number, advanced in shore in rapid succession, breaking about two hundred yards from the beach, and surging over it with a roar plainly audible to our adventuring friends in the boat, who now felt their courage sinking fast. They would even then have abandoned their attempt, and returned to the ship, had it not been for the persuasion and entreaty of Van Bengel, who, blinded to the realities of the dangers before them, would have risked anything rather than relinquish his project, and with it his hopes, now so soon to be consummated. Encouraged at last by his arguments, and the golden prospects he held out to them, besides the reality of the two hundred guilders, they prepared for carrying out their rash attempt; and waiting for a momentary smooth, pulled in with the outer roller, which, however, soon outstripped them. They were now in the midst of it, and to turn back was too late, for another swell had already started onwards in their wake. With throbbing hearts, and eyes eagerly strained on the fast-approaching surge, they pulled with the mad vigour of those who too well dreaded the gigantic wave that would soon overtake them. It came. A steer-oar might have maintained the boat's direction, and thus have lessened the shock; but their now unmanageable rudder left them no alternative but to meet the full force of the coming roller "broadside on." And here Gert van Bengel's career would probably have terminated abruptly, in which case Mr. Proot could not have edited his book, and ourselves would have been debarred from spending an idle hour in penning this article. *Sed Dis aliter visum.* The boat was swamped, and thrown keel upwards; and while his companions were swept away, Van Bengel succeeded in clinging to it. Thus buoyed up, he drifted to the shore, which was only a few hundred yards distant, and which he soon reached, in certainly no enviable plight, but not a little delighted at his very narrow escape.

We shall not follow Van Bengel in his wanderings on shore. Suffice it to say that he at last reached the spot where, as he fully believed, the treasure lay hidden. He had clambered up to the cleft in the rock, from which the fresh water rill was gushing forth, with all the mock impetuosity of a miniature cascade; and to his inexpressible joy he also found exactly as it had been described to him, another narrow but apparently deep opening in the rock, close by. Creeping in as well as he could, he was soon able to stand upright. He had evidently set foot in some vast grotto, but the only light entering it being from the narrow opening

through which he had come, only a very small portion of the cave within a few feet from him was visible. He eagerly groped for the expected money-bags, but nothing more valuable than a rusty cutlass and a stockless old Dutch blunderbuss rewarded his search. He now became more eager for a light, and recollecting that he had a small burning-glass in his pocket, he succeeded, after emerging again from the grotto, in kindling a fire on the beach, and having collected some dry pieces of ship's timber, which he found in abundance, he was soon able, after a few trips for a sufficiency of fuel, to illuminate a large portion of the grotto by a roaring fire inside. More old weapons he now discovered lying strewn about. But, alas, he found no treasure yet. The streamlet which issued from the cleft meandered nearly through the middle of the cave, which rose in height and increased in width the further he penetrated, until at last deepening darkness rendered exploration impracticable. He searched and searched again, but in vain. With the aid of a cutlass he dug about, wherever he thought money might possibly be buried, until at last, in despair and utterly exhausted, he retraced his steps past the fire, which was now waning fast, to the mouth of the cave; when he found to his astonishment that the sun had already set, and to his horror, that the tide was up, and that egress was then impossible. Nothing therefore was left for him but to remain where he was till the next morning. He now bethought himself of some biscuits, and a well-filled stone jar of Schiedam, which had washed on shore with the shattered boat, to which it had been secured in a bag and which he had taken into the cave, but in his intense activity had hitherto forgotten. The little hunger he felt was soon appeased with his frugal fare, and perhaps for this reason, as also in order to alleviate the despondency which, with his extreme lassitude, brooded over him more deeply, he felt the inspiring draughts he took more welcome than his ordinary sober habits might otherwise have made them. Having selected the least uncomfortable nook for a resting-place, he hoped soon in sleep to forget, for some time at least, his misery. But bitter thoughts of his failure —of his recent career—of the friends whom he had lost and forsaken—and of his own wretched solitariness, crowded on his mind in all the phantasy of an over-wrought and now re-acting imagination. Several hours, he thought, were spent by him in this melancholy reverie, when of a sudden the embers of the fire which he had lit, and had watched dying-out to the last spark,—as if by magic, blazed up with almost the effulgence of the sun itself. The whole grotto was

illumined with the brightness of day, to its innermost recesses: and before Gert van Bengel had recovered from his astonishment, a large number of figures, dressed in sailors' apparel,—but the latter, of such grotesqueness and huge proportions as could only have been worn in a bygone century—seemed to issue from the back of the cave, and approach the fire, round which they soon completed a circle. With a heavy measured tramp they danced, or rather trudged, around the now high-flaming faggots, with grizzly beards, elongated visages, fantastically shaped hats, and broad belts encircling their loose hanging costume; while some wore large sheathed knives, and others antique-looking swords dangling at their sides. About a dozen rounds had been completed, when one of them, happening to take a step backwards, upset Van Bengel's stone bottle, but immediately picked it up again, and applied it to his mouth with the eagerness of an old connoisseur who had long been debarred from enjoying anything so good. In fact, when he removed the jar from his lips, it was empty; but as if to make up for his lagging behind—for the rest had gone on without him—he cut such odd capers in the air as brought his circle of companions to a stand-still, as if in perfect surprise.

A number of others, of similar appearance and provided with old-fashioned triangular spades and other implements, now also entered from the back of the cave, and at about the centre of it soon diverted a portion of the rivulet, for about a dozen paces, into a somewhat semi-circular trench which they had previously cut, and thereupon digging into the waterless portion of the bed, brought up from the bottom at least a dozen massive iron money-chests, to each of which the fellow who had smacked Van Bengel's Schiedam applied a ponderous key: at the same time wide opening each chest as he passed along. The whole of the circle around the fire had by this time joined the additional party.

Gert van Bengel, who through fear of being discovered, had hitherto kept himself in the back-ground as much as possible, could now no longer restrain himself from seeing with his own eyes the extent of the treasure in the chests. Judging wisely, that without approaching, he would be able sufficiently to secure his purpose by a more elevated position, he was preparing himself for his "bird's eye view" by placing his foot on a projecting stone above him,—when unfortunately it gave way, and losing his balance, he tumbled on the sloping ground below, and rolled right into the midst of the assemblage. Opening his eyes, while still on all fours, he could just see the figures rush off, as if panic-struck, towards the back of the cave, for in an instant all was dark!

To be pursued by a ghost may well be supposed to unnerve the stoutest heart, but when the tables are turned, and not only a solitary spectre, but a whole regiment of them, scamper away from us in promiscuous flight, our courage may be presumed to rise, on the other hand, in equal proportion. We need not, therefore, be surprised that Gert van Bengel, after having in vain felt for the money-chests, which he thought they had left behind, also followed. All, however, was pitch dark.

Having groped his way for some distance, he joyfully perceived a beam of the moon, which he knew was full at the time, falling through an opening in the grotto overhead.

He had soon clambered up to this outlet, and peering through it from his new position, he could distinctly see again his strange visitors to the cave (whose numbers now appeared to have increased considerably) busily engaged in burying afresh their immense money-chests beneath the vast sandheaps at the back of the cliff, and which he had already visited the day before. Although watching them at some distance, he was still fully able to observe all their movements, for the moon was shining in all its brightness, and the snowwhite sandmasses as a background made their dark figures stand out in bold and clear relief.

Having sufficiently satisfied his curiosity, and carefully noted the spots where the chests were buried, Van Bengel retraced his steps into the cave as well as the darkness would permit him.

Gert van Bengel awoke next morning with a splitting headache, and it was some time before he could consecutively recollect the marvellous events of the night. His remembrance of his tumble, which had so untowardly broken the spell of the midnight meeting, clearly explained the pains he felt in his head. It however puzzled him not a little to find that he was still occupying about the same spot in the grotto where he had originally lain down. He could only ascribe it to some extraordinary but yet possible chance, by which he had found his way back, while groping in the dark, to the exact nook he had come from. If, however, a shadow of doubt still flittered across Gert van Bengel's mind, as to the reality of what he now remembered—here was a perfect "crucial instance"—a broad palpable fact not to be gainsaid: *his stone bottle, which he recollected having left more than half full, lay perfectly empty at some distance from him.* Not a drop in it was left: to such a degree had that galligaskined

eaperer relished the pilfered sample from the jolly Dutch eaptain's bin.

With new blown hopes, Van Bengel now prepared to leave his dark retreat, for the sandhills—the fondly pictured scene of his future labours. The tide being down, he had no difficulty in again reaching the beach, and was soon engaged in levelling, with a broad flat piece of iron he had picked up, a sand-mound which he thought he identified as one of the number, where, from his watching place, he had seen that the treasure was buried. The height, however, was more than 200 feet. Several days' hard work would therefore be neeessary to enable him to gain his object. He laboured the whole day, and returned early the next morning to continue with new vigour. But on coming to the spot again, he found, to his astonishment, that every vestige of his previous day's exertions had disappeared. The very iron, several feet long, and which he had left standing on end where he had ceased to work, was gone; and moreover the whole aspect of the hills appeared ehanged from what it was the previous day. He felt puzzled. He now selected what he thought was another treasure-hill, but of smaller dimensions. Here he dug again till the evening, leaving his levelling iron on end on the surfaee as before; but alas! when he returned the following morning, he again found, to his mortification, that no trace of his labours was left. Thus Gert van Bengel toiled on for several days more, with ever-tantalised but fast dwindling hopes; until at last the eonviction which had strongly dawned on him became perfect in his mind, that his mysterious visitors in the cave were the secret counterworkers of all his attempts—by restoring in the night his demolishing work of the day, and at the same time varying surrounding appearances in order still better to mislead his search!

A few days more saw Gert van Bengel, with now totally erushed hopes, a solitary wanderer along the coast, with the perilous object of reaching Cape Town overland. This journey, which lasted four months, we must reluctantly pass over here. We may possibly hereafter give a short sketch of it, adding merely, on this occasion (as an ineitement to those of our readers who understand Duteh, to order the book for themselves),* that the account, in spite of its inflated style, is highly eventful, and even fascinating; and that many of the incidents, which we do not however all believe, are as marvellous as the strange adventures of the old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo.

* Probably it may be obtained among the excellent collection of recent Dutch publications at Mr. Juta's, in Cape Town.

On his arrival in Cape Town, Gert van Bengel at once repaired to the Castle, with the chimerical hope of inducing the Governor to send out a ship to excavate the treasure at the sandhills, but Father Tulbagh's practical and disciplinarian mind decided upon issuing an order for the *ci-devant* corporal's immediate "deportation" to Holland instead. On the home voyage, Van Bengel employed himself in writing an account of his adventures. Shortly after his landing at Helvoetsluys, it was found that his mind had given way, and he was placed in an asylum, where he ultimately died.

By a mere chance, Mr. Proot, the other day, at a bookstall in the Kalver-straat, in Amsterdam, purchased Gert van Bengel's manuscript, which had ever since knocked about in a manner which it would now be idle to conjecture, and having ferreted out the history of Van Bengel's last years, resolved to venture the perils of editorship.

Our notice of the work would be incomplete were we to withhold from the reader the fact that Mr. Proot is a firm believer in the actual occurrence of all that is set down by Gert van Bengel as having happened to him in the cave.

As critics, we have dealt rather severely, though without compunction, with the style of the book. It would, however, we think, ill-become our untitled selves to break lances *on his own ground* with a "Juris Utriusque Doctor," whose mind has been expressly trained in all that appertains to the nature and force of evidence, and who proves himself so well versed in the recondite "writings on the supernatural" of Paracelsus, Cardan, H. C. Agrippa, and a host of others besides, whom he quotes, and of even whose very names we candidly confess our previous ignorance.

We shall, therefore, merely diffidently "hint a doubt," by hazarding an idea of our own, that what Gert van Bengel believed to have seen in the cave may, possibly, have been a mere coinage of the brain; and that, in that event, we think a closer connection might be discovered, by way of cause and effect, between Gert's stone-bottle and the matutinal headache, than, surprisingly to us, a man of Mr. Proot's expected large university experience appears willing to admit.

Before concluding, we shall add something modern and local, which may perhaps be construed to favour Mr. Proot's view. If so—we wish to be impartial—he is heartily welcome to it.

At this very day, the traveller in Olifant's Hoek may now and then meet with some "old boer," who shakes his time-worn pate mysteriously when speaking of the shifting sands on the coast, calling them the "Devil's mole-hills;" and may

listen to marvellous tales of immense sums of money lying buried at Woody Cape. There is also a tradition current amongst the farmers, that one of their progenitors, one morning, discovered at the beach below the cliff a large iron ring which the waves had washed bare, and which evidently belonged to some huge iron chest, too heavy for him to lift; that he brought his span of oxen to the spot to drag out the treasure, when, just as they were moving away with it, the tide rushed in, and farmer, oxen, and all, were swept away into the ocean and never heard of again. This, it is said, is the reason why, amongst the farmers there, Woody Cape has hitherto borne the ominous name of KWAAI HOEK.

FROM CALCUTTA TO THE YANGTSE-KIANG.

A DISCURSIVE DIARY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

As we got no answer from our Canton friends, we were obliged to defer our visit till some more favourable opportunity; and embarked on board the Chusan P. and O. steamer for Shanghai. My feelings in regard to that boat are very bitter; I have hated it, and cursed it by my gods. It was a comfortable boat to look at, and we had a largish cabin, and there's the end of its merits. The sea did all it could for us, and was perfectly calm; the wind did all it could for us, and took the form of a light and favouring breeze; the weather did all it could for us, and rained less than we had any right to expect; and the purser did all he could for us, by putting us through a course of light feeding, calculated to ease the digestion, and—but never mind! We travelled with merchants, chiefly David's merchants, and such as do their business in the great waters, Americans some of them, —the rest, Bulls-land, talking men, and men of hairy aspects. Men of smoke and brandy-and-water—men of doubtful aspirates—men of silks and of teas, and (as Mr. Snagsby would say) not to put too fine a point upon it, a set of noisy snobs. One or two there were of a pleasanter, at least of a more amusing, character. These were Chinamen, but they also were merchants, who went down into the sea in ships, sorely, I imagine, against their will; one of them, who had a face like two cheeks with a dab of putty in the middle, was said to be a Christian. Perhaps he was! by the baptism, not

of water but of brandy-and-water, a more effectual baptism I expect than the baphometic fire-baptism Carlyle tells us of. At first, not knowing he was a Christian, I was surprised to see John Chinaman go into the brandy-and-water as he did, but I was told that he had been converted, and I was satisfied. There was one person on board who equalled him, and indeed surpassed him, in this respect, and that was a lieutenant in the American navy. This man had a strange power of snoring. He had a huge square block of a nose, very red, with a bump in the middle and a twist at one corner, and the instrument had evidently been given him to warn people what they might expect, should ill-luck necessitate their sleeping in his neighbourhood. It was a very fearful nose, and how it did its duty! I had the misfortune to have the next cabin to the nose, and it used to rattle as if it had a pea inside, or like a little boy running a stick along the area railings. It would every now and then break off with a sharp booming noise, when the owner of the nose woke himself by its loudness, and then it sounded like a great gun interrupting the rattle of musketry. Once, when anchored in the Yangtse-Kiang, we had a very heavy gale, which nearly blew us all out of bed, and which ought, at least, to have silenced the nose; but, no, the nose was too much for it, and rather discomfited the gale, than otherwise.

All these were annoyances, but there were others in addition. The cabin, though large, had been freshly painted, and, all the night long, I breathed a wholesome atmosphere of steward's room, zinc, and white lead, in addition to other pleasant smells. Probably in consequence of this, both of us were very seedy; moreover, the ship went very slow, and the screw made hateful bumpings, and the weather was very hot, and the days were very weary, and we grumbled, and called the ship by many very bad names.

On the fifth day from Hongkong, we arrived in the Yangtse-Kiang, or yellow river, a name it fully deserves, supposing, that is to say, yellow be in truth the colour of drains and muddy ditches. However, let us accept the appellation, and make what we can of it. The river is not very beautiful. It is too broad to see more than one bank, and that is low; and not unlike the Hooghly, with little wood, but apparently much fertility.

We anchored there one night, and the next day, after traversing sixteen miles in the space of six hours, we came to the receiving-ships at Woosung, and there disembarking, with many fervent thanksgivings, sailed up, in a little boat, to Shanghai. We passed innumerable ships in the river, on

our way up. New gun-boats, an American frigate, an Austrian frigate, junks of all descriptions, with their great goggle eyes (without which John supposes his ships would not be able to see where they are going), and built on lines that must have been prevalent before Noah taught the art of ship-building, English frigates, men-of-war, and vessels of all descriptions,—crowding the river, in numbers equal almost to those at Calcutta, and flying flags of every nation—a little Ningpo boat, with French colours, and the motto "*Post tenebras lux*," and past the lovely little *Emperor*, steam yacht, a present from our Government to that of Japan, and so on, till we land at a little jetty, and find a hospitable reception at Mr. Jardine's, the brother of our excellent host at Hongkong.

The first question that presented itself to me, on landing, was, "Does Shanghai belong to the Chinese or to us?" I knew perfectly well that it was always supposed to belong to China, and that we only had leave to trade there; but when one sees the river-front occupied, for two miles, by large European houses, when one sees, also, five or six men-of-war and some hundred merchant vessels, or so on, in the river; and when, on landing, one sees broad English streets, and a tall flagstaff with the English flag; and when one hears that, during the rebellion, a few English gentlemen turned out as volunteers, and drove away five thousand Imperial troops who wanted to come into their own town, one can only hope that the Chinese find their method of holding the place satisfactory. I should say that they *possess Shanghai* as effectually as we possess Hongkong, though the latter is our own colony, and in the former we are supposed to have no power whatsoever.

Such were my first ideas on seeing the European part of the place, or, as it is called, the "Settlement."

Perhaps, these have been a little modified by going through the native city. Starting in two chairs (mine was evidently built for a lady, as it had a looking-glass fastened in front of the seat), passing along the river, we came to the Chinese custom-house, outside of which are always a crowd of ill-looking Chinese men and women, badly dressed (with the lawless expression that is generally observable on the *mauvais sûjet* and outcast), who make a livelihood by picking and stealing from goods carried in and out of the custom-house. This custom-house is a thoroughly Chinese-looking building, having a roof such as those we see on models of pagodas, and which is to an ordinary roof what a bishop's hat is to the common chimney-pot hat of respectability, with a similar quaint and rakish appearance about the brim, and with a wonderful cock at the corner, the use of which I do not

understand. Passing this, and turning to the right, we come through a straggling suburb, to where the city wall is pierced with a gate and covered-way; and there we immediately enter a labyrinth of innumerable streets and narrow lanes, crowded with men going about in all kinds of costumes; every now and then a gentleman carried in a chair,—a gentleman in China being just as distinguishable, by the refinement of feature, as in Europe; every now and then two strong splendidly-made coolies, carrying an enormous load, will bear down at a swinging trot, uttering a peculiar and monotonous cry, which seems a groan sharpened and intensified, and which is intended to have the double effect of easing the utterer's lungs and warning the passenger to get out of the way; then come little women with absurdly broad shoulders, toddling along on their rickety little feet, for up here they all have little rickety feet stuck into little rickety shoes; or perhaps a lady may be seen in a shop, gorgeously apparelled, with blue silk trowsers of unimaginable fulness, and embroidered with black at the bottom, and a very small hand hidden in a capacious sleeve, and with her may be a little girl having her hair tied up in a knot behind, so as to give one the idea of a very painful tension all along the roots, said little child looking with great wonder at the foreigner, and with an evident desire to touch him; among these and such as these, and crowds of the ordinary John Chinamen of commerce, past shops of strange devices, some with signs, some with mottoes—to a foreigner unintelligible, but frequently fraught with all wisdom—teashops full of Chinamen, where the amount of business carried on might cause a Parisian café to hide its diminished head; past smoking shops, barbers' shops, fruit shops, fish shops, pipe shops, shoe shops, and innumerable other shops full of unknown instruments, and selling unknown articles for unintelligible purposes; threading one's way among a crowd, civil and good-natured, that stare complacently at us, but never molest or insult us, and who in their turn are stared and gazed at by us with especial delight, and on the best of terms with everybody—we walk about, our chairs following us, and turn into extraordinary little shops where you make extraordinary little purchases at extraordinary large prices, of pipe tubes, walking sticks, and Joss pictures. At length we find a man who talks a little Cantonese, or *pigeon English*, and who undertakes to guide us about the place. We are charmed to accept his offer, and he leads us into what he calls a tea-garden. A most strange place, containing angular canals of stagnant artificial water, with unhappy artificial

rock-work, and little islands with little trees on them, all looking blighted and melancholy. And then there are little zigzag wooden bridges like the little wooden bridge in the old willow pattern plates; so like, indeed, that one quite expects to find the forlorn maiden on the other side pursued by the unfuriated lover and father. And next is a Joss house or Buddhist temple, fantastically devised with gilded corners, and strangely carved ceilings, and in the hall are four great pictures of Buddhu painted side by side along the walls, and principally attracting notice by their superfluity of red paint; and inside the temple are priests intoning and chanting a monotonous sort of sleepy Gregorian tone, and incense-burners are swinging, and little boys kneeling and ringing a bell, and through this temple we are very unnecessarily hurried, and come out of the tea gardens on the other side among fresh crowds and more shops of unknown wares, one, by the way, where they sell strange kites, for the recreation of old men and little boys; and going into the curiosity shops a love of bargaining involves us in purchases we intended not to make; and we buy old chinaware, which was made yesterday, and blue enamel antiques from the manufactory round the corner. However, they treat us civilly and we are well contented, and take our purchases away as true treasures, and we being entirely delighted with the great strangeness and variety of the scene, fully determine to pay another visit to the city. The people here have a different cast of feature from those I have seen in the south; they are taller and fairer,—some so fair, that one sees the colour coming and going in their cheeks, as in the cheeks of a European. They are also a much more quiet and peaceable race, very civil and good-natured, seemingly contented, and going about their business very different from other Asiatics. They are much more like Europeans, in several of their ways and customs, than Asiatics generally are; and, in the streets of Shanghai, I was frequently reminded, both by the appearance of the shops, and the way business was conducted, of the streets in the old and back part of Genoa, and other Italian towns.

Lord Elgin and his embassy were here on our arrival. The plenipotentiary wears his white hair in benevolent and philanthropic locks, that tempt one to wish some ruthless hand might swoop down, and cut them off suddenly, if it were only to see how he looks without them. But this is treason! I was amused at the way in which the diplomatic staff here talked about affairs at Canton.

"Oh, no; they are not going on badly. Nothing has happened which was not to be expected; the general might

stop it any day he chose. The fact is, those Hongkong people exaggerate things so. Canton's quiet enough; in short, all is going on satisfactorily."

That is a very pleasant way for diplomatists at Shanghai to look at the question in, but the merchants and officers in Hongkong look on it from a very different point of view; and so, while our garrison is being cut off by the enemy in twos and threes, and by disease in dozens, and houses are being destroyed, till it becomes doubtful whether Canton or its garrison will be first at an end, Lord Elgin and staff laugh, and pooh-pooh people for minding it; and, while they are being loudly called for in the south, amuse themselves with taking a pleasure-trip to Japan!

Here the journal cometh to a violent end!

SOUTHWARD HO!

BOOK I.—CHAPTER V.

THE VOYAGE—LOVE AT CROSS PURPOSES.

High in the clear but starless heavens the moon shines with almost sunny brilliance. The *Monarch* is only a few days' sail from the equator, and the lustre of all the celestial luminaries is proportionately dazzling. Seldom now does a stray cloud dim the radiance of the tropical skies. To the untravelled beings who are hieing southward in the tight old bark, this unabated blaze is both strange and oppressive, the moist atmosphere of their own cloud-clad island has not inured them to this increasing sultriness; they imbibe inwardly, and groan outwardly; they sigh for the drizzly floods of Britain, and rail at the fate which has dragged them from the misty shores of their fatherland. This is their first experience of an emigrant's hardships; this is number one of the many *desagrémens* that are in store for them in the future. Poor creatures; when another year has passed over their heads, they will have grievances of a more tangible nature to talk about than the heat of the weather; when they have had twelvemonths' struggling with a hard colonial life in the new land ahead of them, they may grumble over privations more stern and actual than any they have yet endured. But "enough for the day is the evil thereof," and we won't anticipate the dark side of the future, but rather regale ourselves with the brighter aspect of the present.

Two weeks, therefore, after the catastrophe I related in the last chapter, the *Monarch* was still at sea, still sound, still sailing along pleasantly before a fair breeze, and still tenanted by the same motley freight of human hearts, soft and stern, susceptible and unimpressible, that thronged her decks a fortnight ago. The sea is curling playfully, in waves just big enough to merit the appellation, and sufficiently impetuous to plash musically about the bulky old hull. The wind is so light that every sail is set, and the huge patches of canvas rise one above another like a gleaming pyramid. It is just such a night as a well-disposed and common-place person likes to have at sea. He can enjoy himself without being provoked at the tardiness of the wind, or incommoded by the boisterousness of the weather. He knows that the vessel is making way, and feels very much at ease both in body and mind, so, not being subject to emotional rhapsodies, either mildly ecstatic, or wildly spasmodic, he contentedly and calmly enjoys himself.

The group on the poop-deck is pretty much the same as on previous occasions. The two sisters are sitting on the hen-coops, with their two admirers at a reasonable distance. Very demure and unconcerned do both of them look; anybody but you and I, reader, would suppose they were utterly unconscious of two strong hearts, already partially their own, being in such near proximity. Like the rest of their sex, when similarly circumstanced, they pretend to be entirely oblivious at any such probability as that hinted at. They don't know that the most precious endowment at man's disposal is about to be laid, unreservedly, at their feet. Of course not. They proceed busily with their work; they rattle on heedlessly with their buoyant, effortless chatter; they dart their bright glances round, as if, in respect of any process of the kind, they were totally and helplessly in the dark. Arch deceivers! consummate Jesuits! fair, youthful hypocrites, what a world of falsehood this is, when beings so young, and seemingly artless, perpetrate such systematic and habitual deceit. What was Loyola about that he did not admit women more freely into his order?

Let us look now, for an instant, beneath the veil of all this apparent ignorance. Minnie is busy with her crochet, that is, she is taking up about two loops a minute, the average quantity when the fair workwoman is in company. She knows very well that Harry Horton is not far off, and is wondering why the stupid fellow does not come forward and make himself pleasant. Why need he stand in that very absurd attitude, with his back against the mast, and his eyes

staring up at the moon? She feels intuitively convinced that he is not looking at that luminary; that he does not even see the glowing disc of the brilliant orb. Minnie is quite positive that his thoughts have nothing whatever to do with either the moon, the stars, or anything else of a stellar character. The young bachelor's ruminations must have another tendency altogether, else what can be the meaning of those furtive glances he so frequently casts in her direction.

As to Mary, that *petite* and *piquante* specimen of feminine acridity is honestly doing nothing. She disdains humbug of every kind, and won't render herself a party to the recognized shams of her sex. She adopts extremes, and is either annoyingly and unsociably industrious, or unconsciously, though charmingly, idle. At the present moment, the lively young lady sits with her hands dangling over the ship's side, and her eyes bent on the water. She is mightily indignant with the handsome third mate for not "doing the agreeable," and sitting at her feet. What business has he to be smoking that abominable and boa-like meerschaum? Why need he talk so devotedly to that prosy old doctor? Has he not sworn devotion to her,—or, at least, to her and Minnie; for, to tell the truth, the imperious little girl hardly ventures to claim him as her own yet. By way of punishment for this most uncourtierlike neglect, she has determined to visit him with her direct displeasure, and give him the cold shoulder for at least a week.

The position of affairs, it will thus be seen, was critical. How much longer these latent elements of hostility might have brewed mischief it is hard to say; but a rescuing hand was near. Captain Bunks, happily unconscious of the subtle influences at work amongst his passengers, made his appearance, and dispersed the clouds. The good skipper was what is technically termed "a jolly old fellow." When duty did not necessitate the assumption of professional austerity, he was the most jovial and facetious of mariners. A nautical gallant too, in a rough kind of way, given to salaams at outrageous angles, and delighting in mysterious compliments of unfathomable import. Emerging from the lower-deck he swept the poop with a glance. Having ascertained the aspect of affairs, he surveyed the weather, looked at the white, shining deck, and then fixed his twinkling eye upon the occupants of the hen-coop. To that centre of attraction he presently proceeded.

"Well, ladies," he said, after a prodigious attempt at a bow, "what's your opinion about the night?"

This not very original query drew forth highly eulogistic responses.

"Well, young ladies, I've sailed now fifteen times round the Cape, and carried a cargo of passengers on more than one occasion, yet never, since I was a cabin-boy on board the *Handromeda*, have I, on my word as a skipper, seen such an evening as this, and I only think it's a pity that other people can't understand their sailing-orders as well as I do."

This last remark was levelled at the two bachelors aforesaid, who, in Captain Bunks' eyes, were guilty of a very heinous offence, in not being more actively agreeable. This opinion he proceeded to convey to his fair auditors in a round-about, seamanlike manner, and finally proposed to make matters smooth, and bring parties together, by a dance.

"But, Captain Bunks," said Mary, "I'll only take part in the dance on one condition, and that is, that you'll be my partner"

This was more than the skipper had bargained for. He rolled his eyes about, looked to seaward, then gazed up to the main-truck, and finally exclaimed, quite forgetting the privileges of primogeniture, "Miss Manby, if there's anything I'm sorry for at this present moment, it is that I haven't kept my legs in proper trim, so that I might be fit for the honour you ask me to accept. Captain Bunks is at this moment the proudest skipper that ever trod the deck of a 'hemigrant' ship."

"Well, Captain, I hope you'll be still prouder when you lead me off in the first quadrille. Never mind your want of practice, I'll show you the way."

"And will you give the word of command when to 'bout ship, when to shorten sail and dip the colours, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, Captain, I'll be your mentor, only I shall hold you to your engagement."

Off the skipper set, to secure the services of a sailor who was famous for his achievements on the fiddle, and to invite the co-operation of the other cabin-passengers, from whom sufficient dancers were mustered to form a decent quadrille.

Before the ball was opened, however, a grand passage of words took place between the incipient lovers and the sisters. The former, on hearing of the projected dance, immediately sued for the pleasure of the Misses Manby's company. This was stoutly and obstinately refused.

"Mr. Brixton, I wouldn't for the world deprive you of your pipe's company. How can you ask poor me to supersede that inseparable partner of yours. We all know that woman comes after tobacco in man's estimation, and I'm sure you'll be only too glad to be relieved from a disagreeable

duty. Besides, I'm engaged to Captain Bunks, and I don't at all feel inclined to lose the honour of leading off the ball."

"Mr. Horton, don't you see how busy I am. This collar really must be done to-night, and I never dance on shipboard. Don't let me disturb your moonlight meditations."

This was hardly candid of Miss Winifred, as in ten minutes' time she was *chasséing* away with an elderly gentleman of fifty, a widower, much given to taciturnity on ordinary occasions, but as it turned out an indefatigable dancer.

But the slighted swains had their revenge. Brixton stepped up and whispered to Horton, who as usual was beginning to sulk, and the two vanished down the cuddy-steps; Harry proceeding forward, while the mate disappeared into the 'intermediate,' whither we will follow him.

The dingy saloon was dimly lighted by three dirty lamps, and the place had an unusually dull and dismal look. Most of the inmates were on deck, except the Braggses and their opposite neighbours. Towards Mrs. Braggs, Brixton moved and introduced himself to her notice with a profound bow and a benignant smile. He knew the lady, and the best way to her susceptible heart. On identifying his handsome lineaments, Mrs. Braggs drew herself gracefully up, whipped off a slightly discoloured apron, raised her hand instinctively to the ruffled braid which adorned her head, surreptitiously rubbed the other hand against her dress, and then saluted the new-comer with an overpowering curtsey.

"I do hope, my dear Mrs. Braggs, that you will excuse my intruding at this very unseasonable hour, but the fact is, we have extemporised a dance on the deck, and I have come to seek the honour of your hand. Captain Bunks, the first and second mates, and all the cabin-passengers are anxiously awaiting your appearance."

This speech and proposition so entirely accorded with Mrs. Braggs' own ideas and predilections, that any notion about refusal never entered her head. Her extreme satisfaction at so marked a compliment revealed itself in a triumphant glow which overspread her countenance and suffused her eyes.

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Brixton, I can't do otherwise than accept with pleasure the invitation for the ball above. But, dear me, to think of appearing in society without white kids; and, then, this Coburg. Why, absolutely, my cook Betsy would have scorned to go to a party in such a thing. And all my evening dresses to be locked up in boxes 'not wanted on the voyage.' Goodness gracious, what donkeys people are to think there's no society on shipboard; I only wish I'd this voyage to come over again. Mrs. Joffins, can you lend me a pocket-handkerchief, that's a dear?"

Mrs. Joffins responded by producing a huge blood-red bandanna, which Mrs. Braggs surveyed with intense disgust, and then left for the deck, where she and her partner were joined by Harry Horton, who had secured a female *bonne bouche* in the shape of one of the "young women" out of the steerage, and a very pretty girl too, as Winifred Manby reluctantly confessed to her own heart.

The advent of these two couples created quite a sensation amongst the aristocratic coterie of dancers on the poop-deck. Mary pursed her little head up, and evidently wished the third-mate joy of his partner. Winifred, after one scathing glance, only indulged in furtive peeps at the "poor silly creature" and her "stupid admirer." Nevertheless, both gentlemen seemed to be practically enjoying themselves. Brixton was particularly animated, and ardently devoted to his distinguished partner, who went through the figures as though intensely conscious of pre-eminent ability; as if, in fact, she had tripped it fantastically at Almack's for seasons innumerable, or had been initiated from her youth upwards into the mysteries of Mabille.

I will not detain the reader by telling him, or her, how Captain Bunks invariably did the wrong thing in the wrong place: put everybody else out, and declared vehemently that having to steer a ship through a shoal of icebergs was nothing to have to thread the sinuosities of "ladies chain;" how, at intervals, he lost himself irremediably, and had to be escorted back to his proper position by his fair partner, when he heaped upon his own head all manner of abuse; nor how, notwithstanding all these difficulties, he vowed that the occupation was of the finest character, and was more like sailing with a "flowing sea" and a fair wind abaft than anything else. Neither need I relate how, in subsequent dances, the young ladies, desirous of making matters still worse, took each for her partner the supposed adorer of the other, thereby engendering deadly jealousy between the two. Sufficient has been narrated to indicate the precise relations of these young emigrants, these embryo colonists, these strong-hearted pioneers,—and to show that even within the few cubic feet of the *Monarch's* cuddy there were hopes, and passions, and influences at work which might shape the destiny of more than one of the many souls on board.

CHAPTER VI.—A REVELATION.

While "youthful jollity" and "wanton wiles" had been allowed unlimited access in the regions aft, an incident of a

less mirthful nature had transpired at the other extremity of the ship.

Ralph Manby had, by this time, almost completely recovered from the accident which laid him prostrate. Its effect had mainly been to render him more taciturn and reserved than ever. That struggle with the invincible elements had developed powers and emotions within him which had previously lain dormant. For the first time in his life he had earnestly and energetically *worked*. The chill waters, as they washed over his head on that memorable night, had pierced his soul with the conviction that he was about to vanish from life's stage, while he had yet done nothing, had taken no part, however mean, which would save him from the dire ignominy of being branded as a sluggard. The monotonous tedium of the voyage had now become oppressively irksome to him. He chafed at the seemingly slow progress of the vessel, and longed to reach the promised land where he might perchance be able to appease his thirst for occupation, by carving out a competency for the only beings he had any care for; but for them how fond a tenderness, only his heart knew.

The reader will no doubt have found out by this time that Ralph Manby was peculiar; some would have called him eccentric, others queer. Among several other curious habits, he had a way of going towards the forecastle every night, and spending an hour or two in that very "low quarter" of the ship. He liked the stillness and seclusion of the place. Every other part of the vessel was crowded with busy selfish men or women; here alone could be found quiet. The men were always either midships, talking to the steerage passengers, or down below, enjoying a smoke. Then it was pleasant to look up and see the vast spread of canvas bellying out, and reflecting the light either of the stars or of the moon. It was pleasant to hear the bubbling of the water, as the ship's cutwater dashed on each side the unresisting ocean. It was the only apparent symptom of progress, the only sign which audibly indicated that they were moving on. The sound told Ralph that the distance was widening between him and England, with all its disagreeable memories, and that every minute brought him nearer the new home, with all its unknown and mysterious experiences.

To-night Ralph Manby was in one of his deepest reveries. He had thrown himself down on a heap of sails that were lying near the windlass, and was half buried and hidden amongst the canvas folds. The young fellow was thinking

of many things; of what he should do when the haven was reached; of the efforts he would put forth; of the success he would achieve; of the stern and dogged front with which he would meet all the difficulties and dangers of his new position. Then there were brighter gleams lighting up the gloomier certainties of the present; wider honours to be won, higher ambitions to be realized, nobler ends to be sought after and gained. Bewitching, yet evanescent visions, let them have full play. Pleasing phantoms enchant for awhile the dreamer's fancy. Have we not all at some time or another been lured onward by these sweet delusions. Do they not often bear goodly fruit in manly deeds, which would otherwise have been left undone.

The young fellow had been indulging in these dreams for about half an hour, when his meditations were interrupted by the intrusion upon the forecastle of two other figures. There being nothing remarkable in this circumstance he did not trouble himself to identify the new-comers, who passed over into the bows and seemed to be holding a private consultation under the figure-head.

Ralph's aural powers were, however, particularly acute, and he could not help catching the first low remark which passed between his neighbours. This communication proved so attractive, that with spell-bound attention he listened eagerly for the rest. Both voices he recognized. One was that of the second-mate, a close, sinister man, not at all a favourite with any of the passengers, and held to be a bully by his official colleagues. His companion was apparently one of the seamen known as Touchy Jem,—a big, powerful, and passionate fellow, regarded with no little awe by all the urchins on board

The conversation was carried on in eager, hushed undertones.

Mate. "I say, Jem, are you sure that dark young chap out of the cuddy is'nt within hail?"

Jem. "If my blinkers are worth a yarn, there's not a fellow but's abaft the galley."

Mate. "That lad there's a tough customer; I saw that when yon spar went overboard. We must give him a quietner among the first. He'll fight like the devil, if he has the chance. Have you seen those lads amidship?"

[Ralph smiled grimly as he heard his premature end thus deliberately decreed.]

Jem. "I've hailed 'em all that you told me, and pumped 'em into the bargain. They're game for anything, only they want plain sailing about the grab, and make a deuce of a breeze about aving heqal shares."

Mate. "Very well, you may give them my word for that How many lads below will give us a hand?"

Jem. "Why, there's Black Jack, and Long Tim, and Short Tom, and Oily Bob, and the two young uns, only they know nothing. Mum's the word with the chickens as can't keep their tongues in their heads. Only lookie here, I'm to be second fiddle, and to slip in your berth, and no one else's. There's my terms, and I sticks to 'em; and I'll ave it signed and sealed, and all square, before we sights Ameriky, or d— it I'll smash the whole affair."

Mate. "Aye, aye, Jem, don't fear me. You'r to be mate, and I number one. We're only a week off the time now, and everything must be snug by then; there won't be such another chance while the voyage lasts, and the old ship's got stuff in her which is worth trying for, as you know."

The colloquy now ended, and the men crept out of their hiding-place, and moving aft, mingled among the passengers crowding the waist.

The moon still shone gloriously in the midnight sky; the sails still gleamed with snowy lustre; the waters still sent up their musical babbling; but to Ralph's mind the aspect of things had utterly changed. It is when the sun's splendour has been most supreme that the thunder-cloud rushes up from the horizon, and throws the shadow of its terrors over the earth's surface. It is when peace and amity seem universally prevalent that the elements of war and revolution are busily brewing for a rapid outburst. Ralph Manby was insensible now to the delusive appearances of nature. An inexorable fact had taken possession of his soul. The moonlit expanse of ocean which stretched a-head, seemed covered with a dense and stifling gloom, towards which the vessel was blindly rushing. In short, the young man saw the *Monarch* with the throng of throbbing hearts she was bearing onward, threatened by an unexpected, an intangible, yet a terrible danger, and that danger was—MUTINY.

CHAPTER VII.—"REQUIESCAT."

The next day a strange event occurred on board; strange that is, as regards the *Monarch*, but amazingly common to the world in general.

Down in the steerage,—that town in miniature, where the berths open directly upon the central saloon (!) and a bit of rag is the only protection afforded for common decency,—two out of life's three great changes had almost simultaneously taken place,—another passenger had been given to the stout old *Monarch*.

Among the steerage passengers was a young couple who had only recently been drawn into the matrimonial snare, and who were going to prepare for the usual domestic contingencies, by a lucrative residence in a thriving colony. This is a very frequent resort in such cases, and a very good one I hold it to be. Accept this sound advice ye young married people, and by all means emigrate. Emigration is the best panacea for the evils resulting from large families—the poor Briton's bane, but the poor colonist's blessing. "Be fruitful and multiply" is a maxim which may safely be acted upon by the well-to-do colonists—*vide* the patriarchs—but which is hardly applicable to the circumstances of the indigent British peasant. In the present instance, alas, the scriptural admonition would have been out of place, for no sooner had the young spirit drawn its first breath of sea air, than the great accountant stept in to claim a substitute, and keep his balance square. The medical fiat went forth,—the poor mother must die. That gentle being, with the premonition of the dying, was already cognizant of the dread fact, and not having been brought up a scoffer, asked feebly for "a minister."

Here was a perplexity. The ship was duly provided with a doctor, with a steward, a nurse, and every other secular agency, but the dispenser of spiritual nourishment was—nowhere. The chaplain is not considered a necessary appurtenance of emigrant ships, and while every other want may be properly attended to, those of the soul are utterly neglected. However, it is not my business or intention to turn preacher, but the hint is mildly thrown out as not unworthy the serious attention of those who hold office. The dying woman's last request could not of course be complied with, but a substitute, was provided in the place of Mrs. Manby. That good lady has not figured largely in these pages, for the simple reason, that, like most other good people, she meddled with none of her neighbours, and consequently led a very uninteresting, because highly meritorious, life. It is, strange to say, the mischief-makers and busy-bodies who command the most attention in this wonderful world of ours. Honest Christians who would not hurt a mouse, or cast a breath of suspicion upon the character of anybody, are generally looked upon as passive nonentities. Popular estimation ignores these benevolent and orthodox Samaritans, and elevates into notoriety the successful scamp or the assiduous scandal-monger. Poor, estimable, unobtrusive Mrs. Manby has not therefore occupied a prominent position, so far, in this history. Not, indeed, that she is undeserving of notice. I would that everybody were as much so. Meek, yet

unflinching in her maintenance of right; reserved, yet nobly self-reliant; tender, forgiving, and true;—she was a fine specimen of matronly womanhood.

The gentle ministrant of the everlasting mercies is, then, beside the bed of the young mother. It is her voice which soothes the dying spirit, and reads those priceless promises which brighten with a holy halo what is, to others, such a gloomy prospect. The poor, frail creature, with lustrous eyes, listens eagerly, and seems already a participant in the glories thus revealed. Standing near, the unfortunate husband is a distressed observer of the sad scene; but that firm countenance and sturdy form, indicate that the man is one of those who can "grin and bear," without much outward show, the great griefs and troubles of life.

No doubt, as the widow sits there, she thinks of another death-bed on which she could not look so placidly, nor read with such calm and measured utterance. It may be that the recollection imparts a deeper unction to her tones, and renders the ministration more heart-like and impressive, for the listener at last feebly raised her hand towards her husband, and attracting his earnest attention, said, in feeble and faltering accents,—

"George, thank the lady,—she has made me so happy. Oh husband, bless her; and follow me *there*."

Thus passed another loved and loving mortal into the presence of the Eternal Judge.

Mrs. Manby, with a true motherly solicitude, took the now "mitherless bairn" under her own more immediate charge. But before leaving the precincts of the dead, she gave the young father a look which spoke more sympathy than any words could have done, and silently offered him her hand. He reverently took and kissed it;—a simple and significant act. Like most of nature's promptings, it was inimitable; neither a poet nor a prince could have expressed his feelings more perfectly or delicately. But let us leave the desolate husband, as he sorrowfully thinks of his solitary exile in the distant land. A stranger-mind cannot picture the utter barrenness of the drear prospect.

That evening, about sunset, the funeral took place. The sun was dropping down into the gleaming waters, and the weather was, as usual, mild and calm. Half-mast high the ensign restlessly floated. Around the gangway a motley group was gathered. There was the captain reading the service, assisted by the rubicund doctor; both of them seemed curiously out of their element. At the head of the plank stood the husband, grave, quiet, and sad. Around were

gathered the passengers, mute and bare-headed, listening with subdued mien to the old and glorious service. Almost simultaneously with the sun's disappearance, the final words were spoken; the attendant sailors did their duty; a splash was heard, the dull boom of a small cannon rolled over the ocean, and the fragile remains of the dead had been launched into the vast and pellucid scpulchre, unknelled perhaps and uncoffined, but oh, not unknown.

Two days after this melancholy episode, George Stratten, the young widower, stepped up to Ralph Manby while the latter was looking vacantly over the ship's side, and addressed him:

"If you please, sir, I'm sure you'll not take offence at my making bold to speak to you, but for the sake of her that's dead and gone, if for nothing else, I couldn't stand by with my hands in my pocket, and know all the while that mischief was going to happen to that kind an' good lady, your mother, sir, or leastwise to anyone as belongs to her."

"Well, Stratten, what is it?"

"Why, sir, you see as I don't want to make a rumpus about anythink which may turn out nothink, or may turn out somethink, as the case may be, I haven't spoke a word to not a soul but yerself, sir, as yet, but I've heerd somethink as I can't get out of my mind though I tries ever so—I'm just like a man whose crops are bad and wants to forget it, an' can't. If it don't mean mischief, my name's not Stratten."

"Then I'm sure it must mean something, whatever it is; which I should uncommonly like to know, if you'll only tell me."

"To be sure, sir, an' you're the one as ought to know it afore anyone else, for it's you it concerns most. Why you see, sir, last night I happened to be sleeping in another bunk as isn't mine, which is being done something to, I heerd a lot of chaps, that is, there were two or three in one, talking aboot some devil's mischief as they've got in hand. They jawed so low that I could'nt catch every word they said, but it seemed to me that they've a conspiratory with some of the sailor-fellows to get the ship into their own hands, and take it to Amarika, or some sich outlandish place. And at last I heerd your name, which set me all agog, for iver since the lady, your mother, God for ever bless her, was so good and kind-like to my poor Mary, I shall think better of her name than my own, not that I'm ashamed of it either, as it was the name of my father—honest man. But, sir, I heerd 'em say as that you must be looked after among the first, which seeing as their designs is not honest, must mean somethink onpleasant,

to say the least. Howsomever, that's all I know, sir, and you'll put two and two together better than me, who've acquitted my mind of what was upon it, and a power of good the saying of it has done me already. Eh, but its little peace a man'll have, if he carries a load on his mind as ought to be off."

Ralph rather rejoiced, than otherwise, to hear this intelligence. It only sufficed to confirm what he knew already, and justified any action which he and others had taken or might take. Since the evening in which he had overheard the second mate's infamous revelations, he had several interviews with Captain Bunks, and two or three solemn consultations had been held quietly, but with closed doors, at which the officers of the ship and the principal passengers had been present. The result of these deliberations will be in due time apparent. Meanwhile, the expectations of the passengers in general were centred upon an event of uncommon interest.

SHEEP AND AGRICULTURE IN SPAIN.

BY MR. DONOVAN.

To the Editors of the *Monthly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,—As the publication of a periodical specially devoted to agricultural subjects has been more than once tried, without success, and you have, hitherto, been ready to spare a few pages for such topics,—I have great pleasure in forwarding herewith an extract from a letter received, by the mail before last, from Mr. Donovan, having that gentleman's full permission to do so.

Our colonial agriculturists will, I think, read Mr. Donovan's observations with all the more interest, because he is the first who (after having spent some time in the interior districts of our colony, and after having been himself connected with sheep-breeding and farming pursuits here) has had an opportunity of visiting a country which, in its climate, and as it would appear in its soil, has so much that is similar to our own.

There is a work, by Lasteyrie, on the management of sheep in Spain, published in 1800, which contains very nearly the same information given by Mr. Donovan, except as to the resemblance of the two countries, but proving how little progress has been made in these matters in Spain during the present century. Indeed, the following words, quoted by Lasteyrie, from Camponanes, should be remembered by

every colonist living under British rule: "It is an undeniable truth, that a bad system of laws, with regard to agricultural interests, is more hurtful to a nation than bad harvests."

The copy I have of Lasteyrie is in Dutch, and belonged to my grandfather, Mr. Dirk van Renen,—a fact which proves that our Cape farmers, sixty years ago, were not so wanting in a spirit of inquiry and enterprise as some have erroneously supposed. I believe there were several copies of the work in the colony at the time.

I shall add no more at present, merely introducing Mr. Donovan to the agricultural reader, and reserving any remarks I may have to make for a few foot-notes to his *Journal*.

F. W. Reitz.

"I have now to request your kind acceptance of my thanks for the very interesting account you sent me of the Caledon show, which, although it could not afford to pay my sheep any compliment for their quality or good looks, proved the disposition of the Western Province flockmasters to be in favour of the variety of attractive "Metis Merinoes" of England and France. For all the breeds you mentioned may, I think, safely be termed so, with the exception of those of Rambouillet, and they are so bred in, that they have become subject to affections of the nervous system, unfitting them for the irregular life of colonial sheep. This I have proved by several very fine specimens which I introduced into various parts of the colony, though I must also say the flock produces some of the most handsome sheep; and I once offered 7,000 francs for a ram belonging to it, but the director refused to sell it. Two years after this offer, I again visited the Bergerie, and, on inquiring for my favourite, was sorry to find he had been killed, being too old for use. It had, however, left a fac-simile of itself,—a fine young ram, which I was desirous to obtain for my flock, although I knew the faults of the breed. I offered 10,000 francs, but the director would not dispose of it. On this occasion, I selected a few other rams for my friends in the colony, some of which cost me, when their expenses had been paid, £200 (in the colony). This flock has been bred from the *Negritti* and *Infantado* race, and owe much of their good looks to sumptuous living. They are by no means an *even flock*, and require a good deal of care and weeding, and yet, for all that, I consider them the most valuable breed in France (being *pure*). The tribes they spring from were, according to the best and highest Spanish official authority, not first-class in

Spain,* and the breed is now scarcely known; otherwise they would, I think, have been continued in a country where all flocks of fine wool sheep are classed in tribes, and each one registered officially, and appreciated according to their known importance, as sources of profit and wealth, of which nature of things no people are better able to judge than Spaniards, as they have had ample experience from the management of the true producers of the golden fleece for many centuries, and during which time, even until now, they allow no mixture of any unnaturally-constituted artificial breeds (however attractive in weight of fleece or size) to mix with their hardy, thrifty flocks, and talk of French, and other new merinoes, as *too big* and *too much nursed*, to be good. They really seem convinced that it is better to keep five hundred small live sheep, in wool and condition, than two hundred and fifty dying ones of twice the size, which cannot be wondered at, as their climate, herbage, (karroo) soil, and the general features of their country, resemble Africa so much, that I have often fancied myself in the old Hantam, Beaufort West country, or parts of the Free State; and as their flocks are obliged to trek about, like the old boer sheep, they must keep up their constitutional hardihood, which is of an astonishing kind, and far greater than any of our native African breeds have. Besides the cabinet specimens of the royal patrimony, there appear to be four large tribes of fine wool sheep. They are nearly all migratory, and may be seen, in November, following each other in flocks, passing for many days north to south, "o'er the hills, and far away." The pleasing sound of the shepherds' reed, and the tinkle of the bells of the mules that accompany each flock, scarcely become inaudible, before the romantic scenery is again enlivened by a similar troop, with its faithful dogs, and active, well-made, handsome, sunburnt, brown-clad shepherds; and on they go, as though all Spain was their "dry veld." I may also mention, while writing on this subject, that while in Spain, the present Emperor Napoleon was permitted to send a commission there, to select two or three hundred sheep for the French colony in Africa,† where they were found superior in constitution, and better adapted for the colony

* It is well known to those acquainted with the history of the Rambouillet flock, that not only a larger and coarser woolled-breed was imported, but three or four different varieties were crossed with each other.

† The word *Merino* was derived from the Spanish sheep having originally come over the sea, from Africa. For this we have Columella's statement, and the account of sheep bought by his father.

than any others. There are, besides the white sheep I have mentioned, many stationary flocks of black, where no white one is to be seen; also brown, in the same way, the wool of which is made into cloth, and worn by most of the country people in its natural colour. These sheep are, in fleece, more like the Southdown than Merino, and seem to belong to the common people; whereas the fine migratory flocks mostly, *as far as I could find*, were owned by the higher classes and the grandees. While travelling in this country, I have often been surprised at the great similarity of the cattle, for nearly all the many large herds I met in the high country were of dark, coffee-brown colour, with yellow muzzles,* and though larger than the *Zulu ox, still very like them in form*, and those of the lower country and plains only differing by being a few shades lighter in colour. The Spaniards do a great deal of transport work with oxen, yoking them by the horns. They have them *shod*,† and carry chaff and barley, lentils and locust beans, which they mix for their feed. On this fodder they seem to do well, drawing large loads, and requiring no time, as in the Cape, to look for the span before you can make astart. Most of the ploughing and field cultivation is done by mules, with a goodly number of gay tassels on their heads, and bells round their necks. The ploughing is little more than scratching, which is done by dragging a Spanish plough, formed thus. (Here the writer describes the plough.‡) The tail of the plough, when the mules take fright (as is always the case when they are ploughing close to the railway §), is often swung round with such force as to lay the unhappy ploughman on his back, swearing and shouting, in a most ludicrous manner, at the train and his unmanageable cattle. With regard to the ploughing, I can only say that the dryness of

* Mr. Donovan's description of the Spanish oxen and ploughs reminds me of the cattle and implements used in the south of France, near Bordeaux. The ploughs, as well as the long-bodied carts, seem to differ very little from the old Roman vehicles and implements.

† I am surprised that people living near the hard road; at any rate those who use oxen in carts, have not tried shoeing. By using old horse-shoes, cut through where they wear out first, the cloven hoof of the ox can be economically shod.

‡ § As I have apparently been already once misunderstood as to my opinion about good ploughs and ploughing, I do not wish to endorse Mr. Donovan's opinion, that any sort of ploughing does well enough for Spain. On the contrary, I believe the railroad and the steam-carriage will frighten the old Spanish plough out of the country altogether, as I hope the same civilizing medium will do with many of our own old-fashioned prejudices.

the climate and heat of the sun would not, I think, admit of deep ploughing; and it is certainly plain that it is not necessary, as this highly-favoured country produces, by such means, enough for their own use and to spare, which latter they export chiefly to Cuba. The vineyards are managed in the same simple way, that is, they do not seem to require much working. They are very extensive; sometimes they form a wide plain, as far as you can see,* without fence or wall, producing, by being free, I think, fruit without disease for wine enough for every man to use as we do beer, or as common as coffee in the colony. With this, and *white* bread, they seem to be quite happy, that is, including their tobacco, for they spend a quarter of their time smoking; even gentlemen smoke during dinner.

"Should I have the pleasure of meeting you, I shall be happy to continue my story; in the meantime, as you asked for an account to publish, you can make what use you please of this, and endorse any part of it with my name or initials; and, should I find it has proved worthy of publication, I will give you further observations, made by an old African on the way-side, while rambling on the sheep-walks of old Spain, on foot and muleback, as well as in a seven and thirteen-mile *diligence*. I find, in mentioning some of the sheep of the royal patrimony, I have not stated that the cabinet flocks are carefully registered,—each sheep having a tin collar with its number, so that its family, and the stock it originated from, are easily known by referring to the books, which have been kept officially for many centuries. From my personal knowledge of these sheep, which are larger than the ordinary kind, I find them better mothers than any others, and always in the best condition, with no better feeding than others—their wool beautifully fine, and quite equal to any of the little Saxon sheep.

* We have lately seen an account of the immense productiveness of the Spanish vineyards, and how, at one time, in a particular locality, wine could be had at a cheaper rate than water (the vine-root strikes deep, and, when once full-grown, can stand great droughts). But the cheapness of wine in Spain, and the south of Europe, is a remarkable fact; indeed, when I looked at my notes of the price of a barrique of wine, such as the Cognac brandy is made of at Bordeaux, I was afraid I might have made a mistake, and did not venture to make it known. The most alarming fact, in my opinion, as regards the prospects of our wine-growers, is not the annihilating of the protective duty, but the probable improvement in farming, and everything else, which improved communication by steam will introduce into Spain, where it appears wine in any quantity, of good quality, and at a very low rate, can be grown, if the people could be raised to exertion.

"In reply to your request regarding the information you required of the best continental agricultural publications,* I am sorry to say I cannot at present inform you of any I would recommend, though I believe the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England contains more general and practical information on those subjects than any foreign work. The "Bulletin de la Société Impériale D'Acclimatation" of France is also a work often treating on matters of husbandry, though frequently occupied by other scientific and zoological matters. I will, however, make inquiries, and inform you further on the subject."

* I always thought if we could obtain, regularly, one periodical from France and Italy (for information on the vine, the olive, and the silk-worm), one from Germany (for an account of the progress there making with sheep), and another from England (for general information on agriculture and live-stock), very useful, practical extracts might be made for the agricultural corner of the *Monthly Magazine.*

ELFRIDA.

Down to the remotest pulse of time
Shall mothers execrate, as infamous,
And daughters feel the honest, tingling blood
Crimson their cheeks above the loathsome page
Blazoning thy heartlessness, base Elfrida.
Low at her feet he fell, unhappy spouse!
And, quivering with wild love, in broken voice
Told his dissembling; how her beauty's spell
Had so wrought on his soul, by daily gaze,
Till, wildered by vehement passion's might,
Love mastered reason; 'gainst those waves of hope
Loyalty snapped like twine. And now, with hands
Clasped piteously o'er weeping eyes,
And face hid in her lap, and mournful voice
That echoed thro' that cold and hollow hall
Like wailing winds amid dark Alpine pines,
Her he besought to veil her beauty's power
From monarch's sight; and not, oh! not betray
Him to fell ruin. Then she wove her arms
Round him, like ivory circlets; with soft force
Constraining to her bosom, and, with smiles,
Said, "Darling, is this right? Why doubt me thus?
I love you. Could you change, yet will not I."
Then moved amid his hair her toying hand,
That shone like ray of light thro' dusky grove,
And with false lips sought his, and sent him sooth'd,
The rough man by his love enthrall'd,—sent soothed,
As when a child, convulsed by grief or fright,
Is by dear mother's tender care caressed,
And its last sobs, by ripplets, die away
In slumber. But she straight, with curled lip,
Hied to her chamber, cast her boddice loose,
And, waving pearly arms above her head,

Shook down long tresses, that, like ebon night
Departing, shed their dewy fragrance round,
And braided them again with sparkling gems,
And from her stores sought out most sumptuous robes,
Flung pearls round her full throat, and on her wrists
Twin golden serpents clasp'd, whose emerald eyes
Lit up with baleful gleams;—so, like a queen
Resolved, she waited, nor the trumpet's clang
Made her heart, in its iron-muscled case,
Throb faster. Only a haughty glance she cast
Over her shoulder, with defiant air
At who might enter. Thus, in splendour robed,
Forth she descended to the castle hall;
But, ere she her doom'd victim yet address'd,
That mean, hard soul assumed the glorious veil
Of shrinking modesty, of falt'ring speech,
Low-toned and sweetly modulate, with eyes
Large, dark, and drooping, as if shame-suffused
While offering her obeisance. But as fawn,
Transfixed beneath some serpent's basilisk eye
Is lured on trembling, that bewildering sight
Benumbing terror, so her glances shot
Strange thrilling fire beneath those drooping lids,
Shafts plumed with meaning, looks that outspake words;
And, in rapt fascination, Edgar drank
Th' entrancing poison, till the world contained
Her only, and his heart one fierce resolve,
That, like electric spark, from soul to soul
Rush'd with its flame; each read it in the other,
Consenting. Then the twin snakes, on her arms
So beautifully rounded, shot quick gleams;
And o'er her lustrous eyes a swift blood-film
Sent forth a crimson triumph, and her lips
Held firm compressed, and loveliest of her sex—
Were beauty loveliness—she moved away,
Back to her bower, in an unnatural calm,
Like that upon the ocean when the storm,
Fierce gathering from the frozen south, doth urge
Its sudden tempest, beating down each wave
With instantaneous force. So, in such calm,
Night after night she pondered, while the stars,
With thousand watchful eyes, gazed sternly, and the
Owls, sweeping to and fro on muffled wing,
Look'd in with stealthy wonder,—pondered on
What would be, until that expected day
When his death-shriek rose up to highest heaven.
And, when the deed was done, she smoothed her brow,
Grieved decently, and shaded off her joy,
Then gave her long fair hand,—a smiling queen.
But, from that day, red dreams of guilt and blood
Became familiar,—tracked her on thro' life,
Made her once more a murderess, drave her forth
A beggared outcast into foreign lands,
To die unwept for, and to leave a name
A melancholy beacon throughout time,
How God's best gift to man, when hard and false
Treads on one desperate course from crime to crime

"MARRY IN HASTE, REPENT AT LEISURE."

This is a maxim oft-repeated, but when a time of temptation comes, how little attended to! Methinks it applies particularly to us of the sunny south. Hear then, the story of one, whose lifetime of repentance scarce atoned for the weakness of a few hours.

One night, many years ago, I was sitting with my feet to the fire,—for though a Cape sun is warm and bright the winter's evenings are chill. I was quite alone; so I settled myself in the arm-chair to enjoy the stillness and solitude, and to tread for awhile, in imagination, the half-forgotten vistas of the past. Some of the images I saw in the dim distance, were of those who can never come to me—save in dreams; and the longing to behold their faces, to hear their voices, became almost painful. I am not gregarious, and had looked forward to this evening as promising a time of quiet and enjoyment; but my heart darkened like the night, as the shadows of my life came up one by one, and settled upon me. It was black and dreary without, a chill north-west wind had been blowing in gusts all day, and was now freshening to a gale; it howled round the house, roared in the chimney, and moaned away in the distance, far over the sea, till its breath died away; then it came sweeping on again, having gathered fresh strength by the way. I tried to read the Ancient Mariner, but felt restless and ill at ease; so I went to the window and peered out into the night. The moon, about ten days old, came up—red—from behind a heavy bank of cloud, and its beams clove a pathway in the waters. As I gazed, a ship crossed the bright track and then went out into the darkness beyond. She was scudding under almost bare poles, and doubtless was running into the bay for shelter—like a frightened bird. During the hours of night and gloom, the sea to me is always a sad object. I never look on its calm bosom for long, without thinking of those once so dear to me, who sleep far down in its depths; and the rough waves and white foam bring back to me the long sad stories of wrecks that have been poured into my ears all my life. I have been over many seas, but never saw aught so terrible as a heavy roller off the Cape, after a north-wester. One would almost think, if it were possible, that the Royal Psalmist had seen it, when he describes in those expressive phrases, "How they mount up to the heavens, they go down to the depths;" and often I have so fully realized, when my foot was safe on land again, the beautiful conclusion: "Then are they glad because they are

at rest: so he bringeth them to the haven where they would be." I stood at the window, gazing for an hour I suppose, when the moonlight was clouded, and the storm and the rain began to beat against the house. I have suffered much in this world, and sounds, inaudible to other ears, are to mine as plain as noonday to the vision. So in the wind howling that night of which I speak, I heard strange things; —it had one minor key note in its voice to which it ever returned, after wandering away to some other tone, as if that note were its home whither it gladly came back after its exile. To prosaic ears, the sounds would but foretell a rough sea for the morrow. Weather has a great effect upon me; I cannot say how much. At times when sorrow's heavy hand has pressed hard upon me, I have sat and listened till the spirit of the wind seemed to speak to me. I fancy I can hear it tell, amid low sobbings, how it has passed over the broad sea, from the stormy north to the sunny south, and carried with it the bitter remembrance of that frozen land where the bright sun is never seen, nor his warm rays felt. It tells me all the scenes of sorrow and of gladness that have lain in its track. How, yesterday, it chased a stately war ship a hundred leagues along, and then growing weary of the sport, had concentrated its whole breath into one great blast, and, veering round the doomed craft, rushed against her sails; how she struggled hard for awhile, and then, too weak to resist so much might, the waters closed over her and she went down. Oh! as those drowning souls were passing away, how many bitter despairing cries for help must that cruel mocking wind have laughed at. Then I have heard in a shriek, such as that now sounding, how it had come from a battle-field, and seen many a cold white face turned up to the sky, left alone there as the night came on, with no one to say "who was wounded, or who yet remained to die." Yet, I delight in being far away at sea, out of sight of land,— there is nothing to me so sad and so grand as sailing over the heart of the great ocean. I like to stand alone on a calm still night, and gaze over the side far into the depths, and fancy I can almost see all the treasures cast away that are lying there. The note of the sea-diver conveys a meaning to my ears, and seems to tell me all the quaint old legends and marvellous tales that are hidden for ever from the sight of man, till like the Count Arnoldus, "my soul is full of longing for the secret of the sea." I often wonder and long to know what the snaky barracouta that swims patiently alongside the ship for hours as if liking its companionship, has last seen. Sometimes I fancy the creature's eyes are fixed sorrowfully

upon me, as if it had so much to tell, and grieved that God had given it no power of speech. A Brahmin would have seen his dead mother's soul speaking through that creature's eyes. Longfellow says: the dim dark sea, is like unto death, that divides, and yet unites mankind. I have often thought that the secret of the sea is revealed in the forty-ninth chapter of Jeremiah. "There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet." Look on a calm midnight sea, and you will realize it; everything in the world is asleep and at rest, there is not a breath or a leaf stirring, but at intervals a beating wave surges upon the shore, never for an instant is it quite still; the sea is as restless as our own hearts. Here we are told the reason—there is sorrow abroad on its bosom so it cannot rest. I have long been wandering over sea and land like the wind, but come back at last to *my* key note. I watched that night, feeling very sad, till the moon went down behind the dark mountain, and the beautiful cross rose high in the sky. For many weeks I had scarce slept for anxiety about the health, almost the life, of a dear relative, which will account for much morbidness of feeling. When our mind is unstrung, the reins of fancy hang loosely; I went back to my youth and saw faces I had never seen since then, facts long-forgotten came crowding out of the past, and ranged themselves before me. I almost wondered how I could have been oblivious so long.

It was past twelve, when a loud knocking at the door called me back to the world again. The English mail was in, and the letters were brought to me! Only those who have lived in a far-off land can imagine the thrill of expectation, pleasure, and anxiety, that the simple words "letters from home" cause: you must feel home-sick, sad, weary, dispirited and anxious—you must have been long an exile, and have waited for many weeks, hoping for a letter, before you can understand all the excitement of an English mail's arrival; and how seldom the reality equals what we expect. The sound thrills through my ear, though I have little remaining on earth to cause me pleasure—but hope leads on, ever whispering delusions to our willing minds, so I took the packet with a beating heart, put the dying fire together, and sat down to read. There were many letters, all in well-known characters, and one was very thick, the writing seemed strange to me, but after awhile I knew it to be that of my earliest and once dearest friend Mary Maitland, and strange enough it was of her, who had been to me as one dead for many years, that I had been thinking so much when gazing out into the darkness. Has the spirit knowledge of the future, which the mind has not? What

caused me to think of her for the first time perhaps for ten years, only an hour before I received the following letter?

"It is so many years, my friend, since your eyes beheld this writing that perhaps you have well nigh forgotten how the hand that traced it was once often clasped in your own. I know not if you have fared better than I in this world, but I am looking onwards towards that city whose builder and maker is God. I am writing from the other end of the earth—from Australia, where I have made myself a home. My years are not many, but I have lived so long through want, privation, and misery, that my allotted term seems at an end. When we were young did it ever seem possible that we could live upon the earth, and yet know so little of one another; but time works strange marvels, and not the least of them is the total estrangement between us, who in youth and early womanhood were such close friends. Do you remember our parting, after I had been made a happy young bride? only to meet again in a few months we said. I am sure, though you never said so, that you did not like my husband; I used to see the coating of icy reserve steal over your naturally frank manner when he spoke to you, and often wondered how you could be insensible to so much brightness and buoyancy of spirit,—they carried everybody away in their flow, save yourself; but the time has come, when my eyes are no longer dark with the dimness of affection; they have long been open as noon to his faults. He is dead, so my words must touch lightly upon his actions. After our marriage he carried me abroad, and my first shadow was the knowledge that he was anxious and restless in every place alike. I made a home where he was, but I soon perceived how little we sympathized,—I ought to have found out that before it was too late. Have you children? Then tell them the history of one who has deeply suffered and bitterly repented a hasty marriage. God has denied me a child on which to lavish my affection,—it was in love for my soul. I can see it now. I should have made an idol of it in my heart, and so shut out my Saviour. When a child of yours comes to you, her heart brimful of blissful feelings, and throwing herself into your arms, pours out a tale of love, oft heard before, you must tell her my life's story; do not shrink from it, better pain her a little now than see her suffer all her life. Tell her to pause, if only for a little while; *do* not let her plunge into marriage, while her senses and acute perceptions are blinded and steeped in love. Ask her, as she values her salvation, *not* to hurry away along the unseen

path without a long and steady gaze at the track she is to travel; to wait till she sees, from long knowledge, what kind of a guide her companion promises to be. Better discipline herself, than that she should wake one day, and after sweeping the film from her long-clouded eyes, look sorrowfully back into the past,—as the Peri looked through the gates of Paradise, and long to return through the close-shut door. Marriage is the lottery of our lives, and is to be drawn only after long prayers for aid, much thought and intimate acquaintance, and even then, with fear and trembling. Think of what we lose or gain. In that single throw there are many blanks to one prize, and think of the magnitude of the blank! When the page in our book of deeds shall be written down, we must either say, gained, or lost, *all;*—and by a bad marriage, not only earthly happiness, but eternal salvation, is too often lost. With evil continually before us, we soon lose that keen sense of its guilt and shame which so disquieted us at first.

Can you recall my story? Do you remember our youth? Can you picture me, a bright, impetuous, wilful girl? I was spoiled at home as a child, and when I grew up I pined and craved for adulation. Home soon became too quiet, and I flew off whenever it was possible to stay with my giddy young cousin; she was lately married, and but little more than a spoiled child herself; her husband was not at all a bad man, but thoughtless and careless. I think he naturally was something better, but a barrack-life had seared all serious thoughts away. As soon as it was known I had arrived, his quarters used to throng with brother-officers, who lounged in and out to inspect me—after the manner of an inert soldier of the line. I suppose the inspection proved satisfactory, for they came again and again, but after a while they all dropped away. As Captain Gore and I became more intimate, I received a peremptory call home, at this time, one of my friends having heard it remarked that Captain Gore and I must be engaged. I did go home, but not before I was pledged to him. I had known him but a fortnight. Can you make a little excuse for me? I was naturally passionate and impetuous—and but seventeen; in the fortnight I fancied I had seen as much of him as I could in years of ordinary intercourse, for he had been with me every day, and all day. At first I was uncomfortable with my secret, and wrote to say I could not keep it from my mother—he wrote warmly, saying it was no wish of his to keep it so, and asking permission to apply to my mother—so he came—and you first saw him. My kind, tender, indulgent mother admired his firm

soldier-like bearing, and bent to my strong will—else, I remember with pain and grief how many silent, sorrowful tears I have seen her shed over my marriage garments; it was a bitter grief to trust her only daughter's happiness to one so recently known, and so thoughtless and careless about religion and propriety. I was perfectly blind and steeped in love—he became to me not what he was, but a creation formed in my own brain; this I persuaded myself he was, and worshipped it. You remember him? He was very handsome, but his face had quite lost any innocence of expression it might have had in his boyhood. He was about thirty at the time of which I speak. He was bold and confident; this my mind gilded over, and called manly bearing and ease of manner. So speciously can you make your heart believe what you wish. He was not insinuating, but insisted upon my loving him, and ordered my mind to his own fancy. How wrong it is to let any human being gain such absolute control over us; we should have our mind and will unfettered. But I must hasten on—we were married one day about two months after our first meeting. Do you remember how my mother sat in the corner of our pew as the service was being read, and wept bitterly? Not those few April tears that are shed by proud happy mothers on such occasions, but bitter tears wrung from her heart's agony. As the sobs came to my ears in the pauses of the service, my conscience smote me, and I asked myself if I was right to marry solely to please myself. How clearly I remember now, when the clergyman, addressing him, said those awful words, "I command and charge you both, as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why you may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, you do now confess it." I looked first hurriedly up at him, for I saw his hand tremble, and then half round to my mother, whose sobs were violent and hysterical. But when it was over he looked so proud and happy, and smiles fleeted for a brief space across my mother's worn face; then the parting came, and I never saw that dear, kind, gentle face more, nor can I ever behold it on this side the grave. My husband had six months' leave, which we spent, I thought very uncomfortably, travelling from place to place. In Paris was the first week of our married life passed,—from thence to Holland. Helvoetsluys, Delft, Rotterdam, Broek, Saardem—all the quaint old Dutch towns were hurried over; nothing seemed to interest him much. While I was sitting entranced before Paul Potter's *chef d'œuvre* at the Hague, he would exclaim, "What in

the world are you staring at that Flemish bull for!" The only thing he looked at was a marvellous, but repulsive Rembrandt, representing a subject for dissection, with the eager faces of the students crowding round it. At times his moods were so strange that I was almost alarmed. If he saw me take any notice of a child, he would say angrily, "Put that thing down, Mary, I hate brats, and should detest them still more if you had one." This was the first speech that began that long course of tyranny and unkindness which has marred my life and happiness. After his leave was up, of which he appeared thoroughly tired, we went without visiting England to Malta, where the service companies of his regiment were stationed. Then I went the round of garrison gaieties, and became "the fashion," for we gave parties, and drove about, and so we were followed and courted. My husband, not long before I knew him, exchanged into his present regiment from one in Canada, so that the officers and their wives were new to him as to me. It puzzled me for many a long day why some of the ladies would never speak to my husband, and I often overheard them speak of me as "poor Mrs. Gore." I once asked him the reason, but he affected not to have noticed it. Two years passed away, and already he was as completely indifferent to me as if I had no claim whatever upon him; he had returned to the old courses he pursued before I knew him; he drank deeply and became bloated and stupid. The wild idolatry with which I had loved him, was fast passing away under the influence of his cruel taunts. Oh! as the veil fell away from my eyes how bitterly and with what anguish did I repent! He would taunt me with my former love, thus: "If you had not been a born idiot, you would have kept your love to yourself; I should never have married you, if it had not been so evident to everybody that you adored me." At each shameful word, the hot, angry blood mounted higher and higher, till my face was dyed with crimson; the passion gnawed my heart, but did not vent itself in words or actions. One night, I was pacing the verandah late at night, alone; he was away at his usual haunts, and would not return till dawn. I became aware that something moved, from time to time, in a bush near me. "Hist, hist," said a whispered voice. I stopped in my walk, as a figure came out of the deep shadow cast by a tree, and beckoned me out into the moonlight. As I approached the gaunt form, I found it was that of a wan, haggard woman, who must once have been very beautiful, before the sparkling black eye had burnt itself dim, and the bloom washed away, perchance by tears, from the thin face.

I asked her what she wanted? when she said, fixing her lustreless eye upon me, and speaking with a vulgar Irish accent, "Are ye the one they call Misthress Gore?" I bowed my head. "Then ye must jist gie me twenty pound, dy'e hear?" said she peremptorily, "I ha a better right t'it than ye ha."

"Go away, woman," said I angrily, "or I will call the servants."

"Ca them, do, ye white-faced thing, and I will tell them that its *me's* their lawful misthress; *me* the Misthress Gore that they'l be minding, and not ye at all."

"Are you mad or drunk, woman," said I.

"I'se neither one nor the ither jist now; but, mayhap, I have had a taste of each in their turn; shall I jist tell ye who is the cause of a' my disthress? it's the captain,—him ye ca husband; but he's no husband of yours while I am above the sod. Don't start! I don't want to take him from ye; I would not touch so much as his hand, or lift my finger to bring him to me; but money, to keep the breath in my body, I *will* have."

Her eye glittered for an instant upon me, as if she was going to spring like a tiger; but she soon grew quiet, and sat on the damp ground, rocking herself to and fro, as one in sorrow.

"Poor young thing," said she gently, stroking my dress, "I shall bring to your heart nothing but sorrow. I thought to have been hard and merciless to ye; I will till ye what must come to your ears, and be away before he comes; he won't be back before the dawn, for awhile ago I saw his eye glint over a heap of shining gold."

I stood perfectly motionless, while she told me what I must write down in a few words.

When the —th regiment was in country quarters, in a remote part of Ireland, my husband had fallen in love with her. She was the daughter of an innkeeper, and more than commonly beautiful. At first, he seems to have flirted with her merely to pass away the time; but when his brother officers began to remonstrate, he resolved to horrify them all, by marrying her, which he did privately, first at the Protestant, and then at the Roman Catholic church. However, they generally believed it to have been a mock marriage. He was tired of her in a month, when the novelty wore off, and her vulgarity jarred upon him, so that, when the regiment got the *route* for foreign service, he was glad enough to leave her behind. The first news he received, upon his arrival in Canada, was that she had eloped with a captain of Irish

militia, and had gone—no one knew whither. He was so inert and thoughtless, else he would have taken steps to obtain a divoree; but he procrastinated, till the whole matter seemed so long passed, that he never troubled himself, or thought about it. Ten years afterwards, he exchanged into a new regiment, and came home; then he met me. One would have thought that something like pity for my youth and innocence would have prompted him to inquire whether his miserable wife were still alive; but, as he had never heard of her for five years, he chose to fancy she was dead. You know the rest;—how I married him, blind with love. The poor woman's own history was such as might be expected; her course had been downward, steadily since her first sin, till she found herself abandoned by all; and, at the verge of starvation, from a window, in a wretched street at Malta, she had seen her husband pass, and though so long since she had seen him, years had not wrought the fearful change in his face that they had in hers. She did not speak, but followed him home, and the next night appeared to me, as I have told. I cannot tell you the wild tumult that raged in my heart. I had listened with a feeling of bitter loathing; now I was filled with hatred, and a strong desire for revenge. I gave the creature money, and she went away very quietly. That night, I sat up grim and silent, waiting for his coming. I loved him *still*, notwithstanding his harshness. It was so hard to part with him; to think he was not mine; and, oh! to give up a wife's name to that loathsome woman. All through that long night I sat rigid; but my mind was busy. To whom should I go? My dear mother was dead long since. I would go forth alone. I would claim no sympathy, seek no shelter; but go where no eye that ever saw me before should follow. At last, I heard his step, lighter than was its wont, for he seldom came home sober. I heard him mutter a curse as he stumbled in the dark; but I had no power to move. He came into the room for something, and started at the sight of my white face.

"What are you sitting there for," thundered he, "at this time of night; I thought I had long ago cured you of sitting up for me. Have you seen a ghost?"

"No!" hissed I, between my teeth, "I have seen your wife."

"You have seen my wife! the devil you have! Do you mean that an Irish hag has been here, calling herself my wife?"

Oh! my friend, it is no use recalling the occurrences of that dreadful night, or how shamelessly he attempted to palliate his sin, in leading me into a marriage. All was as

the woman had said. When I told him my intention of leaving him, he swore I should not, and, drinking deeper and deeper, reeled off to bed. For a time, I remained tearless and motionless; then arose, put a few of my own things together, and, without a look at him, I stole out of the house. It was just daybreak when I reached the Nix Mangère stairs. A large vessel was lying, with her steam up, inside the harbour, and boats were passing to and fro. I entered one of these, and was soon on the steamer's deck. A large boat, containing a cot with a sick person, had followed the one in which I came. The invalid proved to be a poor lady coming from India, who had been seized with fever at Alexandria. She was alone, and without a servant. I offered to nurse her, and, upon these terms, was taken home. So, by the time *he* had slept off his deep potations, I was out of sight of land. My poor charge died the day we reached Southampton. There I found an emigrant ship just starting for Melbourne; and having paid my passage, I had not a shilling in the world. Our voyage was prosperous, till we had passed the Cape; and were in about 35° south latitude and 26° east longitude. Then a heavy gale came on from the south-west. We scudded along, wrapped in fog and gloom, for a week, and never saw the sun and stars. At length one morning, as the day broke, and the fog lifted, we found ourselves within a cable's length of a high, rocky land, which proved afterwards to be Amsterdam, an islet midway between the Cape and Australia. Our peril was extreme. The order was hastily given to anchor; but the sea ran high, and every cable in the ship parted, so we drifted helplessly, stem on, to the jagged rocks, striking heavily. There was a tremendous sea, which broke the ship up in an hour; but we were all hauled on to the rock in safety, with the loss of everything we had. For three months we existed, without any shelter from the burning sun by day or the damp sea fog that rolled over us at night. Our food was raw pork steeped in sea water, which washed up from time to time from the wreck. Many of my wretched fellow-passengers became deranged, but at last a ship passed sufficiently close to see us, and we were taken to Mauritius. There our miseries were promptly relieved, by the kindness of the inhabitants, and we were forwarded to Melbourne. My troubles seemed here to have ceased, for I was received without recommendations of any sort, save what was known of me on the voyage by a good and pious family, who had treated me as one of themselves. I had many offers of marriage, and was often blamed for refusing them, as I told

my unhappy story to no living creature. This calm was rudely broken by a chain of incidents most unlooked for. My eldest pupil, a giddy, thoughtless, but affectionate girl, became acquainted with an officer in the —st regiment, who had just arrived from England, and I soon saw that he was acquiring an influence over her feelings. She was very young, and unaccustomed to admiration, and I grew very uneasy. I never went out to any places of amusement, so I had never seen him, and she never called him anything but "the major." What his name was, it had never struck me to inquire. One night, she came to my room; and, amid tears and blushes, told me that "the major" had proposed to her, and she had accepted him. I urged that she should give no answer without her parents' sanction. "He was to come and ask it the next day," she said, and so I felt satisfied.

The following morning, as I was standing on a balcony overlooking the street. I saw a figure walk rapidly along, and pause at our door. My heart stood still, for I knew my husband in an instant! At this moment, Emily rushed up to me, her face covered with blushes, exclaiming, "He has come!"

Alas! alas! what a tale I had to tell that bright young creature. When her parents sent for her, I said (what was quite true) that she was too ill to come down. Now, it appeared that he had again exchanged, and with his new regiment had begun another course of deception. My recital was listened to with the greatest attention and sympathy, and it was agreed that my presence should never be made known to him. The parents wrote to say that, having made inquiries, they wished the acquaintance to cease; and we went to live, for a time, a long way off, where Emily soon recovered the transient effects of so unhappy an occurrence.

It is now about two years ago since I read, in the papers, that a terrible accident had taken place at a review of troops. Major Gore had been thrown from his horse, and was not expected to survive the night. I was strongly moved, for was he not my first love—my husband? I went to him, but he was unconscious. For three days, I never left him, and then he died, without recovering his senses. I sorrowed awhile, and then laid aside all that dark page of my life, in deep thankfulness that it was all over. You will not hear again from me, friend of my childhood, for I cannot live to see a new year. Consumption is preying upon me; but I am resigned to die,—not so much that it is no great sacrifice to resign a life such as mine has been; but that I look beyond this world,—that I am going where is no sorrow or

sighing, and where all the former things will have passed away. Farewell, friend of my childhood, and pray for one whom you once loved as

MARY MAITLAND.

This is a true tale of one who married in haste, and repented at leisure.

NATIVE SCULPTURES ON THE HART RIVER.

DURING the course of a visit which I paid lately to Mosheu's tribe at Maamusè, on the Hart River, on the north-west borders of the Free State, I had an opportunity of examining some rude sculptures, or gravings, existing in the vicinity, and which, to my knowledge, had never been seen before by any traveller. It is the principal object of these lines to give the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* a short account of those curiosities which I shall introduce by a few preliminary remarks on the history of the country in which they are found.

Maamusè (or Marmosa, as it is commonly written) was inhabited not many years ago, as those familiar with the Bechuanas will remember, by the Batlapis, under Mahura. These, however, had only settled there in 1846. Before that time Maamusè was occupied, as it is at present, by the Korana chief Mosheu and his people; Mahura's residence being then, as at present, at Taung, about forty miles lower down on the Hart River. In former times, the whole country about Taung and Maamusè belonged to the Barolong, a Bechuana tribe, now much divided. One of the greatest of their ancient chiefs, Tau, father of Ratlou, a chief also of great renown, died at the former place, which derives from him its name. Many hills in that country are still covered with stone walls, which are believed to have been built by that tribe in those days, and which served not only as cattle-kraals, but also as enclosures for the huts.

The present inhabitants of Maamusè live on the top of a low hill of sandstone (in latitude about 27° 10′) two or three miles distant from Mahura's old town. Although part of a nation that have acquired a not very enviable reputation, they are a most interesting people, who have made great progress in civilization and Christianity. Being aborigines of the Cape Colony, they possess traditions relating to the early intercourse of their race with Europeans. They were

well acquainted with the anecdote of the brass cannon, which (about the year 1512) was treacherously discharged against a number of their ancestors, or other Hottentots, who had been told to drag it away. They also relate that about that time, and as it would appear, before the affair of the cannon, a chief of the Whites at the Cape, having sown some wheat there, asked some members of their race to reap it for him when ripe. The natives not having yet become acquainted with European corn, began, when they went to harvest it, to dig it up, thinking the eatable part was at the root of the plant, as in the *nakalari* (a small wild bulb), but finding nothing there, they stopped, and told the white man they could see nothing to gather in his corn. The latter hearing this, admired their stupidity, of course, and went and cut it himself. I now come to the sculptures.

Having been informed, on a previous occasion, of the existence of representations of animals carved on stone, at a short distance from Mosheu's hill, I went to see them during my last visit to Maamusè, in company with an intelligent young man called Duti, a nephew of the chief, and a son of Andries the native teacher. The place where they are found is to the north-east of the Koranna village, at the distance of about two miles, and near the Hart River. They are graved on basaltic stones or rocks, forming small hillocks, which rise only a few feet above the surrounding ground. They are of various sizes; some may be about one foot in length, others being larger or smaller. Many are unfinished; in some, the outline only of the object has been cut; in others the whole body of the animal was carved. There are elands *(boselaphus oreas)* and rhinoceroses, ostriches, and some unhorned quadrupeds which we could not well recognize. We saw there also a wildebeeste *(catoblepas gnu)*, something we took for an unfinished human face, and a naked man with an ostrich before him, as if he was driving it. The features of this image are plainly distinguished by that kind of prominence which is common in the Hottentot race. Amongst those gravings there are also figures resembling a cross (thus ×), lines of small holes cut in the stone (thus :::::::::::::: and thus .....—I did not count them), and something that might perhaps have been intended to represent the sun (it is something like this ⊙). As to the age when those sculptures were made, I cannot determine; but they seem to be pretty old. Besides those above described, I should add that there are others in the neighbourhood, which I have not seen, and more, again, about two days' journey to the north-east, at a place called Flogopitsane. These last are said to be the

best, and carved on a stone much similar to that from which writing-slates are made.

Now the question arises: By whom were those things made? They are almost too good to be the work of people like those now in the country; and then where could they have procured tools hard enough to carve such a stone as basalt? But if they had been made by Europeans (fugitives or wanderers), they could hardly be so numerous, besides which, such artists would evidently have adopted some other subjects, such as names, &c. I shall not indulge here any supposition of my own, but leave the problem unsolved. Perhaps the gravings of Flogopitsane, and, it may be, others still undiscovered in the Transvaal, may some day throw some light on the subject.

J. Fredoux, French Missionary.

Motito, May 3, 1860.

ENGLISH ORATORY.

The last mail-steamer from England brought us, amongst other minor bits of news, the intelligence that the finest oration of the month, and, perhaps, of the present session of the British Parliament, had been delivered by the all-accomplished novelist, dramatist, and poet—Bulwer Lytton.

The same steamer brought also, to our Public Library, a little volume, entitled *St. Stephen's, a Poem*; and this little volume is a review, or rather a series of thoughtful and brilliant sketches of English orators, from Eliot and Pym to Peel and Macaulay, written (though published anonymously) by Bulwer Lytton himself.

Now, we are not among those who believe that an author cannot describe well that which he cannot himself perform. We are personally acquainted with a popular writer, whose hunting scenes are as truthful and exciting as any Nimrod ever penned; and yet who, from his earliest childhood, has been physically incapable of even sitting on a horse. We believe that Bulwer could have written well about oratory and orators, if he had never made a speech; but, at the same time, it lends an additional charm to his book—to know that it is the work of one of the most eloquent of modern speakers.

St. Stephen's is a poem, in heroic verse, occupying about one hundred and thirty pages of small octavo, widely printed. It may be read in a couple of hours, but it certainly deserves more attention than could be given to it in that space of time.

It is a book to sip, and taste, and digest, not to gulp greedily or throw aside carelessly. It is full of epigram, free from sameness and tameness, and, on the whole, it is exceedingly fair, emanating as it does from a politician and a partizan. It is divided into three parts,—the first sketching the orators of England from Eliot to Chatham—the second those of the days of Fox and Pitt—the third commencing with Canning, and ending with Macaulay.

Before the Revolution, we had no orators, because we had no real freedom. Oratory cannot co-exist with servitude, and perhaps no oratory is really so effective as that which is heard pleading Freedom's cause:

> "Twin-born with Freedom, then with her took breath
> That Art whose dying will be Freedom's death,"

sings our poet; and the history of all great nations proclaims the truth of the lines. Turn to Greece, to Rome, to France. The last is indeed a most notable instance. Where was French oratory before the first Revolution? Where is it under Napoleon III?

The tests of a great orator are also well described in some lines on Macaulay:

> "Ev'n as it was, a master's power he proved
> In the three tests—he taught, he charm'd, he moved.
> Few compass one; whate'er their faults may be,
> Great orators alone achieve the three."

Bulwer has his favourites among English orators; and we are not surprised to find that most of them belong to the Tory school,—though not all. Among the group, comprised in the first part of his poem, Bolingbroke gets the highest praise. The whole passage on him is admirable for its truly poetic eloquence; but our space will only allow us to give the concluding lines of it:

> "And, oh, that style! so stately, sweet, and strong,
> Which, tamely read, has all the charm of song,
> What must its power o'er beating hearts have been,
> The genius speaking while the man was seen!
> Judge it by this—behold a later time,
> His party shatter'd, and its cause a crime;
> His white name blotted, his young vigour spent,
> A lone grey man returns from banishment.
> Fear seized the Council; England seemed too weak
> Against that tongue, if once allowed to speak;
> Law ransacks all the expedients at its choice,
> Restores the peer, and then proscribes his voice.
> So the grand orator his field denied,
> Shrunk to a small philosopher, and died."

Next to Bolingbroke in this first group, Chatham is the favourite. Indeed, in some respects, the praise bestowed on him is higher than that accorded to St. John himself; but

there is more of awe than of love in Bulwer's tribute to the power of Chatham's passionate eloquence:

> "To colder lips he left the words that teach;
> He awed and crushed—the Æschylus of Speech."

The second portion of the poem opens with a picture of society at the end of the last century. This is meant to be satirical, if not humorous; but, to our conception, it seems the only ineffective part of the book. To say the truth, Bulwer has scarcely any sense of humour, and very slight powers of sarcasm. We write this with a full recollection of *The Caxtons* before our mind's eye; but, beyond a little scholarly quaintness and clever imitations of Sterne, there is little to raise even a smile in the very parts where the author, undoubtedly, meant to make us laugh heartily.

The first portrait sketched in the second part is that of Fox. And here, though the colouring is admirable, we doubt whether the likeness be quite truthful. At all events, we are sure that few Whigs will admit

> "That the great Whig, amidst immense applause,
> Scar'd off his clients, and bawl'd down his cause."

Infinitely more flattering (perhaps a little too much so) is the sketch of Pitt. Indeed the poet seems to be "to his virtues very kind, and to his failings very blind," when he writes of George the Third's "heaven-born minister:"

> "The very faults that later critics find
> Were merits then—the unhesitating mind,
> The self-reliance lofty and severe,
> That grand monotony—a soul sincere,
> That scorn of fancy, that firm grasp of fact,
> That dread to theorize in the hour to act,
> Seemed form'd to brave the elemental shock,
> And type to England her own ocean rock."

More discriminating and more truthful is the criticism on Sheridan's oratory,—his meteor-like brilliancy, flashing, dazzling, blinding, but lending no really useful light to show us the way to truth. Contrasted with him, again, is Burke, the greatest orator the world ever saw, if we judge him from his published speeches; the weakest, if we read of the effects he produced on his auditory. His rising was the dinner-bell which cleared the House; few indeed were those who attentively sat out a speech of his. Bulwer has described, as well as any one has ever done, the causes and the defects which seem to account in some measure for this wonderful failure. But, after all, it is a puzzling subject; and we are sometimes tempted to be indignant and scornful of the intellects of those who could not listen patiently to a greater than Demosthenes.



F. York, Pho.

THOMAS PRINGLE, ESQ.,

Author of the "African Sketches."

The first orator sketched in the third portion of the poem is Canning. It was clearly a labour of love to depict him; but the praise is not overstrained or undeserved. Burdett gets but scant justice; but O'Connell is well drawn, and the author's own recollections are given of the great demagogue addressing an immense multitude in the open air, with that wonderful voice (which we, too, remember to have once heard):

> "Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide,
> It glided easy as a bird may glide;
> To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
> It played with each wild passion as it went;
> Now stirr'd the uproar, now the murmur still'd,
> And sobs or laughter answer'd as it will'd.

Although the poet makes a few passing allusions, and pays a few flying compliments, to some of the living orators, he describes and criticises none but the dead. The book is dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst, that "old man eloquent," who even now, at more than ninety years of age, is unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any living orator. And in naming Brougham, the poet says:

> "Walhalla's gate
> Opes only for the dead! What land unknown
> Shall carve for Brougham's vast image the grand throne?"

Follett is lauded as the "Master of Persuasion." But perhaps the most pleasing sketch of all (more of the man than the orator, however) is that of Lord Melbourne. There is something so affectionate and tender, so warm and feminine, in all that the poet says of his old friend, that we should like to extract the whole of it, both for the sake of its poetical beauty, and also because it concerns a man not generally held in high estimation, either intellectually or morally. But space forbids us, and, indeed, warns us to draw these remarks to a close. The little volume will doubtless be much sought after; and all who are interested in their country's history, all who can appreciate good criticism, and admire good poetry, will be charmed with *St. Stephen's*.

A. W. C.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. XVII.

THE LATE THOMAS PRINGLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE AFRICAN SKETCHES."

The personal connection of the subject of our present sketch with South Africa was but brief: the influence he

exerted upon it will endure throughout all time. His name will ever be associated with the foremost efforts in its history for the emancipation of the coloured races from personal bondage and the deliverance of the whole land from the political thraldom under which for near two centuries it had groaned. A service of scarcely inferior value he rendered in giving to such exquisite and undying song the nameless hills and streams and savage solitudes of the *Kaap*. It is not our purpose now, however, to attempt any complete or exhaustive sketch of the career of this most "zealous, highminded, pure-hearted, devout lover of God and of the human kind," and still less to attempt any critique on his admirable works. We have neither time nor space for anything of the sort, and must content ourselves for the present with a brief and rapid abstract of the leading incidents of his eventful life.

Thomas Pringle was born in 1789, the son of an honest Border farmer in Scotland. At the age of three an accident befel him which rendered him a cripple for life. In early youth his biographer, Leitch Ritchie, tells us that books were his grand resource—fairy tales, short stories, narratives of adventure and vicissitude, but especially of battles. "O that I had a book full of battles!" cried he; and his old nurse, delighted that she could gratify the taste of her darling, and at the same time insinuate "divinity," hastened to put into his hands Bunyan's "Holy War." At seventeen he went to the Edinburgh University, and pursued a course of miscellaneous study there, with mind still undecided whether law or medicine should be adopted as his profession. Literature, however, gained more on his affections than either, and to give scope to his propensities in that direction, he entered as a clerk into the service of his Majesty's commissioners on the Public Records of Scotland. At the same time he coquetted freely with the muses, contributed various poems to various periodicals, and in 1817 edited the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, with "Mr. Lockhart, *a young advocate*, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Brewster, James Hogg," and others subsequently well known to fame, on the staff of his contributors. At the same time he undertook the editorship of a city newspaper, and of a second periodical published by Constable. The *Edinburgh Monthly* soon changed its name to that of *Blackwood*, its new proprietor, and the liberal politics of its editor being unsuited to the party that supported it, a separation speedily ensued. "I am in a very strange and curious state," he writes at that epoch, "but I cannot explain it except in generalities. I am supposed to be prosperous and getting forward in the world, and yet I am one of the poorest men I know. I have no

regularity of hours, and am often out all night, and yet I am perfectly sober and given to no dissipation. I am well known to half the people in Edinburgh, and might spend all my time in pleasant company if I chose, and yet have not a friend in it—at least a *male* friend. I am the editor of two magazines which are direct rivals. I am supposed to be a bachelor and to live in an attic four stories high, with a cat on my mantelpiece, and yet I have a house with a street door, and though not a wife in it, am ready to take one there as soon as I am able." The wife accordingly soon came, the connection with *Blackwood* ceased almost immediately after, a great deal of empty praise succeeded in virtue of new productions of his muse, but less than ever of the solid pudding. He was hard pushed for means to secure a comfortable living; and a plan at length suggested itself, which, as regarded himself, says his biographer, his fancy painted *couleur de rose*, and which was irresistibly tempting from the means it offered of reuniting in one society the scattered members of his family. This was emigration, and South Africa was the land of promise selected for the enterprise. Application was made through Sir Walter Scott to Lord Melville, for a grant of land to Pringle's father and brother; the appeal was successful; and in February, 1820, a border band of twenty-four souls, consisting of twelve men (including three farm servants), six women, and six children, joined the stream of emigration then setting in steadily for the Cape of Good Hope. Their departure was commemorated in the well-known song written by Pringle in his pilgrim character:

> Our native land—our native vale—
> A long, a last adieu!
> Farewell to bonny Teviotdale
> And Cheviot's mountains blue!

The lands appropriated to the Pringle party were those forming the rich vale of the Baviaan's River, since and now known as Glen Lynden. The poet himself had no intention of continuing the farming pursuits of his father and brother. His purpose was to aid them in their first settlement, and afterwards to seek some other more congenial employment in the Colonial Civil Service. The adventures of the party in their travels from Algoa Bay to their destination, the incidents of his own life in the new settlement (where he acted, for some two years, as priest, magistrate, commander, and political factotum), the perfect success of the party in all their undertakings, and the general political movements then occurring on the frontier, are described by himself in his

poetical "sketches" and his prose "narrative" with a felicity and graphic power of the most charming sort.* In 1822, he travelled overland to Cape Town; and, by the interest of his friend, Sir Walter Scott, with the minister at home, he obtained from Lord Charles Somerset the post of librarian to the Public Library, at a salary of £70 per annum. His proceedings for the next two years—how with his bosom friend, John Fairbairn, he established an academy, published a literary magazine, edited the *Commercial Advertiser*, fought

*On his first march up-country, from Algoa Bay, he and his interesting gronp of "Scotch settlers" were received, and most hospitably treated, at Roodewal, by Lientenant Stretch, who then commanded at that station. It is situated about thirty miles south of the country they were to occupy on the Baviaan's River. Mr. Stretch, now member of Assembly for Port Elizabeth, has kindly furnished the following notes, containing one or two interesting reminiscences: "Looking over forty years of a residence in South Africa, I can scarcely remember anything that may add to the interest of the forthcoming sketch of my departed friend's life on the frontier, which he has not himself recorded in his narrative or poems.

"He delighted in facing the dangers of the forest and the desert, and not unfrequently narrowly made his escape, with his trusty Bushman 'Flink,' from the lions and elephants which at that period abounded in the neighbourhood of the 'Scotch location.' His hairbreadth 'scapes were, in the eyes of the boers, marvellous *(wonderbaar)*, who designated him 'Cripple Pringer.' Equally amazing seemed his activity in distancing them in some of their hunting excursions, and nothing more so than his rapid movements down the steep spurs of the Winterberg, with greater swiftness than those who had two good pins to support them. Dr. Philip delighted in telling how little Pringle and his crutch, going to England and writing in the *Times*, was the means of displacing the Colonial Minister of that day from office, and Lord Charles Somerset from the Cape Government, in consequence of his despotic conduct to himself and Mr. Fairbairn.

"I think Pringle alludes to his Bushman 'Flink;' he had been previously in my service, and I recommended him to Pringle, from the great desire he manifested for a wandering life, by hunting. He died in the service of William Pringle, who joined the party in 1822 or 1823.

"'Tom Pringle' proved by his life that the gospel is not peculiar to any country, and owns no lines of latitude or longitude; for on his first Sunday among the wild and desolate mountains of the Baviaan's River, where formerly boer rebellion and bloodshed prevailed, he raised an altar to the God of his fathers, and, for the first time, the Sabbath was marked as a holy day in that division of the frontier; the boers gradually joined in the service, and hence the Glenlynden church was established, and a good library attached to it.

"Various changes have left only two sons of the venerable father of the poet in occupancy of that country,—John Pringle, by his first marriage, and Dodds William Pringle, the only son of the second marriage, and both are wealthy. John married my youngest sister, and Dodds married Mrs. Stretch's sister; and now a goodly group of young Pringles flourish on the frontier. Some of William's sons are still residing on the location, and are fine brave fellows enough."

manfully the first instalment of that memorable battle for the freedom of the press, and fell temporarily a victim to the high-handed tyranny of the despotic ruler of the day, we have already narrated in our sketch of his colleague in the last number of this journal. In 1823-4, being still in Cape Town, and while politically prostrated and proscribed, he acted as secretary to the society for the relief of the distressed settlers in Albany. In this capacity he prepared a pamphlet entitled "Some Account of the Present State of the English Settlers in Albany, South Africa," which he sent for publication to London, and which resulted in the collection of £7,000 in aid from England and from India, besides £3,000 raised in the colony.

"Reversed in circumstances and in prospects, but sound in conscience and in character" — says Mr. Conder — "Mr. Pringle began to prepare seriously for returning to England, prior to which he resolved on an excursion to the eastern frontier, to see once more his relatives at Glen Lynden. There he had the pure satisfaction of finding the little colony he had assisted in planting, in tolerably prosperous circumstances. 'Under the blessing of Providence'—he says himself—'its prosperity has been steadily progressive. The friends whom I left there, though they have not escaped some occasional trials and disappointments, such as all men are exposed to in this uncertain world, have yet enjoyed a goodly share of health, competence, and peace.'" He left the Cape of Good Hope on the 16th of April, and arrived in London on the 7th of July, 1826. His residence in South Africa had been by no means to the world, however it had been to himself, an unprofitable one. The first fruits of it speedily appeared in the publication of a volume of poems, dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, in the following exquisite lines:

> From deserts wild and many a pathless wood
> Of savage climes where I have wandered long,
> Whose hills and streams are yet ungraced by song,
> I bring, illustrious friend, this garland rude.
> The offering, though uncouth, in kindly mood
> Thou wilt regard, if haply there should be
> 'Mong meaner things, the flower simplicity,
> Fresh from coy Nature's virgin solitude.
> Accept this frail memorial, honoured Scott,
> Of favoured intercourse in former day,
> Of words of kindness I have ne'er forgot,
> Of acts of friendship I can ne'er repay;
> For I have found (and wherefore say it not?)
> The minstrel's heart as noble as his lay.

Among the graceful poems of this collection, all of them decked in beauteous freshness with that "flower simplicity,"

appeared pre-eminent his "*Afar in the Desert.*" Coleridge, when he first met it, was, as he says himself, "so completely taken possession of, that for some days he did little else but read and recite it, now to this group and now to that;" and, in a letter to the author, he writes: "I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language."

During his peregrinations and labours in South Africa, the monster evil which affected most deeply his sensitive, impressionable mind was Slavery, of which, while yet in Cape Town, he wrote:

> "Thou art a bitter draught,
> And twice accursed is thy poisoned bowl
> Which taints with leprosy the white man's soul
> Not less than his by whom its dregs are quaffed."

Before his departure for England, he transmitted home a powerful article on the subject, which was published in the *New Monthly Magazine.* This led to his subsequent acquaintance with Mr. Buxton and Mr. Z. Macaulay, and eventually to his becoming secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society. He entered on the duties of that office in 1827, and continued to discharge them with unintermitting energy and zeal until the final triumph of the cause. His work in this service was by no means confined to the official duties of his secretaryship. In various capacities he had free access to the press; and, whenever fitting opportunity presented, his powerful pen was exerted to support the principles on which he felt so strongly. His residence was in London; and his political position, as well as his high literary abilities, introduced him into the society and to the friendship of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Macaulay, Coleridge, Brougham, Rogers, and Jeffrey. The anti-slavery agitation proved at length victorious. On the 27th of June, 1834, a document was published, signed "Thomas Pringle," reciting the Act of Abolition, ascribing the honour of the triumph to the Almighty, and calling upon all persons interested in the cause, to devote the approaching 1st of August—the appointed day of manumission—to His service and praise. This, says his biographer, was the conclusion of his labours. The best years of his life, the highest energies of his mind, had not been sacrificed in vain. Nature and humanity had triumphed; and he had himself been the organ of declaring to the people, that while rejoicing in their success the labourers in the holy cause disclaimed the merit, laying down their human pride at the footstool of the God of Mercy. On the following day he was seized with the illness which terminated his life.

This was an organic disease of the chest and lungs, and called for an immediate removal to a warmer climate and more salubrious air. Some years before, he had applied in vain to the home Government for compensation for the serious losses sustained by him from the unlawful tyranny of Lord Charles Somerset, in Cape Town. A renewed application now to the Whig Colonial Secretary, Mr. Spring Rice, although the equity of the claim was admitted, proved equally fruitless. Mr. Pringle himself writes to a friend, in July, 1834: "If I had now a few hundred pounds, I would go out to the Kafir frontier, buy and stock a farm, and settle myself for life in the wilderness. I am tired with the wear and tear of town life, and struggling with straitened circumstances for ever." Lord Jeffrey used his influence to secure for him a magistracy, or some similar appointment, but without success. His friends failed even to obtain for him, in acknowledgment of his services, the promise of a grant of land, or a sum of money to assist him in returning to the Cape. The leading members of the late society, however, provided the pecuniary aid and all that was requisite in that respect, and Pringle prepared for his voyage to the Cape, and actually engaged a passage for his wife and her sister. The season was far advanced, the departure of the vessel was from time to time postponed, and the symptoms of the disease were daily aggravated. All idea of proceeding on the voyage was soon abandoned, and on the 5th December, 1834, "he gently passed out of life." Of the many eulogiums passed on his character and career, none is more beautiful or true than the following, from the pen of his friend, Mr. Fairbairn:

> With Mr. Pringle's reputation as an elegant poet, possessing strong claims to originality, the world is well acquainted; but his last work, entitled "African Sketches," published only a few months previous to his death, gives his name a secure place amongst the most intrepid and generous defenders of the natural rights of mankind. It is a noble addition to that species of literature to which Milton, after he had composed the sweetest of his immortal works, looked back with most satisfaction, and he drew from his efforts in that field the high consolation and dauntless courage which supported him in his years of blindness and solitude, "when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, and compassed round with darkness and with dangers."
>
> Of Mr. Pringle's private character it is impossible to speak with too much warmth of esteem and affection. An intimate acquaintance, and an uninterrupted friendship of twenty-six years, has left on the mind of the writer a conviction that Pringle was the most amiable man of genius he ever knew. Steady in his attachments, modest, frank, forgiving,—we know not a quality of the heart that renders talents agreeable and wit safe, in social and domestic life, which he did not exhibit in the degree most to be desired, whether the stream of accidents ran rough or smooth.

In an early number of this magazine we shall endeavour to present a more fitting notice of Mr. Pringle's last memorial,—his written works,—than we could possibly find time or space for now.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM

FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY AND JUNE.

During the last two months, the Museum has made great progress. Many valuable donations have been received, and much has been done towards mounting and arranging new specimens. The whole of the *Reptilia*, collected and contributed during last year, have been carefully gone over, the novelties arranged in their places, and such old specimens as had lost their colour have been replaced by newer and finer examples. The bottles have all been luted over, and now number 224, many of them containing three or four specimens of one species. Our friends will therefore be able to judge how much we have increased the collection.

Among those who have contributed most largely in this branch, have been Messrs. R. Smith and R. Bishop, of the Cape Flats; Mr. Kisch, of Hondeklip Bay, who has sent some excellent things; Mr. Wyley; Mr. Cairncross, of Swellendam; Mr. Arnot, of Colesberg; and Dr. Holden, whose contributions (collected during his trip through the interior), though not numerous, were all new to us.

All the specimens procured, in exchange from Mr. Kreft, have been incorporated with the collection; and a large tin case, well filled, has been transmitted to our very liberal contributor, Mr. Verreaux, of Paris, with a request for a return in the same class.

While on this branch of our collection, I may mention that Professor Agassiz has communicated his readiness to commence a system of exchange, his collection being now arranged; and I propose to send him a share of the duplicates still on hand, and beg for a supply of the American *reptilia*. Our friends will therefore kindly take notice that our duplicate bottles will thus be nearly emptied; and the smallest contributions will be thankfully received.

Our case of African curiosities has been completed, as far as arrangement is concerned, the labelling has yet to be done. So also with the Karamic series and the Arts' collection; and our thanks are due to Mr. Tasker Smith, for his most efficient aid in arranging and collecting in those departments. Our contributors have been Messrs. H. Hidding, Jerram, Fairbridge, Tucker, Wylde, Gird (of the Paarl), Captain Tinley, Mr. Tasker Smith, and the Misses Sparkes.

To the *Mammalia* we have made (thanks to the kind friends who have so liberally helped us) some very valuable additions. A noble,

maneless lion, from Damaraland, presented by Mr. Wilson, of Otjimbinque, has been well mounted; as also a female bastard wildebeest *(C. Gorgon)*, from the same kind friend.

A fine pallah *(A. Melampus)*, brought out by Mr. F. Green, has also come up exceedingly well; indeed, is one of the best animals in the collection.

A spotted hyena, presented by Mr. Jackson, has also been mounted. Besides these, numerous small *Mammalia* from India, Australia, Europe, and this colony, have been set up. The series has been enriched, by the introduction of the marsupialia, all of which Order, in the store-boxes of the Museum, have now been mounted.

I may mention here that the catalogue now occupies all my evenings and is completed as far as the end of the *Rodentia*. My mornings I have devoted to the arrangement of the valuable series of fossils presented by the Lords of the Privy Council for Education, which are now more than half completed. Our collection of *Reptilian* remains from the colony has also received some valuable additions, namely, several portions of the reptile called, by Mr. Bain, the *Gamkasaurus*, from Mr. Justice Cloete, who was kind enough to take the trouble, personally, to search for and collect them; and some Dicynodon remains, returned by Dr. Adamson.

Several good birds have been added to the ornithological series. Mr. H. Gird, of Paardeberg, has sent us two fine specimens of a noble eagle, which we have not yet succeeded in identifying We procured two of a similar species at Fazy, within a degree and a half of the Equator, during our cruise on the East Coast of Africa. The bird, therefore, clearly enjoys a wide geographical range.

Mr. Cairncross, of Swellendam, has forwarded fifty birds, prepared in his usual beautiful manner. Mr. D. Arnot and Mr. A. V. Jackson have also largely contributed during the last two months; but a special notice of each specimen would fill more space than we dare ask for, as their specimens come in by dozens at a time!

Mr. Melle (of Tulbagh) and Mr. S. Foulkes (of Caledon) have also been contributors to the zoological portion of the Museum.

We must allude specially to the beautiful osteological preparations, present by Mr. Wilson, of the gas works. This gentleman's well-known ingenuity and delicacy of manipulation were never more conspicuous than in these most welcome additions to our collection. They consist of skeletons of a fish, an alligator, a chameleon, a bird, and a monkey; the snake we have already alluded to. To Mr. Wilson we are also indebted for carrying out a great improvement, namely, the fixing of iron brackets on the horizontal cases. We simply suggested the idea to him, and in a few days it was carried out in the light, yet substantial, form now seen. We propose to carry this improvement throughout the entire range of cases, modifying the frame to suit the object to be placed on it.

We are happy to say Mr. Wilson has promised to continue his interesting labours for the institution. He is desirous of procuring a large bat, for the sake of the skeleton. We hope some of our readers may have it in their power to supply him. We would here beg to remind such of our readers as keep fancy birds (Australian parrots and such like) that such of their pets as may die will be very acceptable to us, even though the plumage may be dirty and crumpled, as is generally the case with cage birds that die of disease or old age. Some of the best animals in the Calcutta Museum appear, from their published reports, to have been living in the menageries of the native and other gentlemen.

Our insect cabinets have received a valuable addition, in the shape of the huge *Goliatus Drurii* of Westwood, from Cape Palmas, the West Coast of Africa, presented by Mr. Trimen; a collection of Coleoptera, &c., in spirits, from Mr. Arnot; and some Lepidoptera from beyond the Kei, several of which are new to us, presented by Mr. Bowker. By the way, the *Aulacodus*, named in our last report as from this gentleman, has been mounted by Mr. Butler in a manner that has exceeded our fondest expectations. Some idea may be formed of the condition of the skin, when it is stated that the animal, small as it is, received "a charge of buck-shot at the distance of four paces:" thus writes Mr. Bowker.

Mr. Maclear has presented twenty coins of various periods, namely, eight Roman brass, two silver pennies, temp. Henry III and Edward II; the rest are early tradesmen's tokens. Mr. Joking, eight silver coins; early British. Mr. Hutchinson, lately arrived from Damaraland, has brought down for the Museum several new birds, three boxes full of *Coleoptera* (one of which is from Mr. Hilder, of Damaraland), several bottles full of *Coleoptera*, lizards, snakes, &c. One lizard (dried skin) is a most interesting species, which we have not before met with; it is nearly eighteen inches long, and from three to four inches in girth. A giraffe's head, and various other acceptable additions.

Among the beetles brought by Mr. Hutchinson are some beautiful *Goliaths*, *Buprestridæ*, and dung-beetles; some of the latter possess the finest metallic lustre, and have horns projecting from their heads the length of their own bodies, and palmated like those of a fallow deer! A few *Lepidoptera* (butterflies and moths) in the collection appear to be all new to us.

We are happy to be able to announce that the entrance-hall belonging to the two institutions is gradually receiving its appropriate fittings. Several of the pictures from the Library collection have been already hung, and more have still to follow. The beautiful chromo-lithographs sent out by the Arundel Society as specimens, for the purpose of procuring subscribers, are also exhibited, and are well worthy of a special visit of inspection. Mr. Tasker Smith and Mr. Essex have contributed some casts—the former of some of the most celebrated antique statues, the latter of the Rev. Mr. Thomson. A statue of Ariel, and an *alto-relievo*, from Spenser's "Faerie Queen," have also been placed in the apartment.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR APRIL, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Fair.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Hourly velocity	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
Apr.	inches	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inches.	
1	30·310	58·50	51·06	63·2	53·8	44·4	60·0	30·017	10·8	S½E	0·030	4·0
2	30·191	64·38	54·78	69·3	52·6	46·9	54·6	29·868	17·2	S¼W		1·1
3	29·997	67·16	58·66	78·0	59·0	52·2	61·2	29·604	11·5	S		1·9
4	29·997	66·62	61·20	72·0	61·6	56·9	72·0	29·532	16·3	S		3·5
5	30·160	62·62	54·44	69·8	57·0	47·5	58·2	29·831	14·0	S½E		2·4
6	30·170	61·98	54·06	67·3	54·0	47·4	59·6	29·843	18·2	S		0·7
7	30·100	65·34	57·04	74·0	55·8	50·4	59·8	29·733	13·9	S		3·2
8	30·041	69·08	58·82	77·5	63·0	51·0	53·2	29·666	19·1	S		2·8
9	30·023	71·10	59·84	82·0	54·0	51·7	53·0	29·640	12·0	SbE		0·1
10	30·065	69·30	59·60	87·0	53·7	52·5	58·6	29·669	6·1	S½E		0·5
11	30·096	69·72	61·22	85·0	54·7	55·1	64·6	29·658	9·3	SSE		0·4
12	30·100	64·92	58.34	81·9	51·2	53·3	69·0	29·691	7·8	SbW		0·2
13	30·005	64.84	59·22	82·0	53·8	54·7	73·6	29·575	4·1	SSW		0·9
14	29·950	64·84	59·82	73·3	58·2	55·9	74·6	29·502	7·0	SWbS		2·4
15	30·020	64·48	59·28	73·6	56·3	55·1	72·4	29·585	8·4	SSW		1·8
16	30·072	63·78	58·84	71·4	60·0	54·7	73·2	29·643	21·8	S		1·4
17	30·021	62·24	57·18	69·3	55·6	52·9	71·8	29·620	16·1	S		0·4
18	29·912	62·38	57·64	76 3	54·0	53·9	76·6	29·495	5·7	W¼S		3·9
19	29·890	59·60	57·22	66·8	55·3	55·2	86·0	29·454	6·9	NW½W		7·8
20	29·903	59·40	56·98	63·0	56·8	54·8	85·0	29·473	6·3	WNW	0·280	9·9
21	29·935	60·18	57·08	65·0	52·6	54·4	81·2	29·510	5·4	W½N		6.6
22	29·867	61·40	56·66	65·7	58·2	52·6	74·4	29·463	15·2	WNW	1·000	8·8
23	30·210	56·54	50·50	64·0	50·0	44·9	65·4	29·910	6·6	SbW		6·9
24	30·286	57·88	51·24	62·0	53·5	45·3	63·4	29·983	18 5	SbE		0·6
25	30·238	60·08	52·80	65·7	53·4	46·4	61·0	29·921	15·9	SbE		0·3
26	30·122	60·52	54·94	73·2	47·0	50·2	71·4	29·756	8·0	S½W		0·3
27	30·053	61·86	56·74	68·0	56·7	52·4	72·0	29·657	15·0	S½E		2·9
28	30·001	61·52	57·36	70·0	53·4	53·8	76·2	29·586	8·9	SbE		2·4
29	29·970	63·90	59·50	76·0	50·6	56·0	77·6	29·519	8·5	SSW		1·3
30	29·938	61·32	58·12	70·8	51·0	55·5	82·0	29·496	6·8	S	*0·008	0·5
Mean,	30·055	62·25	57·01	72·1	54·9	51·9	68·7	29·663	11·4	SbW	Sum 1·318	2·7

*dew.

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·040	30·074	30·049	30·044	30·067	30·371	29·784
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·671	29·684	29·667	29·631	29·663	30·067	29·297
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	57·35	64·27	70·40	64·65	59.58	84·5	52·0
,, Wet bulb.	,,	53·67	57.41	59·49	58·45	56·02	65·0	46·5
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	78·2	65·3	52·0	68·2	79·2	99·	32·
Dew Point.	degrees	50·3	51·8	51·3	53·4	52·9	60·6	40·6

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR MAY, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of Observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Fahr.	THERMOMETERS.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	BAROMETER, minus Tension.	WIND.		RAIN.	Cloudy sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Mean hourly velocity	Direction.		
May.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	Miles.		inches.	
1	29·778	62·98	58·48	80·3	56·5	54·96	83·4	29·345	4·5	NWbN	0·020	4·8
2	29·721	58·66	56·42	64·6	54·4	54·50	86·2	29·295	8·2	NW	·210	9·7
3	29·868	53·64	51·62	60·7	47·7	49·66	86·4	29·511	2·3	NW	·050	5·8
4	30·110	56·54	54·02	59·4	50·3	51·70	84·2	29·726	9·8	NWbN	·044	6·6
5	30·266	57·38	53·94	61·6	51·7	50·82	79·0	29·893	7·3	NW		4·8
6	30·203	56·84	54·54	62·2	47·0	52·52	86·2	29·807	3·6	NW		2·1
7	30·165	58·70	57·02	66·2	53·0	55·52	89·6	29·723	4·7	NW		4·5
8	30·059	60·70	59·08	68·0	56·2	57·72	90·8	29·582	5·1	NW	·060	7·9
9	30·060	59·68	59·00	60·4	57·7	58·40	95·6	29·571	3·1	W	·125	9·0
10	29·968	60·68	58·66	66·7	56·7	56·98	88·4	29·503	10·8	NW	·813	7·8
11	30·096	58·98	55·58	66·7	52·2	52·62	80·0	29·698	5·2	SbW	·018	6·8
12	30·213	54·72	50·14	63·2	44·6	45·94	73·6	29·901	2·2	S	*·015	5·3
13	30·114	54·56	51·06	62·7	45·2	47·82	78·8	29·779	3·3	SW		1·4
14	29·954	58·28	53·90	68·0	49·0	50·12	76·2	29·590	3·4	W		4·3
15	29·964	60·26	58·38	64·0	56·8	56·78	88·6	29·502	12·6	NW	·258	9·9
16	30·310	57·24	50·70	64·6	52·0	44·72	63·4	30·012	6·6	SSW	·148	7·1
17	30·391	56·60	50·28	60·4	53·3	44·42	64·0	30·098	11·4	S½E		1·3
18	30·048	53·58	50·42	62·5	44·2	47·50	81·6	29·717	6·4	SbE		3·9
19	29·927	58·00	54·28	68·0	57 8	51·08	80·0	29·549	4·8	SbW		7·5
20	29·970	57·70	52·96	61·8	54·8	48·66	72·2	29·626	16·9	S		7·2
21	30·071	57·48	52·38	62·3	54·2	47·76	70·8	29·738	10·6	S	·075	6·2
22	30·235	55·94	51·88	61·7	50·0	48·10	75·4	29·899	11·4	SbE		1·4
23	30·120	57·20	53·42	63·2	44·6	50·00	77·6	29·759	7·9	S½E		0·8
24	30·039	60·36	56·50	66·2	56 6	53·20	78·2	29·633	11·9	SSE		5·2
25	30·005	56·14	53·96	63·3	48·7	52·02	86·6	29·615	4·0	SSW	*.010	1·0
26	29·959	57·64	54·54	64·8	53·8	51·72	80·8	29·575	11·8	NW	·030	7·7
27	29·785	57·18	53·80	63·0	53·8	50·70	79·4	29·415	13·9	NW	1·420	8·5
28	29·745	58·00	53·98	60·3	54·0	50·38	77·8	29·372	15·7	WNW	2·818	9·4
29	30·164	55·22	53·44	60·6	52·2	51·76	88·4	29·779	6·1	NWbW	·443	8·6
30	30·244	55·10	53·30	60·8	49·0	51·60	88·2	29·860	6·7	NW	*:015	3·2
31	30.183	54·10	50·20	64.0	42·4	46·60	77·2	29·863	4·3	W		0·1
Mean, 30·056		57·42	54·13	63·9	51·6	51·17	80·9	29·675	7·6	WbS	Sum. 6·572	5·5

* dew

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. Fahr.	30·049	30·079	30·038	30·043	30·071	30·513	29·645
,, Press. of dry air, ,,	29·690	29·688	29·655	29·652	29·693	30·195	29·233
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	53·32	57·07	62·74	58·55	55·43	73·7	44·2
,, Wet bulb. ,,	51·39	54·42	56·56	55·08	53·17	62·0	43·0
Humidity of the air. per cent.	87·5	83·8	67·6	80·2	85·5	98	48
Dew Point degrees	49·5	52·0	51·4	52·0	51·0	59·1	41·0

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS,

FROM THE CAPE RECORDS OF 1688.

When Father Tachard, who accompanied the embassies to Siam, in 1685 and 1687, at the command of Louis XIV, published a narrative of his two voyages, he described the hospitable reception which had been experienced by the French at the Cape of Good Hope. Those in authority, though Dutchmen, were well-educated and polished gentlemen,—though heretics, disposed to render all the assistance that lay in their power to the Jesuit astronomers who formed part of the mission. The name of the great King was respected, his servants treated with the courtesy due to the subjects of such a monarch, the troops allowed to recruit their health on land, the sick tended in the hospital. "Nous fûmes," says the enterprising abbé, giving an account of the first interview, in 1685, "extrêmement surpris de trouver tant de politesse au Cap de Bonne Esperance, et beaucoup plus encore de toutes les honnêtetés et les marques d'amitié que nous y reçûmes des cette premiere entrevue." On this voyage, the outward-bound fleet was at anchor in Table Bay, under the command of Baron van Rheede tot Drakenstein, of whom, as well as of his officers and the commandant of the fortress, an excellent character is given. "Tous ces messieurs, auxquels il faut joindre Monsieur van der Stellen, Gouverneur ou, pour parler comme les Hollandais, Commandeur du Cap, sont d'un mérite singulier et ce fut une heureuse rencontre pour nous d'avoir à traiter avec eux, durant le séjour que nous y fimes."

An equally favourable description of the reception of the second expedition is found. This was on a grand scale, and consisted of six King's ships, having on board two special envoys of high rank, to secure the alliance, and several priests, to effect the conversion of the Siamese. The long voyage had seriously affected the health of a large proportion of the men, and accommodation was provided on shore for three hundred sick. When, in April, 1688, Admiral de

Vaudricourt arrived in Table Bay, on his return to France, he and Tachard again enjoyed, at the hands of "Monsieur van der Stellen," "les mêmes honnêtetés que les voyages précédens."

One of the ships of the squadron, however, *La Normande*, was detained in the Indies. In the outward passage, this vessel had been, according to the good father, particularly blessed. She had had "the happy privilege of carrying three zealous missionaries," one especially, Monsieur Morlot, of superior sanctity. Her return, though not without priests, in April, 1689, was singularly unfortunate. For the friendly welcome at the Cape, which was anticipated as before, an unexpected attack was substituted, and the story of the capture and plunder, extracted from Van der Stell's dispatches, offers a curious picture of warfare, as conducted in those days by Europeans out of Europe.

The friendly feeling displayed by the colonial authorities towards the second embassy was not satisfactory to their superiors. A deep distrust of the French King's schemes had, for some time, possessed the minds of Dutch statesmen; and Van der Stell's want of caution, in admitting a possible enemy with the confidence of friendship to a knowledge of his defenceless state, was severely reprehended from Batavia and from Holland. In the Indian correspondence he was informed that his visitors had observed that the castle, wholly commanded by the Devil's Hill, was situated uselessly for purposes of defence. They had discovered the garrison to be very weak, and were for that reason much astonished that they had been at perfect liberty to land as many men as they pleased, who were again allowed to wander about at will. Moreover, they had declared that if their intentions had been at all hostile, they could easily have seized the castle, sword in hand, by assault, and expressed the opinion openly that if the Dutch company so little regarded the value of their Cape settlement, as to afford it no better protection, it would be attacked and captured on the first rumour of hostilities between the United Provinces and France. They had added, significantly, that it would be wiser to place reliance on a formidable and well-equipped garrison, than on the duration of the twenty years' truce which had been concluded in 1685 at the Hague.

Whatever may have been the changes in the world, in France especially, between 1688 and 1860, the French idiosyncracy which examines, in profound peace, the possessions of foreign powers, with a view to future conquest, has scarcely undergone alteration. Under Emperor or King, Bourbon or Bonaparte, the national military vanity is the same. Louis

XIV repudiated intentions of aggressive warfare as eagerly as Napoleon III in our time; but despotisms are necessarily aggressive, and aggression was the rule of his reign. There is a curious similarity between the boast of the officers of Vaudricourt's squadron, after their visit and friendly reception by the Dutch, in 1687, and the expression of French opinion formed during the late sojourn of the fleet at this place, and published in the colonial papers, from a Parisian semi-official journal. If the writer in the *Patrie* be justified in the assertion that the modest garrison of two or three hundred British troops was wholly eclipsed by the display of the Imperial military force, and that "if France, animated by a spirit of invasion which no longer belongs to our age, should perchance entertain, with regard to this ancient Dutch possession, the ideas of conquest which certain English alarmists ascribe to her, this would be a splendid opportunity to substitute the tricolour for the union-jack,"—his assumption that the rural population is hostile to England, and would sympathize with a French attack, is amusingly absurd. If Holland were now a great power, as in the seventeenth century, capable of rivalry with England or France, such is the memory of what Dutch colonial government was, and the knowledge of what the country has become under English rule, that, notwithstanding the natural and laudable affection for the Dutch name which exists, and will continue permanently to exist, among the descendants of the old colonists, it would be a vain attempt to excite enthusiasm for the revival of Dutch authority. Even the units—for they count no more—who, because declamation is safe and harmless in a perfectly free country, declaim of independence, would thrust their loyalty on Her Most Gracious Majesty, and vociferate their right to the name of British subjects, upon the first whisper that the Queen's Government was prepared to allow the validity of their demands.

But the possibility of French dominion would be a startling thought indeed to the "rural population." If the resistance which would be offered throughout the land by all the inhabitants, whether of Dutch, English, or even of French extraction, became powerless, the boer remedy for dissatisfaction with Government from the commencement of the colony's existence, "the trek," would be again applied, with more energy than on any former occasion: the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic would receive a large accession of burghers, and there would be but few of those "among whom the Dutch element preponderates" left to enjoy the blessings of subjection to the second empire.

Not even the approved expedient of Imperial universal suffrage would gain a single free vote for annexation to France.

The heads of the Batavo-Indian administration had better knowledge of the European complications which were about to ensue than the subordinate authorities at the Cape. They were aware that the cessation of hostilities between the French King and the United Provinces could not last much longer. A war of the allied powers of England and France against Holland was anticipated by them. Instead of this formidable combination to overwhelm the only free state of Europe, the successful enterprise of the Prince of Orange, and the restoration of liberty in England, in 1688, produced a league between two free European states to resist "the great conspirator against the rights of men and of nations, against the security and independence of all European states, against every kind and nature of civil and religious liberty, Louis XIV."*

These stirring events, in which the most conspicuous part was played by the "Stadhouder," naturally excited great interest throughout the vast colonial possessions which the Dutch East India Company then governed. Accordingly, the dull details of purely mercantile matters and colonial restrictions are enlivened by references to European affairs, in the dispatches of the period. The Home Government kept Van der Stell informed of the proceedings in Europe, and the dangers to which they apprehended that the Indian settlements and factories would be exposed. Copies of important letters from England are occasionally found among the enclosures. Some of the "Nouvelles" of the day, viz.: the Dutch Gazettes, which alone then constituted the free press of Europe,—as the English journals almost alone constitute the free press of Europe at the present day,—were likewise sent, but these appear not to have been preserved like the manuscript intelligence. The nature of the information which it was thought fit to transmit to the Colonial Governors, and the instructions issued for their guidance, may be interesting to some readers, although it is not to be expected that any new information on European affairs of the period can be gleaned from our colonial records.

The first warning note of the future war is struck in a letter of the $\frac{\text{26th September}}{\text{6th October}}$, 1688, from Middelburg, in Zealand. The preparations of the Prince of Orange had been long in progress, but were conducted with the utmost secrecy. It is

* Sir James Mackintosh.

true, as stated by Lord Macaulay, that D'Avaux, the able minister of Louis XIV at the Hague, had informed his court of the probable destination of the formidable armament in course of equipment, but the incredulity of James II, and of his envoy, D'Abbeville, was shared by very many in Holland. War with France, possibly with England and France, was supposed imminent, but those in the confidence of the Prince alone knew with certainty that the hazardous enterprise of a descent upon England was contemplated. Even the "commissioned members" of the Council of Seventeen, the Governors of the Dutch East India Company, well informed as we should suppose them to have been, were, three weeks before William took his solemn farewell of the States-General, ignorant of the "great design." They write thus in manly style, ready, if need be, to show a bold front to James II and Louis the Great united:

We send this dispatch by the frigate *De Tuymelaer*, which has been specially purchased; principally to give notice of the present perplexed condition of time and things, and to inform you that we are, without any doubt, on the point of war with the Kings of France and England. The King of France has laid an embargo on all ships, the property of Dutch citizens, in his ports. In a few days the *Krygsman* and the *Haantje* will be ready, and probably additional vessels will be dispatched, to afford timely notice of the state of affairs throughout all India, and to carry the instructions according to which the Governor-General and his council, and the subordinate officers, are to conduct themselves. To this end we intend immediately to proceed to the Hague, to consult with their High Mightinesses and His Highness the Prince of Orange, and to hear their pleasure.

In another letter, of the same date, the general council write:

According to appearances, we shall shortly be at war with France and England. Both here and in those kingdoms, there is great activity in warlike preparations. . . . Besides a ship of the French Company, which is lying ready at Port Louis, to proceed to the East Indies, we are informed from Cork, in Ireland, that five ships of war had arrived there, which are currently reported to be bound for the East. They were shipping as many men as they could obtain, and were, in addition, expecting three companies of Irish soldiers from Waterford.

Although we do not implicitly rely on this intelligence, you should not treat it with neglect, but are directed to place yourselves in a better posture of defence, so as to resist any attempt at capture. You are authorized, if you think fit, to take ashore 150 soldiers out of the passing ships, and, in case of necessity, to add the freemen (vrye lieden) of whom, as you have written, a large number are qualified to perform active service, and of whom you seem to have great hopes. We trust that you will thus be able to repel any foreign attack.

A remark, very natural in the circumstances, is added:

We are by no means pleased with the friendly reception which you gave to the French while in your port, or satisfied with your having allowed them so many privileges.

The letter containing the report of the ships in Cork harbour, from "Consul Hill" to the Dutch Government, is considered of such importance that a copy of it is one of the enclosures to the dispatch. It was dated $\frac{16}{26}$ September:

High and Mighty Lords!—Since the 26th ultimo, the five ships of war which I mentioned in my last, have come from Baltimore to this river. It is publicly said that they are destined for the East. They are taking in as many men as they can get, and are expecting three companies of Irish soldiers, who are to come from Waterford, for embarkation here. Your High Mightinesses will not be displeased that I trouble you with my letters, and give information which I believe worthy of credit. It is well known that the English East India Company is in a bad state, and in great want of sailors and recruits; and, therefore, as many as possible are taken. It is said that they will be, in the whole, thirty ships strong, and have their rendezvous at Madeira; their object being to take their revenge for the affair of Bantam. Others assert that the English Company is ruined, and that His Majesty the King of England has opened a free trade to India in favour of his English subjects. But it is evident that there are some designs of importance in hand, for a certain Colonel Scauwel has arrived to take the command of the troops. I doubt not that the directors of the Company have placed things in such good order at the Cape of Good Hope as not to fear an attack; and I would humbly suggest that the fortifications be put in the best possible condition. . . . It is rumoured that there will soon be war between France and the States. In that case, I expect instructions, so as to be able to warn ships of the States not to sail for France, and to give homeward-bound Indiamen early knowledge of the fact.

The event showed that no attempt on the Cape was then intended, nor was vengeance sought for the "affair of Bantam," probably the expulsion of English merchants from that part of Java in 1683.

In another enclosure to these dispatches, the use of the overland route to India in the seventeenth century is mentioned—"We have likewise given information of the state of affairs by letters, overland, to Persia and Surat."

Hitherto, there is no suggestion of the attempt on England. War is expected; great armaments are prepared; but the secret of the extraordinary activity in the Dutch ports had not yet been revealed. But, on the $\frac{5}{15}$th October, a dispatch of the following tenor was written to Van der Stell, and received on the $\frac{12}{22}$ March, 1689, at the Cape:

By dispatch of the 6th instant, you have been informed how matters stand between this State and the Kings of France and England, and that open war with them is evidently impending. This State has equipped and brought into readiness a fleet of above fifty ships of war, and an incredible number of sloops, galliots, and smaller craft, for the transport of the troops, foot as well as horse,—a whole army, in fact; and, although the actual object has not been publicly declared, it is plain, and will in a few days be made public, that they are intended for England. The French King has already laid an arrest on all ships belonging to our subjects in his harbours, so that war with that nation is considered quite certain. As regards the King of England, he would wish to escape the chance of

war, as appears clearly from the note presented by his minister to their High Mightinesses, because his situation is not such in his own kingdom that he can place perfect reliance on his people; but all things have been brought into the state of forwardness necessary for so great a design: the fleet is ready for sea, the embarkation of the troops is hurried on, and proceeded with by day and night, His Highness the Prince of Orange in person intends to betake himself on board, and nothing else than the prosecution of the plan is expected. The actual intention is not to make war on the English nation, the enterprise being directed against the King alone, so that, by God's merciful blessing, it may very quickly be over; though it is impossible to determine with certainty on an affair of such magnitude, which, in this very advanced season of the year, is exposed to so many mischances. And because, as has been said above, the English nation is not the object of attack, you are to refrain from all hostilities against them, unless they act on the offensive, in which case you will have to pay them in their own coin, and do them all the injury in your power, as well by taking and destroying their ships as by other means. But as regards the French, who have seized our ships, you shall, in like manner, take possession of their ships which may touch at the Cape, and detain them until further orders: but, while taking care that they do not escape you, you are to treat the officers and crews with civility.

If, however, they should attempt hostilities, you will deal with them in the same manner as we have directed in such case respecting the English. As soon as war is declared by France, which it is believed will be done in a few days, we shall at once notify it to you, and further act as we have written in our separate dispatch of the 6th.

* * * * *

A postscript of the $\frac{13}{23}$ October, is subjoined, to the following effect:

P.S. 13th October. Since the above was written there has been no change in the affairs of the State, except that the King of France has taken the officers and crews out of our ships in his harbours, and has thrown them into prison, in direct contravention of our treaties with that crown, and on which nothing but war can follow. It is affirmed that the actual declaration is put off only until the embarkation of His Highness on board the fleet in the Meuse. We have some galliots and a schooner in readiness to be sent off the instant war is declared, to notify throughout India that all possible injury is to be done to that nation.

The next letter ($\frac{2}{12}$ November) bears date after William had set sail and encountered the storm which drove him back to refit, and had a second time put to sea. It is addressed to the Governor-General of India, and the other Governors of colonies. Several small vessels had been dispatched to carry the news to the different factories in India. The consciousness of strength to combat both France and England, if such should be the fortune of war, as well in Europe as in the Indian seas, is remarkable, in a State in extent and population not more than equal to a French province.

We have given you information that we expect war with France. It was anticipated that that Government would declare as soon as the

fleet of the States should have stood to sea for England. Since then the fleet sailed with the Prince of Orange, after he had waited three weeks for a favourable wind. But scarcely were they at sea, than it pleased God to send them contrary wind, and so violent a tempest in the night between the 30th and 31st October, that the ships were dispersed, and compelled to put back with a considerable loss of horses. After refitting, His Highness put to sea a second time, with a favourable breeze. We fervently hope and pray that God Almighty will crown the great work now in hand with his merciful blessing."

* * * Meanwhile, France, without declaring war, has commenced hostilities by the seizure of our merchantmen, as well by letters of marque as by King's ships.

The Colonial authorities are then informed that vessels, with specie for India, had been captured in the Channel, and are directed, in return, "to treat the French everywhere as enemies, and, as such, to cause them all possible loss and injury, keeping accurate entries and charge of all things seized, so as to be able to render a true account."

Every precaution is taken that the Dutch factories in the East shall have early intelligence of the European hostilities:

We have, for the purpose of transmitting our orders without delay, specially equipped the galiot *Elizabeth*, to sail to Ceylon direct, without touching at the Cape, and thence to Bengal; the galliot *Vergulde Vlamingh*, by way of the Cape to Malacca; the *Eendragt*, by way of the Cape to Surat; the galliot *De Jonge Snoeper*, without touching at the Cape, to Batavia. . . . . .

As regards England, the design of which mention has been made in our former missives, has been but lately made public, and is contained in the resolutions of their High Mightinesses of the 26th and 28th October, of which we enclose a few copies. You must continue to treat all of that nation as friends, unless they commit any aggression upon you. The letters, herein enclosed, for the Governors of Ceylon, Coromandel, and Malacca, the Directors of Surat, Bengal, and Persia, the Commanders of the coast of Malabar, and their several councils, must be forwarded to their destinations.

We have sent these likewise by the overland route (over den landwegh); but, as that passage is subject to many perils and uncertainties, we can place no reliance on their safe arrival.

The resolutions of the 26th and 28th October, to which reference is made in this dispatch, are the proceedings upon the farewell taken by the Prince of the States-General, and the declaration, to Foreign Powers, of the reasons which had induced the States to countenance William's enterprise. Lord Macaulay's graphic account of the solemn scene of the farewell is present to the minds of our readers; and, in Burnet's tamer, though perhaps more literally correct, version of William's address, an abstract of the greater part of the former of the two documents will be found.* But the

* Macaulay, vol. ii, p. 470 (8vo edition); Burnet, vol. ii, p. 418 (8vo edition).

important State-instrument, addressed by the Dutch Government to the European Powers, on the ground of its intervention in the affairs of England, is less known. It belongs rather to the history of the Netherlands than to that of England, and has probably not formed part of any English work on the great Revolution. It was adopted immediately after the Prince had joined the fleet, and probably was the composition of the Grand Pensionary Fagel, by whom William's manifesto had been drawn up. But, if the production of this great statesman, it was free from the prolixity of William's declaration, which Burnet, complaining that even his abridgment was too long, had shortened, to suit the less diffuse tastes of Englishmen. Holland stands forth, in this address to Europe, as the champion of civil liberty and the Protestant religion, both of which were at stake if, like Louis XIV, James II became an absolute monarch.

The ambassadors and envoys of the States are directed to inform the courts at which they reside, of the resolution of the Government to aid, with ships and men, the Prince of Orange, then on his way to England.

The whole world knew that the English nation had, for a long time, complained of their King, who, doubtless by the evil counsels of his ministers, had infringed the fundamental laws.

His aim had been, by these means, and by the introduction of the Roman Catholic religion, to oppress the national liberties, to ruin Protestantism, and to bring the country under arbitrary rule. If this unrighteous conduct were further pursued, such aversion would be aroused against the King that universal confusion only could be expected in the kingdom. His Highness the Prince, urged by the reiterated and earnest prayer of many lords and persons of distinction, and impelled likewise by the great interest felt by the Princess and himself in the welfare of England, could not tamely stand by and see the succession of the crown imperilled by these painful differences. He was bound by his position to be vigilant on behalf of the English nation, when they had such strong grounds of disaffection with an oppressive government, and was resolved to render them all the aid in his power, especially as he was convinced that it was most important to the welfare of the United Provinces, which had been likewise committed to his care, that England should be at peace, and the mistrust between the King and people should be removed. Aware that it would be necessary to success, in so grave an enterprise, that he should proceed to England in person, with an army sufficient to quell the attempts of the evil-intentioned, the Prince had given the assembled States notice of his design, and besought their

assistance. Their High Mightinesses had ripely weighed his proposition. They knew that the Kings of France and of Great Britain were not only on terms of friendship, but in close alliance; and had been warned that a plan had been concerted between them to isolate Holland from its allies. The King of France had, on several occasions, exhibited his hostile feeling, and if the King of England gained his ends, and became an absolute ruler of his people, both of these Kings, for reasons of policy, and out of zeal against the Protestant religion, would attempt to throw the United Provinces into confusion, and, if possible, utterly destroy them. For these reasons, they had determined to approve the Prince's design, and to grant him some ships and troops as an auxiliary force.

The envoys were instructed to add that the Prince had assured the States that he intended no invasion of England. He had no desire to deprive the King of his crown, or himself to seize it. He neither wished to change the lawful succession nor to persecute the Roman Catholics. His sole aim was to assist the nation in obtaining the restitution intact of their violated laws and privileges, and the preservation of their liberties and religion. His object would be attained if a free and lawful parliament were assembled, and measures adopted which would prevent any further infraction of national and individual rights. The States concluded with an expression of their prayer that, by God's blessing, peace and unity might be re-established in the realm of England, which would then be able to co-operate with them for the restoration of tranquillity throughout Europe, and the welfare of universal Christendom.

From this authentic document, justifying foreign intervention on behalf of an "oppressed nationality," we descend again to the news furnished to Van der Stell,—sometimes necessarily the mere rumours of the day. The first intelligence of William's landing on British shores is thus communicated,—possible war with England, certain war with France, still impending:

21st November / 1st December. "We proceed to acquaint you with the state of public affairs. The fleet having put to sea with a favourable breeze, the Prince reached Torbay with the troops, and landed without opposition. The people flock to him. The King, it is said, is resolved to oppose his Highness with an army. What may follow is known to God alone, on whom depends success. The King of France continues to seize our ships and imprison the crews."

At length war is formally declared by France:

30th November. / 10th December. At last the King of France has published his declaration of war. * * * We send you copies thereof, with the reiterated

order that you cause that nation injury whenever you can, by sea or by land, as often as a convenient opportunity shall offer. * * * * In England the affairs of the Prince of Orange, are, thank God, proceeding very favourably. The Lord grant that it may continue.

The crisis was at hand. The escape of the Queen and Prince of Wales to France is next announced. The rapid successes of William, consequent on his cordial reception in England, had greatly changed the aspect of affairs for Holland in the coming conflict: the tide had turned, and probable war between England and France is part of the welcome news received. The King's attempted flight, his arrest at Feversham, and forced return to London—the disbanding of the troops, the capture of Jeffreys, and the excesses of the "Irish night," form the subject of a letter written from England on the $\frac{14}{24}$th December, to a Dutch gentleman bearing the same name with the secretary of the Dutch East India Company, a copy of which, as containing the latest and most important news, was enclosed in a dispatch of the $\frac{19}{29}$th and $\frac{20}{30}$th December, to the Cape Governor.

29th December. By our letters of the 10th December, we gave you notice of the declaration of war of the King of France against this State, and likewise of the successes of our arms in England, which have further been so blessed by God Almighty, that the King has at last been compelled to desert his kingdom and to save himself by flight—whither, is not yet certain. The Queen and Prince of Wales have arrived at Calais: these truly are matters which none can regard without the utmost wonder. According to appearance, war between England and France may soon follow, which will be a great relief to our State."—"P.S. 30th December. Before closing this, we are assured by letters from London that the King of England, sitting disguised in a vessel at the mouth of the river, was arrested by fishermen and brought on shore, where he was recognised and taken into custody: on which four lords were sent to him with two hundred guards, to inquire whether it was His Majesty's intention to return to London or to retire beyond the kingdom. In short, the confusion in that kingdom is as great as that in this country was in 1672. Many papist lords and gentlemen who have been in the King's service are seized and imprisoned: and all the priests that can be found.

The allusion to the confusion in the Netherlands in 1672, is worthy of note. When Louis XIV, and his allies, in that year invaded Holland with an army of 200,000 men, the ruin of the republic, which was wholly unprepared for defence, seemed certain. The English and French fleets, under the Duke of York and D'Estrées, found full occupation for the Dutch naval force, though commanded by De Ruyter, the first admiral of the age. The Emperor had entered into a league with the French King to destroy the heretics from the face of the earth. The Elector of Brandenburgh was quieted by intrigue. On behalf of all the crowned heads

of Europe, the insolent republicans were to be punished. In anticipation of victory, medals were struck—representing Louis triumphant, in contemptuous pride refusing to listen to the prayers of subdued Holland: no mercy was to be extended by the "ultor regum," the avenger of Kings, as he was styled in the inscription, to the democracy prostrate at his feet.

"The King of France came down to Utrecht like a land flood," says Burnet. Fortress after fortress fell: and soon the camp-fires of the invaders could be seen from Amsterdam. For a brief season the Dutch were in despair: but they soon took heart again. The Provincial States of Zeeland set the example, and proudly declared in solemn resolutions, that for freedom and religion they were prepared to offer up all their worldly goods, and shed their last drop of blood: they bound themselves, if they stood alone, to enter into no treaty, nor even truce, with the French tyrant. They called on the Prince of Orange to lead them in defence of hearth and home. William, then only twenty-two years of age, almost unknown, hitherto excluded by the "perpetual edict" from power and the hereditary rights of his house, suddenly called to the head of affairs, and entrusted with the rescue, from French thraldom, of the free commonwealth which William the Silent had called into being on the ruin of the Spanish tyranny, proved himself equal to the occasion. With him in chief command, Holland could resist foreign conquest successfully, or could perish, but could not yield. It was then, that, determined even if all seemed lost, to triumph still, he suggested (in the words of Lord Macaulay) "a scheme which has an aspect of antique heroism, and which, if it had been acomplished, would have been the noblest subject for epic song that is to be found in the compass of modern history."

It is idle to speculate what might have been the influence on the world if the great empire in the Indian seas, which the two hundred thousand Dutch, for whose migration the shipping in the harbours was prepared, would have established, if the heroic resolve had been put in execution. The French armies recoiled from the certain destruction which awaited them, and it became unnecessary to resort to the desperate expedient of piercing the dykes, and restoring Holland to the ocean whence the industry of man had conquered her fertile plains.*

* Macaulay, vol. i, p. 219 (8vo. ed.) William the Silent, when in great straits in 1576, had entertained the same thought. Vide Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. i, p. 49 (8vo. ed.) Hooft (Neder-

Such was the confusion in 1672, from which the Prince had saved his countrymen; and although the material ruin of England was not, in 1688, threatened as that of Holland had been in 1672, the religion of the land and its liberties were equally at stake, and the comparison was not inapt. In more recent days the identity of William's position in Holland in the year of the confusion, and in England in the year of the revolution, gave occasion to a noble passage descriptive of his character in probably the finest speech ever spoken to anEnglish jury.*

No surprise will be felt that the following letter was considered worthy of transcript, and the exciting news transmitted to the antipodes in the very words in which it had been received in Holland. With the exception of the rumours of Tyrconnel's apprehension, and the rest of the Irish intelligence, it is a particularly truthful account of this chapter of the great events which were enacted. There is something in the simplicity and freshness of the contemporary relation of these important occurrences which admits of its perusal, even beside the eloquent pages of the great historian.† The conclusion, stating the market value of Indian shares, amid the excitement of the revolution, is very characteristic of the writer's nationality:

London, $\frac{14}{24}$th December, 1688.

Mynheer Pieter van Dam, &c., &c., Amsterdam.

Sir,—I wrote to you, by last messenger, on the 12th, and informed you that the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales had left Whitehall

landsche Historien, Boek xi), expresses the intention well in his nervous old Dutch: "Het docht hem zoo na omgekomen, dat hy voor sloeg van mannen, wyven, kinderen, die de vryheid eenighlyk lief hadden, met al 't best der tilbaere have, in schepen te laden: alle dyken en dammen deur, molens aan brand, te steken; en 't gansche land met water te verwoesten: om, gelyk by verscheide volken onwlinx gepleegd is, ergens eenen anderen hoek werelds in te nemen, daer men, buiten slavernye van lichaem en gemoed, zag te leven."

* Mackintosh's Defence of Jean Peltier. "This war (the invasion of Holland) had the effect of raising up from obscurity the great Prince of Orange, afterwards King William III, the deliverer of Holland, the deliverer of England, the deliverer of Europe, the only hero who was distinguished by such a happy union of fortune and virtue that the objects of his ambition were always the same with the interests of humanity, perhaps the only man who devoted the whole of his life exclusively to the service of mankind. This most illustrious benefactor of Europe, the 'hero without vanity or passion,' as he has been called by a venerable prelate, who never made a step towards greatness without securing or advancing liberty; who had been made Stadholder of Holland for the salvation of his own country, was soon after made King of England for the deliverance of ours."

† Macaulay, vol. ii, p. 549, *seq.*

secretly. Yesterday morning, intelligence arrived here, by express, that the King had run into Feversham with a small ketch (kits), with the intention of taking in some ballast there, as the ketch was so slightly ballasted that he could not venture to go to sea in it. When they were at Feversham, the Chevalier Hales, late Governor of the Tower, went ashore. As he was known there, and a great papist, he was at once seized, and some of the people went on board the ship immediately, to see who was on board, when they found the King and one other person. They brought them to land to the house of the Mayor of Feversham, where the King was questioned. On his being examined, they found on him two gold watches, but little or no money. He was meanly clad. When this had been done, the King made himself known, and immediately thereupon the nobility in the neighbourhood came to Feversham, and decided at once to give notice of the fact to the peers and bishops who were in London. On this they met, and resolved, without delay, to send to his Majesty the Earls Feversham, Jermyn, Aylesbury, and my Lord Middleton, with instructions that they should request the King to return hither. Whereupon the beforementioned lords went from here last night to Feversham, and took with them two companies of cavalry of the King's Guards. As I hear, they have orders not to do any the least violence to his Majesty. Many people are of opinion that it will be better that the King returns, in order the better to regulate everything, according to the laws of the realm, with the Parliament. Some say that the King had been about Margate, and had expected to find there the ship in which the Queen has embarked with the Prince of Wales; but it appears that that ship had sailed, and then he did not venture to proceed in the little vessel.

The Earl of Salisbury, and other nobles, and many priests, have been apprehended, while attempting to escape from this country; and, two days ago, the Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Jeffreys, was taken prisoner below the Tower of London. He was dressed as a sailor. A certain master of a vessel was to have £1,000 to carry him over to Dunkirk. The Lords have provisionally committed him to the Tower, where he is well guarded. He was brought to the Tower in a coach, otherwise the soldiers would have had enough to do to keep the mob from murdering him. The mob has pulled down the chapel of the Foreign Ministers residing in the city, and plundered the house of the Spanish Ambassador. Order has now been restored, and means taken to prevent further excesses of this nature.

The Prince of Orange will be at Windsor this evening, and is next Monday expected at Whitehall. To-morrow, the Prince and Princess of Denmark are likewise expected here. The King's army is wholly disbanded, but it is said that the Prince of Orange has expressed his wish to keep some of them in service. This evening, the Duke of Grafton goes with some troops to Gravesend, to garrison Tilbury Fort with English troops, in place of the Irish who have gone out of it. At noon to-day, tidings were received from Ireland that the King's Governor, Earl Tyrconnel, had been apprehended, and that the populace have made themselves masters of Dublin, and other towns, so that all, if God will, will be further completed without bloodshed. I could write you more, but shall not detain you longer.

Indian shares are at £145.

The King left in such confusion, that few, if any gentlemen, knew anything about it. Wherewith, with respect, I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

———————.

The next important communication ($\frac{8}{18}$th March, 1689) is that of the decision of the Convention that the throne was vacant in consequence of the escape of the King to France, and that, "since our last session, and our report of the wonderful revolutions and changes which were taking place in England, His Highness the Prince of Orange and Her Highness the Princess have been raised to the Royal dignity, and have been declared King and Queen of that Kingdom, without any bloodshed; the late King having previously retired to France. Ireland alone, or the greater part of it, still adheres to the late King." *

In postscripts to a dispatch of the $\frac{6}{16}$th May, the alliance of Holland and England is announced.

P.S. We cannot allow the ship *Schoondyk*, by which this is dispatched, to depart without advising you that we are in daily expectation that the

* A printed translation into Dutch, of the proclamation of William and Mary, enclosed in this dispatch, is preserved:

PROCLAMATIE

VAN 'T PARLEMENT VAN ENGELANDT.

Aengezien het God Almachtig door zyne groote genade belieft heeft aen dit Koninckryk te vergunnen een miraculense verlossinge van Papery en Arbitraire Macht, en dat onse behoudenis (naest God) moet toegeschreven werden de Resolutie en beleit van Zyne Hoogheit den Prins van Orangien, wien Godt voor ons en onse Naerkomelingen verkoren heeft te wezen het glorieux Instrument van soo onwaardeerlyke geluksaligheyt; en zynde ten hoogste gevoelig en versekert van de groote en uitmuntende deugden van Haer Hoogheyt de Princes van Orangie, wiens yver voor de Protestantse Religie buiten twyfel een segen over dit Volk met haer sal brengen, en nademaal de Lords en Commons jegenwoordig tot Westmunster vergadert, eene declaratie hebben opgestelt, en deselve gepresenteert aen gemelten Prins en Princesse van Orangie, en haer daarby versocht de Kroon te aanvaerden, die vervolgens deselve hebben geaccepteert, derhalven publiceeren en proclameeren wy Geestelyke en Weereltlyke Heeren en Commons van dit Koninckryk met volkomen consent en gevolge van gemelte Declaratie *William* en *Mary*, Prins en Princesse van Orangie, te syn Koninck en Koninginne van Engelandt, Vrankryk, en Yerland, benevens alle d' Heerschappien en Landschappen daeraen behoorende; die volgens by het gantsche volk van de voorsz. Ryeken en Heerschappien daervoor sullen werden gehouden, aangenomen en erkent, en van nu voortaan verbonden blyven aen haer te bewyzen en voldoen alle trouwe en ware gehoorsaemheit, biddende Godt (door wien Koningen regeren) *Koning William* en *Koninginne Mary* te segenen, met vele en geluckige jaren over ons te regeren.

Onderstondt,

GOD BEWAERT KONING WILLIAM EN KONINGIN MARY.

Was getekent,

J. Brown, Cleric. Parliamentorum.

Gepubliceert binnen Londen, den 24sten February, 1689.

Getranslateert na de Copie van Londen,—by Johannes Meertens, gedrukt.

present King of England will declare war against France. Great preparations are in progress in that Kingdom for war, both by sea and land; and a powerful English fleet will, in conjunction with our own, take the offensive. The Lord be prayed to bless our united arms. You will see, from the enclosed "nouvelles," how the affairs of the late King stand at present in Ireland, and that Scotland has declared King William as its King.

Further P.S. On the 20th of this month the King of France declared war against England, and on the 25th England against France.

In later letters, the progress of the war is enthusiastically described. "This State is still at war with France. The victories which, by God's gracious mercy, the allies have obtained are famous throughout the world, and it is needless to repeat them here." As regards the Cape, a French attack is no longer feared; European affairs sufficiently occupied the French arms, and the Settlement had been placed in a better state of defence:

$\frac{30}{30}$th September, 1689. According to your statement, the freemen near the fort and in the country, with their servants and sons, amount to about 350 men capable of bearing arms, which really forms no slight addition to our force; and these will, by this time, have been considerably increased by the arrival of the French refugees. And as the reasonable fears which we entertained last autumn on the subject of the safety of the Settlement led us to authorize the detention of 150 soldiers, you are now directed, in consequence of the secure position in which we have since that time been placed, to send these troops, by the first opportunity, to Batavia and Ceylon, where they are much required. We are glad to learn, at the same time, that you place entire reliance on the Hottentots, and are quite at rest as far as they are concerned.

After this the references to European politics are of less interest. When William had become—as the Republican party in Holland satirically expressed it, referring to the great power which he was able from his popularity to exercise in his own country, and to the limitation of the Sovereign's authority in England—"King of Holland and Stadholder of England," there was less of startling novelty to communicate to the distant colonies. The dispatches soon take their old tone, and European revolutions give place to the ordinary details of commercial profit and loss. But although a very large space has been occupied with these extracts, they would be very defective if Van der Stell's dispatches, detailing the part which he took in the great war, were wholly omitted. Very shortly after he had received orders, in consequence of the seizure of Dutch ships in the channel, to "treat the French everywhere as enemies, and cause them all the injury possible," the ill-fated *Normande*, Tachard's peculiarly privileged ship of the Siamese expedition, arrived, on her homeward voyage. The stratagem by which she was taken, the piratical mode

in which the unfortunate prisoners were treated, and the absence of discipline on the part of the captors, are fitly detailed in the Governor's own words:

On the 26th April, 1689, in the afternoon, about one o'clock, there arrived here, for the purpose of refreshment, the King of France's ship *en flute La Normande*, from Pondicherry the 17th February, with a cargo worth 150,915 rupees, principally piece-goods, having left that place in company with the French Company's ship *Le Coche*.

The Chevalier de la Machefoliere, ensign of the *Normande*, who had come ashore in the cutter to bring the respects of his Captain and the further officers to the Honourable Company, was disarmed on entering the Castle, and, together with his boat's crew, placed under arrest.

In the meanwhile, the Captains of the ships *Saamslagh* and *Nederland*, which were in the bay, had orders from the Commander to prepare for battle, and to get near the Frenchman, the one at his stern, and the other alongside; and, if he refused to surrender at once, the first and second mates of the *Saamslagh* the former with the long boat, and the second with the cutter, both manned with armed men, were to start from their ship, and board the Frenchman. The galliot *De Noord*, well manned with armed soldiers and sailors, had orders to take her position a short distance astern of the Frenchman, in order, if our boarding people met with too severe a resistance, to support them as a reserve.

Our shore-boat, likewise full manned, was ordered, as well as the boat of the *Nederland*, under the command of the first and second officers of that ship, to proceed on board of the Frenchman as soon as they saw that the boats of the *Saamslagh* were alongside. But Govert Roos, Captain of the *Saamslagh*, having received these orders from the Commander, regarding the employment of our shore-boat and the boats of the *Nederland*, at once went on board, and, finding our boat alongside the *Nederland*, ordered her to remain there until he should strike his flag on board of the *Saamslagh*, as a sign that they should start from the *Nederland* to the *Normande*, which was in opposition to the orders given him by the Commander.

In the meantime, the Commander caused the French boat to put off from our wharf, well manned, and under the French flag, with the order to be cautious not to approach the Frenchman so near that he could recognize the Company's people, and not to go alongside until the fight had begun.

Monsieur de Courcelles, Captain of the *Normande*, seeing the boat come off with the French flag, and suspecting no evil, ordered a salute of nine guns to the Castle, under the smoke of which the cutter and boat of the *Saamslagh* came alongside without being discovered; and, as he would not hear of surrendering, they at once fell to, and after eight of their men, and two of ours, had been wounded, they cried for quarter, which was granted. The ship had forty-nine men and sixteen guns—twelve and eight pounders.

Our people having, in the afternoon, about three o'clock, taken to plundering, nothing was known on board of the *Saamslagh* of the signal which they were to give to the boat and cutter of the *Nederland;* and Captain Roos omitted to give the slightest notice of what had taken place to the Commander, having, according to all appearance, determined on having the plunder of the French to himself. His Honour was therefore necessitated, about ten o'clock at night, to send off the "dispensier" Freser (as we feared that, if our people got intoxicated, they would give the French an opportunity of which they might take advantage), with orders that

Captain Roos should send ashore the French prisoners whom he had taken on board of his ship, and who, including the officers, were stripped to the skin (naakt uyt geschud), and to take care that the orders were obeyed; in contravention of which the orlop, the gun-room, forecastle, and cabin, and the whole ship, with the exception of the hold, was plundered; and here there would have been trouble enough besides, but for the good watch and care of the Fiscal and commissioners, Captain Roos being of opinion that whatever was found out of the hold was his prize and booty, in consequence of which the diamonds, jewels, and other articles shipped are missing, and we have been compelled, on the part of the Company, to protest against him for all present and future damage.

A fortnight after, arrived the *Normande's* consort, *Le Coche:*

The before-mentioned French Company's ship *Le Coche*, having parted from her consort, the *Normande*, by chance or on purpose, in the latitude of False Bay, about sixty miles from Table Bay, arrived here on the 5th May, opportunely, for the purpose of obtaining refreshments; laden with piece-goods to the value of rupees 261,881 2 1, manned with ninety-six men and armed with twenty-four iron pieces,—eight and six pounders,—and six stone pieces.

Having come to an anchor towards evening, about half a musket shot above the Company's ships, she saluted the Castle with nine guns, which were returned; and, after she had first saluted the French King's flag, which was flying from the *Normande* for the purpose of deception, and had received the ordinary return salute, those on board were quite at ease, and suspected nothing less than the impending evil. As it was near evening, and a swell was on, they sent off no boat; but when, at midnight, the weather was somewhat more moderate, they dispatched a boat to the *Normande*, which was detained by our people. When they saw that the boat stayed away too long, and that three of our ships were nearing them,—the one for the starboard, another for the stern, and the third for the larboard,—they became suspicious, and began to shelter themselves with blankets and mattrasses; to open the ports and point the guns, and to bring up those that were in the hold, and make every preparation for a gallant defence. Upon this, Marcus Kok, the captain of the *Nederland*, who had approached within pistol-shot of the Frenchman, thought it best, in order to prevent bloodshed, to be beforehand with him, and, about an hour after midnight, commenced firing with cannon and musketry. Upon this, the English ship *Nathanael*, having received a shot in the hull from the Frenchman, did not remain in his debt, but returned three balls. At length, finding the fire too hot, after the second broadside, their Captain, Monsieur d'Armagnan, and two common soldiers having been killed, and eight men wounded, they begged for quarter, the Jesuits and priests the loudest among them; and thus this richly-laden ship fell into the hands of the Company without the loss of a drop of blood.

They were again plundered, as shamefully as the *Normande*, and everything would have been carried off, but for the firm opposition of the Fiscal and commissioners, who shut the hold where the sailors had already penetrated; the violence having been great, the discipline small, and the boats and cutters of the ships in the bay alongside, against the orders given to the officers in full council, and the resolution had thereon.

The prisoners, in number about 140, have been well secured, and forty of them have been sent to Batavia; the half by the *Nederland*, and the other half by the *Sion*. The rest will follow to Ceylon. The officers,

priests, and Jesuits will be sent to Europe by the Batavian and Ceylon return ships, and the prizes *La Normande* and *Le Coche*, the former, now called the *Good Hope*, being consigned, with its lading, to the Præsidial Chamber of Zeeland, and the latter, now named the *Africa*, to the Chamber of Amsterdam.

The most important prisoners are: Monsieur de Courcelles, Captain of the *Normande;* Monsieur du Tertre, his lieutenant; Chevalier de la Machefoliere, his ensign; De Beauchamp, major of the Siam regiment; De Sainte Marie, captain of the same regiment, who has been allowed, at his own request, to proceed to Batavia, there to await the expected pardon of his King for homicide committed by him in France; Volant, captain and engineer; Charlatte, lieutenant of *Le Coche;* Besnard, second lieutenant; Maniqualt, bookkeeper; Du Val, bookkeeper; two Jesuits and two priests, &c., &c.

We intend to keep the French flag flying on the *Normande* as long as she lies at anchor here, in the hope thereby to mislead the French ship *Le President*, which is expected from Surat, and entice her to the anchorage, where she will be received with the same civility as the others have enjoyed.

Having given this account of the triumphant naval achievements in Table Bay, we hasten to a conclusion. For some time fears existed that the place would be attacked. In August of the same year, the proximity of a fleet, supposed to be hostile, having been reported, Van der Stell issued an order to the landdrost and heemraden of Stellenbosch and Drakenstein to hasten to the capital:

28th August, 1689.

Good Friends,—As we are threatened with an attack by the enemy, and it is our duty to be prepared for it in time, you are ordered, on sight of these presents, and without delay, to collect your men, horse and foot, and to come hither with the landdrost, fully armed and equipped, well provided with powder and lead, leaving only ten or twelve men to protect your wives and children and property against the Hottentots, or other need. On which relying, we are

Simon van der Stell.

P.S. Three ships are already in sight, and, besides, three signal guns have been fired at Robben Island. The landdrost will therefore cause all the men to be taken from the Company's posts, leaving one man only to guard the cattle, until further orders.

But on the same day the order was withdrawn, as the approaching fleet proved to be not French, but Dutch. At the end of the year the Council of Seventeen wrote further instructions that the Cape should be placed in a state of security. Van der Stell is warned that the King of France would endeavour to overpower the fortress, "the deficiencies of which His Majesty knows as well as we do," or at least to surprise and capture the shipping; "this King being very bold and enterprising, and very likely to form and carry out such a project,—in revenge for the disgrace which he considers he has suffered in the loss of *La Normande* and *Le*

Coche." The Governor is authorized to retain some of the eastward-bound ships, and to keep them in fighting order, and, "if the French should arrive, not only to beat them off, but, if possible, to capture them."

But the pinnacle of Louis XIV's fortunes had been reached, and he could scarcely hold his own against England and her Continental allies. No attempt was made by him against the Cape or the Dutch-Indian possessions.

The next French squadron of importance which, during a period of European war, reached Table Bay, was that of Suffren, which, after a well-fought but indecisive action with an equal force under Commodore Johnstone, near St. Jago, in 1781, arrived in time to save the Settlement from an English conquest. At that date the power of Holland was fast failing in Europe; the financial embarrassments of the Dutch East India Company had become very serious: French regiments garrisoned Cape Town.

THE SISTERS OF MADRID.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LA GITANA."

CHAPTER I.

THERE was universal joy in Madrid. Scarcely had daylight dawned on the memorable 12th of August, 1812, when the inhabitants of that heroic city—high and low, rich and poor—donned their best attire; and, with faces beaming with smiles (such as had not been seen for the last four years), issued forth, taking their course towards the Segovia Gate, all elated with enthusiastic anticipations to welcome that army whose gallant exploits on the field of Salamanca, about three weeks before, had scattered the legions of Napoleon, and opened a path to their metropolis.

As the sunbeams, with increasing splendour, lit up the lofty peaks of the Guadarama mountains, every eye was turned in their direction, animated by eager curiosity, and the pleasing desire of being foremost in discerning the advanced guard of that valiant host with its renowned leader Wellington, who had fought for, and were now hastening to their deliverance.

It was, indeed, a glorious sight to witness an entire population, glowing with patriotic enthusiasm, evincing with

open arms, and grateful hearts, that nobility of nature which has consecrated its feelings at the altar of Freedom, looking upon the blood shed in their country's cause as one of the noblest sacrifices, and attesting their admiration for their defenders with all the ardour which generous minds, inspired by a love of Liberty, are capable of expressing.

Amidst that joyous multitude were to be seen some of Spain's proudest *hidalgos*, with features glowing under the excited impulse of heartfelt gratitude, mingling with men of every class and station,—eager to honour the advancing warriors with the burst of reiterated vivas; and when the gallant army *did* appear, most gloriously was the shout prolonged, as one loud peal after another, caught up by the assembled mass, echoed the welcome sounds to the very walls of the Puerto del Sol,—telling those who were anxiously gazing there from its windows and balconies that the sons of Freedom had met, and that England and Spain were pledging themselves to restore the liberties of the land.

As the hour of sunset approached, when the heat of the long summer's day gets tempered by the evening breeze, and the custom of Spaniards, after having taken their afternoon siesta (though there was none indulged in this day), is to come forth and enjoy the refreshing air, wafted from the surrounding mountains,—a time of recreation, especially devoted by the high-born donnas to the *passeò*, or promenade along their favourite Prado, a far greater crowd than usual, elegantly attired, not only filled that fashionable resort on the present occasion, but the Plaza Mayor, the Calle d'Alcala, and many other streets of the city, which became the scenes of engrossing interest and curiosity to all parties. The minds of the British warriors were excited at the appearance of so much enthusiasm in an entire population,—at the magnificence of that far-famed metropolis, and the beauty of the majority of the graceful females collected around; whilst the inhabitants, on their side, gazed with equal admiration at the host of brave men whose difference of physiognomy to the mustachoed Franks, and whose attractiveness, in bright red vestures, gave a brilliancy to the sight, and a subject for a thousand pleasing observations.

Amongst the most distinguished of Spain's grandees, in this general feeling of rejoicing, one whose long-suppressed sentiments of painful sorrow at the vicissitudes which his country had been doomed to suffer (without being able, latterly, to evince his indignation openly at the invader's oppressive acts), was Don Francisco d'Avila. He had been one of the principal leaders in the patriotic movement of the

2nd of May, 1808,* which ended at that moment so unhappily for the cause of liberty, and especially for the inhabitants of Madrid, although their indignant cry proved a warning voice to Europe, and put the nations on their guard against the scheme of a general thraldom. It was on this melancholy day that Spain beheld the streets of its capital a scene of war and violence, when Napoleon's viceroy, Murat, with the legions of Gaul, caused streams of blood to flow, and bondage to be the doom of the heroic city.

This hidalgo's house was situated in the Calle San Jeronimo, not far from the Puerto del Sol, a spot which, on the disastrous occasion just alluded to, became the deadliest scene of carnage; but, gloomy as the forebodings of his mind had then been, his spirit was not one easily weighed down by passing misfortunes, and now that a dawn of brighter hopes had burst upon his country,—when he heard of Andalusia being freed from the possession and rapacity of the common foe, and that the southern provinces, as far as the renowned Granada, had been evacuated also (a deliverance hailed with as fervent gratitude as was ever shown by Spaniards on the flight of their Paynim invaders), he determined that his joy should be publicly manifested, by inviting, on the present night, all true friends to his mansion, and lighting up his saloons with a brilliancy befitting the event.

The family of this nobleman consisted of his wife Donna Juana, a son, then serving with the Spanish army, and two daughters, Theresa and Jacinta. The young man was the image of his sire,—enthusiastic, brave, and zealous, in the cause of their country's freedom. The two maidens, being more especially the subject of this tale, require a minuter description.

These sisters resembled each other greatly in form and feature. There was the same dark eye, so beautiful in expression, and so soft in repose—luxuriant tresses, glossy and raven black—complexions almost alabaster, just touched with the delicate faint tinge which the sun of their native clime imparts—a height and symmetry of stature, so perfectly developed as to display that loveliness of form and gracefulness of gait which Spanish women inherit also as a gift of nature. All these charms were equally captivating in both, still there was one feature of the face, which ever discloses, to those who contemplate it, a dissimilarity in human

* That eminent statesman, the late Lord Castlereagh, alluded to this in his correspondence, as "the sudden cry, which almost paralyzed Europe," and caused the first British force, under Sir A. Wellesley, to be sent to the Peninsula in July, 1808, at his suggestion.

dispositions. It was the mouth,—that great seat of character, which, by its smile, motion, curl, or compression of the lip, demonstrates, even more forcibly than the eyes, each thought of the mind or sensation of the heart.

The countenance of the elder of the two, Theresa, resembled, in this respect, a clear crystal fountain, sheltered in some lovely vale, which remains unruffled, though the storm of elements may riot above and around it. This apparent calmness had been construed by some into an apathy of disposition, yet little did they who came to such a conclusion divine of the deep spring of feeling which existed beneath. Her heart was like the rich jewel, whose value is denoted by its purity and perfection, whilst her sweetly feminine expression, and quiet demeanour, lessened not in reality that firmness of character so necessary to the formation of a well-regulated mind.

The younger sister, Jacinta, possessed personal charms equal to, if not more striking than Theresa's,—the marked difference between them being the greater animation and involuntary change of countenance evinced at times by the former, indicating the livelier sensibility, if not the more impassioned feelings which flowed in her veins, shown in the quicker scintillations of the eye, and expression around the lip.

As in all Roman Catholic countries, where the power of the priesthood exercises vast influence over all the members of that church, it has been considered one of the necessary obligations of its ambitious rulers, from the earliest era of increasing its wealth and importance,—to persuade each family of rank and property to devote one or two of its members, of either sex, to the profession and seclusion of a holy life. The consequence has been that most of the monasteries and sanctuaries for the sisterhood contain many individuals from this class of society, who are sure to rise to preferment by causing influence and endowments to follow. Proud, therefore, is the family which can boast of some eminent father abbot or celebrated abbess, in the calendar of its ancestry and the records of its donations.

The house of d'Avila inherited this pride to an extensive degree. It was therefore deemed incumbent that one of the sisters should become the propitiation for all the family failings and backslidings, as their great aunt, the renowned Sister Dolores, of pious memory, had been about half a century before; while the long lapse of time since her decease now rendered this obligation the more needful. This destined lot, at the period here recorded, was intended for Theresa. The term of her novitiate had, however, scarcely

commenced, when an ominous sound, like that of distant thunder, arose from the murmuring wrath-aroused voice of the Spanish nation, who, indignant at the snare in which their sovereign had been entrapped, became still more violent in the expression of their wrongs, when told that from the Pyrennean mountains an avalanche of *fire*, not frost, more appalling than the Titan-crushing ice-bolt, had fallen upon their land. Then it was that an awakening sense of his degradation, and his approaching thraldom, presented to the Spaniard that fearful image:

> "Lo, where the giant on the mountain stands,
> His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
> With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
> And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon."

That vision of foreboding evil was, alas, too true, for the avalanche was the army of Napoleon.

From that woe-stricken period of his country's destinies up to the time when our tale commences, an interval of three years had left Don Francisco and his family in the same uncertainty, in regard to their intentions as to Theresa's religious life. This delay arose from the constant accounts received of the scenes of violence and sacrilege with which such holy sanctuaries had been visited, through the inflamed disposition of the hostile armies. And although the capital had not as yet fallen under the curse of the invaders, in this respect, owing to the endeavours, on the part of King Joseph, to conciliate its inhabitants, still, when so many appalling tragedies had befallen other places, it was difficult, if not impossible, to say where such a tide of disasters would terminate.

The recent triumphs, however, of Salamanca's fight had driven all darker reflections away for the present; and when the saloons of d'Avila were thrown open on this auspicious night of rejoicing, at the appearance of Britain's valiant host,

> "A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
> Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
> Soft eyes spake love to eyes which spake again,
> And all went merry as a marriage-bell."

Amidst all the vicissitudes of life, and the miseries arising from the evil tendencies of the human heart, there is something in a scene such as is here described which ought to relieve human nature of those foul blots arising from its baneful passions, propensities, and lusts, and which but too frequently form the principal materials and basis of its designs. On this occasion, individuals, unknown before to each other, were engrossed in reciprocating courtesies and

kindnesses, and discoursing on favourable events and future hopes; and whilst older heads had their minds filled with such ideas, the more youthful of both sexes, with eyes lighted up by excitement and hearts joyous at the scene of delight, seemed revelling in its charms;—the young stranger-warriors at the loveliness of the graceful Spanish donnas, who, in their turn, were seen to evince, with retiring glances of admiration, their favourable opinions of the handsome Britons gathered around them.

Amongst this group of officers, the appearance of Horace Vernon was conspicuous,—a prepossession in whose favour arose, not so much from the faultlessness of his fine features, as from that expression of countenance which indicates and silently develops the more refined and superior qualities of the mind. He had, moreover, the happy talent of acquiring languages with great facility, and had, consequently, soon become a proficient in the Spanish tongue, which gave him many advantages, not for the sake of display in society (for he had no more than a necessary share of self-pride in this respect, to stimulate to a knowledge of it), but to enhance his professional usefulness and to lead to preferment. It was also an accomplishment much esteemed, where so few possessed it, causing Don Francisco to introduce him more particularly to Donna Juana and his daughters, who, before the close of the evening's festivities, were strongly prepossessed towards the young Englishman, whose looks, conversation, and manners had ingratiated him with all the family.

National music and dancing have enticing charms for the people of every country; but more so where a soft and genial climate is an auxiliary to the display of and taste for such amusements, calling forth an enthusiastic fondness, unknown to the natives of less favoured climes.

In Spain, the *bolero*, *sequidilla*, and *fandango* are almost exclusively confined to the peasantry, whilst the waltz and *contra-danza* are enjoyed by the higher classes.* This amusement, on the present occasion, was not extended, therefore, beyond the two last; and it was long past midnight ere the revelry ceased.

Where all seemed hilarity and enthusiasm, it may well be asked, Did gloom or melancholy exist in the bosom of any one there? Was there a heart present which did not glow with the bright smile of anticipation for freedom again to

* There are other dances such as the *Manola*, the *Sevillana*, and the *Otè*, which are peculiarly national to Spain, but are mostly confined to the stage or to the Andalucians, whose rage for this amusement is inextinguishable.

Spain? Could the canker-worm of care have begun to feed on the bud of the rose? Or did the wreath which joy had woven on this night encircle some brow beneath which the silent sorrow of a love-sick infatuation was preying? There sat the sisters, beautiful in nature's adornment of personal charms,—beaming with the smiles of youth, loveliness, and it might be imagined, of undisturbed feelings of pleasure and happiness; and yet could any one have read the inward thoughts of the younger maiden, he would have found that every expression which rang with "death to the invader" was a dirge to hope and a sentence of despair to the soul of love.

Thus it happened throughout this joyful scene, that whilst Theresa's mirth and manner continued in that even flow of animation which proved that there was no disguise of real happiness and no secret cause for anguish or apprehension preying on her mind, the forced excitement which now and anon burst forth from Jacinta, as if she endeavoured to shake off some disquieting thought, yet relapsing so often into a fit of abstractedness and meditation, which appeared to absorb her feelings, so influenced her expressive countenance as to testify that all was not tranquillity within. It was true that the circumstances which had called forth the night's rejoicings might be supposed to have caused the feverish glow on her cheek and the momentary flash of pleasure from her dark eyes; but amongst all that assembly, her sister alone, as she marked at times the shadow of care clouding her looks, suspected that there was sorrow hidden under the smile even when it lighted up, and that despondence settled in her heart. But more of this anon.

The cantonment of troops in a war-infested country has ever been the source of great annoyance, if not ruin, to its inhabitants, consequent on the license and exactions of the soldiery. To have the almost daily inroad of strangers into the privacy of house and family, exclusive of the attendant expenses, and more especially when the army is a hostile one, has often been the cause of unfortunate feuds, ending not unfrequently in fatal collisions. This misery the people of Madrid had had to endure for several years. It was, therefore, a pleasurable event to them now to have to open their doors to friends instead of foes; so that on the morning after his *fête*, Don Francisco beheld with much satisfaction that the young officer with whom he had become so prepossessed presented a billet for quarters in his house. In expressing his satisfaction at the circumstance, Vernon remarked to himself that the hidalgo, in cursorily alluding to the late occupant of the apartments into which he was led, simply stated, he was a

young French colonel, who having been attached to King Joseph's staff, had resided in the capital for some time prior to that monarch's recent retreat towards Valencia, concluding his speech with a Spanish malediction on his country's enemies, and a hope that the city would be henceforward freed from such vile cormorants.

The reader must now be told who this unwelcome guest had been.

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

No. 1.

A "Binneland" Study—Life in South African Villages—An Itinerant Smith and Country Charlatan described—Boer Medicine.

My dear ——,—The manner in which we are tossed about by fortune is really one of the most remarkable things in the world. Who would have thought, when we parted in that delightful study of yours, luxurious even for Cape Town, that I should have addressed you from a boer village hundreds of miles away, standing—or, rather after the manner of Cape villages, rising—in the midst of what is neither heath, for its vegetation is too patchy, and the ground too arid—nor desert—for after all there are innumerable fleshy-leaved plants and occasional springs of water—but *veldt*,—a sward, *suigeneris*, rising in little clumps, just like the hair upon a Kafir's head, and contrasting in all its nakedness with the pine-clad uplands, and the plains pleasant with sugar-bush, and bright with the hues of innumerable iris-like flowers, which lie under the shadow of Table Mountain.

When I think of your library—lofty and roomy—with its dark-stained ceiling, its curtained windows, its glorious fire and its shelves crammed with books, positively kaleidoscopic in the variety and brilliancy of their binding, (to talk of a book's binding by-the-by, shows the taste of an upholsterer or a picture framer) it makes me look somewhat askance upon the chamber in which I now write, and which, according to a fashion prevailing here, where all is new, chaotic, and rudimentary, performs the double office of bed-room and study, and in which the insignia of each are placed in somewhat discordant conjunction, for cheek by jowl lie boot-jack and books, boxes and chairs, an apparatus for shaving and another for galvanising, a shower-bath and a writing-table with its litter of letters, a washing-stand, and, among other things, a seraphine, for I have taken to music, much to the delight of the boer population, who occasionally throng my apartment to hear me go through the exercises, and to accompany with

strong but discordant voices, my equally discordant performance of the 100th psalm, which is at present my *chef d'œuvre* in the musical line. Then in one corner, woefully dusty, and in still more woeful disorder, is the first attempt—the initium, so to speak, of a museum,—Kafir snuff-boxes, fossil bones, a few insects in a box, and a few snakes in a bottle, the shell of a tortoise, and a packet of Windsor soap, an accidental addition, I imagine, to these treasures. Then there are the book-shelves—thank Heaven I can write in the plural—and their contents, those dumb, yet eloquent companions in solitude and exile. Then upon the walls (whitewashed) hang a few pictures, humble enough, and yet, like all lowly things, quietly pleasant; a coat of arms, a queer old heir-loom, queerly out of place here; a butterfly painted, and well-painted too, in ladies' boarding-school style; a certain ancient gate-way in a certain ancient cathedral town, thousands of miles away. Small things like these speak with no doubtful pathos of friends from whom we are parted, and a land which we have left.

Talking of this, my study recalls to my mind the Hudibrastic verses in which Henry Kirke White, poor-fellow, described his—high up in the roof of some many-pair-of-staired house. You will remember the description:

> "A closet just six feet by four,
> With whitewashed walls and plaster floor,
> So nobly large—'tis hardly able
> To admit a single chair and table."

How different from the huge South African rooms in which I sit. There is a wide passage, which is screened off at one end;—what a way, by-the-by, these colonial architects have of screening off apartments, and what a way, too, they have of running up their chambers to an extraordinary height; here the yellow-wood ceiling is at least fifteen feet over my head. I am quite inclined, however, to envy the poet his plaster-floor; mine is of a much less pleasant description. Where *could* the people have derived the revolting custom of smearing their house-floors with liquid cowdung?

Through this floor, the white ants—for I may as well tell you *all* that happens down in the fastnesses of the Binnenland, have been mining and counter-mining for some weeks past.

In the daytime they retire, but at night in moments of wakefulness, I hear them nibbling and working away as I lie in bed, and woe to any unlucky books or manuscripts that come in their way. They have such a stupid perseverance too, that, do what you will, you cannot check their operations. I have tried several remedies. Once I put a funnel into the

entrance of their principal gallery, and poured down, I will not say how many, gallons of cold water, but the next day the creatures made their appearance as if nothing had happened. Turpentine was then used, and at first with a little success, for they quitted some very tempting twine at one end of the room, but I soon found that they had burrowed to the other end, and were cutting a small basket into convenient lengths, for transmission into their subterranean retreats. I have bethought me of the expedient of keeping a "mierkat," one of those strange chirruping little creatures, with long claws, and equally long noses, which I have seen installed as domestic pets, and which are said to devour these ants, but the animal has so much the cut of a ferret or pole-cat as to make one hesitate in engaging its services.

But I see I have nearly filled a sheet without ever getting out of my room. The fact is, it is unusually cold this morning. I am sitting in my great coat, for fire-places have but lately been introduced here, and my study is without one; the water-furrow before the door is full of ice. People who come hither from the coast line of country have been wondering at the snow which has just thawed away, and which they had never seen before; and others, newly arrived from England, are astonished to find that, instead of taking refuge under palm-trees, from the heat of an African sun, they are nursing colds, and rubbing chilblains with liniments, and are enduring the freezing temperature less magnanimously than the naked Hottentot children, who are amusing themselves with throwing stones upon the dam which is hard by. It is cold enough—in all conscience—here, among the mountains. The blacks, unspeakably lazy of disposition, avail themselves of the frost to abstain from labour, with but one exception, so far as I know—a cunning fellow—whom I found, this morning, plastering a newly-built chamber, upon whose floor he had kindled a blazing fire.

Of the village, with its very partially-developed lines of streets, its one-storied houses, its Dutch Reformed church and parsonage, its adjoining hamlet of Kafir huts, and its large brick-grounds, I will say but little. All South African towns have much in common; and the manner in which they are cut off from the outer world is, perhaps, their most remarkable feature, standing, as they do in our northern districts, thirty, fifty, or even one hundred miles apart, and connected only by a link of occasional homesteads, perched snugly in some sheltered spot, hard by the one fountain or spring of the farm. Thus it happens that these villages form so many separate communities; and although their inhabitants

are heterogeneous enough, collected, oftentimes, from every wind of heaven, yet the isolation of the place forms a bond between them,—more enduring, for the time being, than the stronger ties of birth or country. We are something in the condition, in fact, of a ship's inmates, hemmed in by the wide ocean, and attracted by a kind of moral cohesion, to be again disunited when the pressure of circumstances shall be withdrawn.

This parallel may be carried into minutiæ. Just as one grows seedy and scraggy on ship-board, indulging in divers eccentricities of beard and whiskers, wearing unpresentable clothes, and acquiring habits loungingly luxurious;—so here, where everyone knows everybody else, where one's berth and outfit, so to speak, is pretty well under the eyes of others, and when there are no strangers to make you particular as to appearances, all manner of little peculiarities spring up. Bewhiskered Germans take to shaving, and Englishmen almost invariably commence moustaches. Gloves, again, are almost unknown, but the number of eccentricities in the hat line defies description. Then, as there can be no competition from without, half the population become lay figures, as it were, for the display of the mannerisms of the local clothesmen, just in the same way as you of Cape Town are said to detect the Stellenboschman or Durbanite by the cut of his garments. Things are free and easy, too, and one gets into boer habits. I have known Europeans, otherwise irreproachable, to take their midday siesta; and have once or twice caught myself speaking the Dutch *patois*, and shaking hands all round, in the company of Englishmen. Thus it happens, by a very natural process, that one feels quite the rustic in visiting places of greater size and more advanced civilization. And I could almost imagine myself a countryman come up to town, the other day, in the quaint, semi-Oriental thoroughfare of Graaff-Reinet.

To resume the simile of the ship. You can well remember, I dare say, the excitement and delight of a strange sail, the fuss and labour of signalizing, and the enthusiastic companionship, if her course were for a time identical with yours. It is just so with us; our strange sails are the wagon tarpaulins of the traveller, or "smouse," who now and then create quite a little sensation. Two notable instances come to mind, and I may as well relate them.

A short time since, two whitesmiths, or artificers of the more delicate forms of metal work, made their appearance. Rumours had heralded their approach, for they had had occasional stoppages, of some days duration, at various farm-

houses by the road-side, mending the clocks, regulating refractory watches, and overcoming various difficulties connected with agricultural implements—difficulties which local genius had been unable to surmount. A merry life, by-the-by, these men must have had of it—roaming over the country, never overworked, always well paid, outspanning here and there, just as they chose, cordially received and welcomed to the rude hospitality of the land. Now, mending a ring, the broken pledge of unbroken affection to some buxom-faced beauty;—and now, knocking over, at long range, but with trustworthy rifle, some bounding springbuck, a feat to be mentioned at the next farm-house, over coffee and biscuit, or boasted of, later in the day, with a little natural exaggeration, while drinking "soopies." Well, one evening these artificers made their appearance in our village, and their coming instantly revealed an amount of metal works, dilapidated, imperfect, or deranged—positively astounding. Thus, in the course of an afternoon, I learned that in one house, the clock went very well upon the whole, but wouldn't strike, nor could any amount of indigenous ingenuity make it strike. In another, *the* watch had been laid aside as incapable, for the space of five months, and the family driven to rely upon the somewhat erratic authority of the town clock. In another place, where a well had been dug, the pump was unable to raise the water, in spite of much soldering, thereby increasing the local distrust of each new-fangled invention. In the matter of locks and keys, our whitesmiths had a little fortune in prospect, for one half the door-latches wouldn't open, and the other wouldn't shut. Keys were lost or broken, hinges strained, and bolts so rickety as to be more of a nuisance than a protection.

Now, it was not probable that men, likely to prove so valuable an acquisition, for the time being, to our little community, should suffer from coldness or neglect; on the contrary, hospitality would not suffer them to sojourn in hotels, but shook down beds for them in wagon-houses, and empty chambers, produced chairs and tables, gave them dinners, lent them grindstones, and made them generally comfortable. It was curious to notice the distance and awe with which they were regarded by the boer ladies, whose accumulations of damaged brooches, hazardous earrings, and dilapidated knick-knacks loudly called for emendations and repair. Hnis-apotheeks, work-boxes, hidden recesses in the wall, folds of linen, and other hiding-places, poured forth these treasures, secretly, as it were, into the hands of male go-betweens, who were to negotiate with the jewellers.

Another section of the community long doomed to the Marsyas-like torture of blunt razors, began to see a dawn of comfort breaking upon their horizon, for hitherto officious people, pretending to set them, had incited their owners to strong language, rather than gratitude.

Thus far, then, the sun shone; but our metal-workers, in the meantime, neglecting the old proverb, did not trouble themselves much about the hay-making, but passed their time chiefly over "soopies," two days out of three, and with shaky hands, red eyelids, and parched mouths, spent the remaining one in earning sufficient money to put themselves into a condition equally miserable some three days later. So much for the craftsmen—but the sensation they excited was not to be compared with that which ensued upon the arrival of a certain respected master of the healing art. The entire district was roused from its wonted apathy, and the house of the quack and photographer, for he was both, was oftentimes beset with the carts and wagons of the hypochondriac or sick. In a short time our village assumed the aspect of a hospital—a stranger would have conceived some epidemic to have been raging. Wags, indeed, spoke of a new disease which they named from the man, whom we will call Smith—"de Smithers-koorts"—the "febris Smithii," of the village pedants. The man was really deserving of credit in his way. If he knew nothing of medicine, he had studied human nature with no little success, and had acquired the art of self-advertisement, in its perfection; above all, he possessed, in an eminent degree, what is vulgarly termed the gift of the gab—"mij schepsels, hij kan zoo mooi spreken," said the delighted jufvrouws, while the sterner sex bore witness to his colloquial powers, in the newly acquired heart diseases, cancers, and consumption, which he bestowed with unsparing hand around him. You would meet strong men, with faces of unwonted solemnity, whose fears had exaggerated the "naarheid" or "benouwdheid"—those two harpies which seem ever to prey upon boer vitals—into symptoms of serious import. It was amusing to see the respectful awe with which certain of the more ignorant approached him, styling him "doctor," and listening, hat in hand, to his directions. Usually, however, his manner was more bending, and his conversation well seasoned with boer wit. By-and-by, his reputation spread. Incurables floated in from distant parts, and you would see our hero—whom hostile but somewhat contradictory reports averred to be a quondam transport-driver, doctor's boy, blacksmith, or smouse—clad in black broad cloth, and driving a natty little cart, with respectable

horses, in dashing style. His table was reported to groan beneath the weight of boer cookery, bestowed with boer generosity. He purchased a house and erf, became member of rifle corps and reading-room, and was, for the time being, the most popular man in the place. But we all know that over-prosperity is top-heavy, and reaction certain, sooner or later, to undermine and ensure a fall. It was so here—the "Smither-koorts" blew over, like all epidemics, and the convalescent began to find their bills less pleasant than the conversation of their friends—the medical creditors. As accounts came in at the door, popularity flew out of the window. Incurables died, or remained incurable. The law stepped in, and hinted at the expediency of removal. There were debts to be paid, but when you spoke of payment, the world, with characteristic caution, shrugged its shoulders; so the quack went his way, with undiminished confidence in the credulity of manhood and the power of "the gift of the gab."

Talking of this charlatan leads me naturally to the subject of boer medicine. These people have at best but a wavering faith in doctors, and follow rather the practice of the ancient Babylonians, who exposed, as old Herodotus tells us, their sick in the public thoroughfares, and sought the advice of the passers-by. Not that the patient is positively brought into the streets, but that the sick chamber becomes the favourite lounge and rendezvous, for the time being, for all the juf-vrouws of the place. It is scarcely too much to say, that each person gives advice, and every recommendation, however discordant, is more or less followed, much to the confusion of science and the secret exasperation of Phlebbs—the little district surgeon (whom I remember assiduously but hopelessly endeavouring to cultivate whiskers in a London hospital, and who is pursuing the same object as assiduously, and as hopelessly, here in South Africa). His description of the darkened chamber, the sick person muffled up in blankets and thick quilts, in addition to his every-day clothes; the boer women sitting around, their heads enshrouded in "kapjes"—funereal of aspect; and the dull silence which reigns in the place, gives but an unpleasant impression as to the system of nursing prevailing in the more benighted districts of the colony.

As for their remedies, which are mostly herbal, some of them can scarcely be mentioned with common decency. Witness the experience of my friend Snapp, whom I first met in Amsterdam, clad in the stiff collar, long coat, and attenuated umbrella of that day,* and who has now turned

* *Cape Monthly*, vol. vi, pp. 48 and 77.

up, curiously enough, here, in the heart of South Africa. The poor fellow, who wears a white hat at the present time, and speaks, with a sardonic smile, of presenting his "umbwellaw" to the Museum, says that, being detained by illness at a farm-house on the road, he was persuaded to take a sovereign boer remedy, and that, when astonished at its smell and appearance, he inquired its nature, he found that he had been offered a strong decoction of goat's dung. Nor is his case a solitary one: Phlebbs, who is otherwise calm and easy of disposition, avers that "bokmis," the vernacular for this horrible preparation, is the bane of his life; and that every now and then he finds some patient, whom he has been treating upon scientific principles, bathed in a cold sweat, alarmingly pallid of aspect, and reduced to the last stage of weakness; and that he readily anticipates the asseveration of the tearful nurse that the sick person has just been imbibing a pint or two of this hideous brew.

I am sure you will rejoice with me, my dear ——, in the good fortune which has caused these two men to turn up so unexpectedly in my new location. It is true that Snap was a mere passing acquaintance, but, in a remote place like this, he has quite the aspect of an old friend; and as for Phlebbs, why, we met years ago, and he has as true a heart as ever beat. Hark! I hear his knock at the door; he has, doubtless, brought me his copy of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." We were talking together about it last night; and I want, besides, to have a little of that delightful professional chat which you can sometimes get out of your medicals. There! he is knocking again. I must therefore conclude, and subscribe myself, somewhat hastily, yours sincerely,

ROBERT SIBBYS.

EARTH'S UNREST.

Unquiet earth—he who expects from thee
Rest, or the shadow of tranquillity,
As well might pause, and list Vesuvius' roar,
Hoping its lava streams would flow no more;
As soon might stand upon the restless sea,
Whose waves seem ever striving to be free.
Onward for ever rolls the golden sun,
Meeting the morn ere scarce last eve is done.
The moon glides calmly through the azure sky,
When lost to us, to other passing by.

The planets in their course, where rest they? Tell,
If thou dost know. Where do the rivers dwell,
If e'er their flowings stay? Each herb and tree
Are growing ever to maturity;
Or, if attained, they rest not, but decay
Back to earth's atoms rapidly away.
The winds are gone to rest, so poets sing;
But where? is left to our imagining.
The cataract's noisy fall, can any quell?
The crumbling mountains stand not sentinel,
Though ages pass; and man's contracted span
Marks not the change in things æonian.
Why seek we that which is not? In the grave
Brief is our rest—if He who came to save
Said truly to the thief on Calvary,
"*To-day* in Paradise thou'lt be with me."
In heaven they rest not: rest there need not be
For spirits when from mortal bodies free.
And earthly words can never truly tell
The angels' works for men they love so well.
Yet from earth's weariness, how great the rest
Never to tire—never to be distressed—
Never to feel o'erburden'd. This must be
One of thy joys, bright Immortality!

"HONLY WUN PENNY!"

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOME OF MY LONDON STREET-FRIENDS.

When I was "at home,"—need I say that these meaning words are synonymous with *England?*—I can truly say that, with but a single specimen of that humble coin, a penny, I was rich. I repeat the fact—I was *rich!* With that sum in my pocket I could walk the metropolis of the world with a proud consciousness of moneyed power. Why, so anxious were a numerous portion of the metropolitan population to obtain the much-to-be-desired coin in my possession, that at every other corner of the streets turning out of any one of the great thoroughfares, I could make sure of finding one anxious applicant, if not more.

I hope that it is perfectly understood that I am not alluding to beggars, professional or otherwise, but to respectable tradesmen, who certainly appear to dispose of their wares at

"alarming sacrifices," or, at any rate, the "lowest remunerative prices." I confess that I feel a peculiar interest in street characters in general. "Punch" has a never-dying charm for me,—insomuch that I know the *rôles* of the characters in that immortal drama by heart, and feel much aggrieved if the melancholy manager of the puppets does not use the correct form of language, or from fatigue or want of "encouragement" omits one of the scenes and destroys the grand unity of the play. On such disgraceful occasions I have been known to refuse the applicant for coins with some sternness; especially on one occasion that I well remember, when the Goth of a manager did not take care that the *great Punch himself*, when the ghost of his murdered Judy appears to him, should, in his conscience-stricken terror, kick his little blue-stockinged legs alternately, and then draw them up to, and extend them from, his portly person in jerks of spasmodic agony. Pardon the digression; the mighty theme is my sole excuse.

The penny-loving individuals I have mentioned may, from their agreeing in certain general characteristics, be regarded as a *species*. Numerous *varieties* occur, which shall be afterwards noticed.

Homo Obolophilus—(The Penny-Lover).

Head.—Face dirty, occasionally one fourth washed; hair long, dusty; nose generally red, on cold days of a dull purple; general expression of face indicative of exceeding confidence, boldness, and self-esteem; neck enveloped in a peculiar appendage, somewhat resembling the convoluted folds of skin on the neck of a cobra, and bearing a distant likeness to a hybrid between a "comforter" and silk tie; collar unrepresented; covering of head variable, commonly without external rim, dull black, wrinkled, rough, more or less indented.

Body.—Integuments generally may be characterised as *seedy*; shirt doubtful, occasionally existing in an undeveloped form termed a "dickey," often entirely absent,—when present, invariably dirty in a very high degree; waistcoat generally absent,—if present, difficult to discover, as the animal has the habit of firmly closing and buttoning its outer skin or *coat* up to its throat; coat very variable in colour, always whitish at the joints if *blue;* whatever its colour, curiously polished and shiny;* two or more of its peculiar excrescences, termed *buttons*,

* Some naturalists ascribe this glistening appearance to a peculiar secretion of the animal itself in hot weather, accumulating for a series of years; others to external agencies such as friction, wear and tear, or even *grease*. On this important point, I cannot at present express a decided opinion.

usually wanting, but the uppermost one always present. General outline of body peculiar, differing from other described species, more or less elongate, but lumpy in unusual places.

Legs.—Decidedly thin, shaky, occasionally knock-kneed, enveloped in a wrinkled integument falling in folds over the feet; colour of integument dull and uncertain. Feet large, flat; integument thereof thick, dull brownish-black, much worn.

When to the above scientific and strictly-truthful description, I add that the animal is invariably found with a tray fastened to its neck by a leathern strap or string, that it frequents corners of streets in crowded thoroughfares, has a mortal aversion to policemen, and shows an invincible repugnance to "move on" when urged to do so by the officials mentioned, and that its cries are loud, discordant, and frequent,—I think that few observers who have seen the creature in its native haunts will fail to recognize the species.

First among the varieties known, is an individual who in the eagerness of his desire to obtain your penny has the astonishing generosity to offer you *ten harticles* in exchange for it. When I first heard this cry (it was in Oxford-street), I confess I was incredulous. The thought staggered me. What! could there be found a person ready and willing to give ten different works of art for the sum of one penny? I crossed the road, pierced the ring of admiring beholders, and stood beside the noble offerer. He was a fine specimen, presenting most of the characters of the species; indeed, one may almost consider him as the *typical* form. I endeavoured in vain to trace the number and intricate convolutions of the folds of his dingy-blue neck-tie; his nose was of a most brilliant crimson, and his eye had the peculiarly green appearance that adds so much to the beauty of the species. His tray was divided into ten partitions, each of which partitions contained a heap of its appropriate "harticle." His note was on this wise, the articulation hoarse, the manner almost defiant: "'Ere you har! Ten harticles for Wun Penny, ten harticles! There's no desepshun! A gold weddin'-ring, a chased gold guard, a hem-bossed silver guard, a 'arf-sovrin', a Nerpowlyun's book hof fate, sum playin'-cards, by witch sev'ral hamusing tricks may be per-fawmed, a silver penolder and pen, a slate-pensul, a Punch's riddle an' jest-book,—hand,—a sheet hof popler songs witch makes hup the ten harticles,—hand if *that* han't cheep, wy, wot *is?* hand it's honly wun penny. Ten harticles for *Wun* Penny!"

At the conclusion of this oration, which was rendered far more impressive by the adroit manner in which the speaker

caught up each of the articles mentioned from his tray, arranged them in his left hand, and finally folded the whole in the sheet of popular songs, the eloquent orator held out the "ten hartieles" towards me as the most likely purchaser, or possessor of a penny. Need I say that I invested my penny? I did so with much satisfaction, and my doing so was a signal to many others, who rushed forward and purchased each his ten artieles, till there was a small heap of pennies on the tray, which had a peculiar trough constructed to receive those coins. It is curious to observe the apparent *nonchalance* with regard to the pence *when obtained*, exhibited not only by this variety, but by the species generally. So well is this deception kept up, that an individual unused to the tricks of the animal would imagine the *Obolophilus* to be possessed of wealth, and only to descend to the position he generally occupies for amusement, or for the philanthropic purpose of benefiting his congeners by his discoveries in the useful arts.

The second variety I wish to describe is a gentleman who affects great *medical* attainments, and extensive travel. Being fully aware that, with the mass of the British public, a foreign appearance goes a great way in causing a favourable impression, this variety talks broken English, and, above all, wears a red *fez* with a blue tassel. I first encountered him in a street leading out of the Haymarket, and was at once rooted to the spot with intense interest. "Turkey rhubarb" was the only drug he vended; but, if I do not mistake, I believe that this specimen of *Obolophilus* realized a considerable sum daily by its sale. This variety is rather below than above the middle height; he has rather good features, his hair is long and black, and his expression is *blasé* in the extreme. He certainly possesses the integument known as a waisteoat; it is of gaudy colours, and he takes care to display it by throwing back his coat as far as possible. His language is elevated, his voice treble, and his accent so intensely marked that his syllables arranged themselves in couplets thus—"This is—the *rè*-al—*Tùr*-key—*rhù*-barb—I can—ass*ùre* you—*gèn*-til-men!—it *ì*-is—the *sà*-ame—vat you *bù*-uy ad de *chè*-miste—for *six*-pence—de *où*-ounce! *I àm*—my-*sè*-elf—*trà*-avel in *Tù*-urkey—in *Grè*-ece—vare I *bù*-uy it! Wh*y*-y—*shòuld* you—*pà*-ay—*six*-penee—ven you ean *gèt* him—for *vò*-on *pè*-enny? The *rè*-al *Tùr*-key *rhù*-barb!—only *vò*-on—*pè*-enny the *où*-ounce!"

This impostor's sueeess with the crowd was marvellous; they paid their pennies, and poeketed the "*rhù*-barb" with the greatest alacrity For my own part, I must confess to a pardonable antipathy to the drug in question. When I say

that it is associated in my mind with magnesia, peppermint-water, and tears, I think, sirs, you will understand my feelings on the subject. The variety I have described in the *fez* is excessively rare; I have never seen but the single specimen mentioned. He haunted the same locality for some weeks, but suddenly disappeared, and I never saw him, or any other specimen of the same form, again.

While on the medical portion of my subject, I may fittingly notice a highly-interesting and aberrant form of *Obolophilus*, that likewise affects great skill in the healing art. This third variety is as rare as the preceding one, but differs strikingly from it in this peculiarity, namely, that it is *really* a foreigner. The fact of its being a native of France, added to the staggering truth of its possessing respectable sable integuments, has induced some naturalists to deny its claim to be regarded as *Obolophilus*. But often, when external characters fail us, *habit* comes to our aid in determining a species; and I would beg to remind doubters that it possesses the identical manners of life of *H. Obolophilus*, for, as will be seen in my notes, it has as unconquerable an affection for *pence* as any variety known.

The specimen I noticed of this dark-skinned variety frequented Holborn, and was usually to be found at the corner of Hatton Garden. His tray only contained an extensive heap of toffy-coloured lozenges, which were, however, highly interesting from their possessing the indubitable impression of the creature's fore-finger and thumb, respectively on their upper and under surface. This specimen was elderly, but I noticed that his voice did not seem to be affected by advancing years; probably owing to the vast amount of his own lozenges he must have swallowed before he brought them to their perfect condition. But I will give the individual's own account of his universal panacea for all known diseases; it was impressively and solemnly delivered, with considerable action of the right hand and both shoulders. "My frens!—if you have a coff, if you have a cole,—pains in your leems,—head-ache,—shest-ache,—vind on de stomac,—or-r ar-rt-burn—vat you do? I vil tell you; you go to de apotticarie,—de—vat you call?—chê-miste!—(I tank you, sare)—you buy powder, draught, pla-aster—I ask you—doz it do you *goo-oode?*" A meaning silence from the audience; *Obolophilus* goes on triumphantly, with an extra shrug: "I say den, here is lit-tel loz-zenge—my own preparation—all from herbes—only von penny for twelve—tek vun—too 'ome an *trai-ai!* If you 'ave a coff,—if you 'ave a cole,—pains in your leems,—'ead-ache,—shest-ache,—vind on de stomac,—or 'ar-rtburn,

—tek vun—too 'ome and trai-ai!" I was just moving away, when the lecturer, presenting me with a "loz-zenge," said, "Day ar vairy nice!" I took it, and went my way. It was some time before I had the courage to taste it, but I at length chipped off a minute portion, and applied it to my tongue. The "herbes" must have been very potent; there was a strangely strong flavour that did not at all come up to my idea of "vairy nice." I accordingly bestowed the lozenge on the next urchin I met, who appeared paralyzed at my liberality, surveyed the healing medicine much as I have seen a monkey do a nut, and finally, seeming to be satisfied with its appearance, stowed it away in a most capacious mouth, while a satisfied smile lit up his ingenuous countenance. I breathed a silent prayer for the youth's preservation; but I still have a haunting dread lest my gift should have produced "vind on de stomac," or heart-burn, or something equally, if not more awful, in the recesses of his innocent interior.

The next variety of the species, together with the three following, takes a high standing for his discoveries in practical science. He has, doubtless after years of patient labour, united in one invaluable article two of the greatest desiderata of the English nation, namely, an ointment that will either *sharpen razors* to an incredibly fine edge, or *silver over* any kind of metal at the option of the purchaser. I have an intense reverence for genius, and looked at this great inventor with proportionate interest and admiration. He was a man in the prime of life, or, as the novels say, he *might* be a few years older. It needed but a glance to recognize in him one of the numerous forms of *Obolophilus*. His nose had a strikingly upward tendency; his eyes merited Dickens' epithet of "boiled," and his general appearance was dirty and slovenly in the extreme. If the excellence of his razor-sharpener was illustrated by the condition of his own chin, I am bound to say that my opinion of that article would be a decidedly unfavourable one, for the portion of his countenance alluded to was adorned with scattered clumps of pollard bristles, apparently of about five days' growth. The invariable tray was suspended to his neck, not by a strap, but by a piece of red cord, such as is commonly used for window-blinds. In one hand he flourished a razor, and in the other he held a cylinder of deal, which bore a strong resemblance to those which linendrapers use whereon to roll their goods. It was the flashing of the steel-blade that first attracted my attention as I passed by the Great Globe, Leicester-square. Ever on the look out for any variety of *Obolophilus*, the study of which might tend to throw light on the history of this little

known animal, I joined the ring of attentive hearers. Before proceeding to describe the cry of this specimen, I may observe that his language and manner, with regard to his audience, were the best fitted for driving a rapid sale of his manufacture that I ever heard. He took care not to assume that haughty and exalted tone practised by so many individuals of his species, but in the aptest way addressed the knot of listeners as if he fully appreciated their own scientific acquirements and powers of observation. Thus he spoke: "You perceive gen'lmen that this his a razor,"—here he held aloft the weapon whose glitter had attracted my notice—"you are, hof course, a-ware gen'lmen, that the hedge of a razor is completely spoiled hif it is used to cut wood or hother 'ard harticles. You perceive, as I take this 'ere wooden roller, and 'acks it with my razor"—here the lecturer suited the action to the word, and caused the soft deal chips to fly in all directions—"hi do *not* think gen'lmen, that hannybody 'ud hundertake to shave with this ere razor after what I done to it. In horder to show you as there's no desepshun, perhaps sum gen'lman 'ud like to feel the hedge." The razor was now passed round to a gentleman in a corduroy suit—having critically examined the blade, and declared he was something-unmentionabled if *he* could find an equally unmentionabled edge to it at all. *Obolophilus* condescended to take the razor again, and proceeded with increased confidence. "In horder to make shor, 'owever, I will 'ack the wood a little more"—he did so. "Now, gen'lmen, you are doubtless, hall ha-ware, that a razor when properly sharp, hif the weight of a *singul 'umen 'air* is laid upon it—hit will be suvver'd." [The wording of this portion of the address, it must be admitted, is somewhat ambiguous, but the eccentricities of genius will be excused by every right-thinking man.] "Hi'm shor, gen'lmen, hand hi think you agrees with me, that this razor, hin its present state will not do it. You hobserve hi draw it hacross my 'and without 'urting hof myself. I will now apply sum hof my patent mixter, wich its *honly wun penny* the box. You takes yer strop, hand hafter you 'ave ground your razor on wun side, you then with the hend of your razor, take a piece of the mixter the size of a pea, and rubs it on the hother, you drors your razor quickly backwards and forwards, fore and arf, a dozen times, and your razor is properly sharpened." The crowd, of course, look exceedingly sceptical on this point, but *Obolophilus* has the power of convincing them of its truth, and would, I believe, be deeply disappointed if they *did'nt* look as if they doubted. "Hi 'ave observed gen'lmen, that when

your razor his properly sharpened, the weight hof a *singul 'umen 'air*, laid upon the hedge, it will be suvver'd. 'Ere hi 'ave a 'umen 'air,"—at this point the orator actually extracted a very massive hair, with the roots attached, from a furze-like patch on the crown of his head. "You perceeve as I lays it hupon the hedge of the razor, *hand hit is suvver'd!*" It was a fact, the hair certainly was divided, and the two portions fell into the operator's palm. Could anything be more convincing? The triumph of *Obolophilus* was complete: and when he renewed his assurances that the all-powerful unguent, which was of the consistence of tallow, and chocolate-red in colour, was "honly wun penny a box," the sale thereof was very large. I grieve to relate the following instance of want of sympathy with a successful inventor; but truth demands it. A person of a manifestly low order of mind, not only rejected a box of the costly ointment when offered to him, but loudly stated his opinion that the experiment just performed was not a fair one, inasmuch as the hair used was not a man's, but a *horse's*. I need scarcely say that *Obolophilus*, with lofty scorn, disdained to reply to the propounder of this base suspicion; but the gentleman in corduroy, who had invested in two boxes, was so naturally indignant, and made use of such remarkably strong language on the occasion, that the mean detractor thought it better to make good his escape while he could. But *Obolophilus* had not yet concluded his oration; there was another triumph yet to be enjoyed. Scarcely had the suspicious individual departed, when the great discoverer resumed. "'As hany gen'lman a 'alfpenny hor penny has he would like to 'ave made into a 'arf-crown?"—divers half-pence were immediately produced—"hor a pen'older which they would like to 'ave made into silver?" Sundry brazen and other metallic pocket-penholders were eagerly extended. The lecturer selected a half-penny, and a stout penholder of German-silver. "Hi take a small bit hof the same patent mixter, hand with a bit o' rag hi rubs the 'apenny, which you perceives bekums silver in a moment or two." In a very short time the copper assumed a magnificently brilliant white appearance, besides which the brightest silver would appear dull. A similar effect was produced on the penholder; and the admiration and delight of the owners of the two articles in question was worth witnessing. This grand result, showing such a potent hidden virtue in the "patent mixter," crowned the triumph of *Obolophilus*—

> "For those now bought, who did not buy before,
> And those who bought at first, now bought some more."

The tray was *emptied* by the numerous purchasers; among whom I was included. My own experience of the previous material has not been so successful as that of the inventor; but this is, of course, owing to my carelessness of manipulation. None of my acquaintance grew hairs of sufficient weight to sever themselves by just resting on the edge of any blade that I sharpened with the aid of the magic ointment, nor was I more successful with the hairs of the equine animal. I cannot say either that the silvering properties of the mixture equalled my anticipations. I succeeded in obtaining as brilliant a lustre as *Obolophilus*, but found to my dismay that it was liable to *rub off*, and always grew dull and leaden-coloured in the course of a day or so. It stuck to the indentations on half-pence, however, with wonderful tenacity, and has frequently caused the peremptory rejection of those coins of the realm when I have tendered them as payment for omnibus rides, &c.; but no invention of this or any other age is perfect in all respects. I have dwelt thus at length on this variety of *Obolophilus*, though it is by no means uncommon, because I consider it as a strongly-marked and exceedingly ingenious form of the species.

Variety No. 5, has been so fortunate as to invent a sort of *hard soap*, which possesses the important property of removing all grease or other stains from cloth. I have seen but two specimens of this form, and from their elderly and woe-begone appearance, I am induced, in part, to adopt Mr. Darwin's theory, and to look upon them as the last remains of an ancient variety of *Obolophilus*, which, under altered physical conditions is, in the "struggle for existence," rapidly becoming extinct, while other more powerful forms of the species are, by the influence of the "natural selection" of the British public, rapidly gaining such strongly-marked characters that it may not be very long before naturalists will be compelled to acknowledge the several varieties as distinct species. The individual I principally observed was very constant in his attachment to one particular locality; he was daily to be found at the corner of a street turning out of Oxford-street, a little to the west of New Bond-street. The dingy respectability of his appearance, and the husky—yet melancholy—tones of his voice, usually obtained him several listeners; but I have seen him standing like some relic of a past age, addressing, with his customary solemnity, a diminutive, ragged urchin and a dirty little girl carrying a gigantic baby, all three being as innocent of cloth as a new-born infant. When I first beheld this specimen, and heard him declare the virtues of his manufacture, I must confess that I thought it strange that his own cloth coat, once, no doubt, a handsome

one, but now patched in many parts, should be so remarkably stained and greasy as it was. My refleetions were, however, interrupted by the inventor's deep voice. "Come here, you boy,"—seizing a *gamin* by the collar of his jacket,—"how did you get this great grease spot on your shoulder? Gentlemen may now see the use of my soap." With this the old *Obolophilus* set to work, and having moistened the soap with some water from a eracked mug that stood on his tray, proceeded to rub it briskly over the grease spot. He then took a damp rag and renewed the friction, and finally a dry one completed the business. The grease spot had entirely disappeared, and several people examined the place where it had been, with mueh interest and gravity. "It's only *one penny a square*, gentlemen," said the old man. You may fancy my satisfaction on hearing the words emphasied, for this individual's good English had raised a doubt in my mind as to his being the true *Obolophilus*; but those magic words set my mind at rest. I felt sincere pity for this ancient individual, who had evidently seen better days, and although I had no desire to possess any of his soap, I gave him some pence before I passed on. I frequently saw him again, and was surprised always to see the *same boy* operated upon, though the grease spots on his jacket varied in their position. Could this innocent youth have employed his spare hours in establishing grease spots on his well-worn jaeket for the sole delight of occupying, though only for a limited period and in a humble capacity, the ennobling position of a public character? It is a curious problem.

Another variety of *Obolophilus* rather startled me when I first encountered him in the wilds of Lamb's-Conduit-street, in the vieinity of the "Foundling" hospital. Noticing a small cluster of people, and crossing the road to see what subjeet of interest had caused them to congregate, I own I was somewhat frightened to hear a stentorian voice exclaim, "An' now I 'as a young man hin a 'at and cloke, which he's a-crossingh of the road!" There was no need of the fixed stare with which the whole audienee regarded me to convinee me that *I* was the person alluded to; but who was the rude person who dared to state that he "had" me? As I joined the ring, the voice resumed, "Now, the 'ooman in the red shawl 'as turned the corner, hand hi sees a young lady with a green gownd hap-proachin' hon the left-'and side!" At last I saw the speaker. He was a stout, short, red-faced man, standing with his back towards me, and fixedly gazing into a *black pill-box*. Poor creature, I thought, what a melancholy case! I suddenly caught sight of a *tray*, suspended to his neck, as he partially turned one side towards

me. *Could* it be an *Obolophilus?* I forgot my momentary irritation the more easily, as the crowd were now fixedly gazing at the young lady in the "green gownd," who appeared wholly unconscious of the public notice she was attracting. But what could it all mean? and how did the red-faced man see the people approaching behind him? He himself vouchsafed to explain, turning towards us as he did so. "Hobserve, gen'lmen, that by means hof this 'ere little instrument, which hit's *honly wun penny*, he can see by the reflector, wich his fastened hinside, wotever's a-goin' on be'ind my back!" It was, then, an *optical* invention; and, like all great discoveries, of very simple construction. I took one from the heap on the tray, and examined its structure. It was a pill-box, painted black, with a portion of the lid removed on one side, and a small hole, near the rim of the lid, on the other side, while a piece of looking-glass occupied the bottom of the box. On applying the eye to the small hole, the scenery behind one was partially reflected in the looking-glass; and by slightly turning the box, either side of the street could be seen. I was in raptures with this new example of the ingenuity of *H. Obolophilus*, and immediately purchased a "hinstrument." But this clever mechanic had another optical manufacture, neither more nor less than a *penny microscope*, also founded on a pill-box, and which he averred would show the "annermaculers" in water. A little bulbous drop of glass was fixed in a hole in the lid of a black-painted pill-box; the bottom of the box was removed, and the microscope was complete. I likewise invested in a specimen of this, as an optical phenomenon which this age only could produce. I sincerely trust that, now I have published his merits to the world, the British Government will seek out the humble inventor, and reward him as he deserves.

The last example of this highly-interesting species that I have to notice is one who sells *French polish* at an exceedingly low rate. A peculiar habit of this variety is that of wandering over the country. I met him, one winter, at Brighton, and a brother naturalist informs me that he observed a specimen at Ipswich. He is remarkable for a pale countenance, red hair, brown integuments, and a weak voice; at least such were the distinguishing marks of the only specimen I ever had the pleasure of observing, both in the metropolis and at Brighton. His tray was elaborately fitted; it contained coloured powders of every tint—from pale yellow to black, bottles of oil and varnish, and an extensive assortment of deal cylinders, and rags of various hues. This specimen spoke little, but did much. After remarking on the well-known

and utter worthlessness, as well as enormous cost, of the French polish used by upholsterers and others, he proceeded to extol his own manufacture, and to illustrate their excellence by means, as he said, of "ex-speariments." I can only say that, after innumerable mixtures, polishings, &c., he contrived to produce a magnificent yellow, red, brown, or black gloss, on sundry wooden cylinders of previously dull appearance. And the charge he made for a paper containing a quantity of either coloured powder was *honly wun penny*. On the two occasions that I witnessed his performances, the sale of his materials was very limited, but have no doubt that his private trade with small householders is of considerable extent. I have no doubt that were this variety of *Obolophilus* to extend his wanderings to the Cape, and could only arrive here just now, his sale of French polish would be unprecedented to those thousands of loyal colonists who, in their eagerness to receive Prince Alfred with due honour, are driving the French polishers of this town frantic with their extensive orders to make all their chairs sufficiently slippery for a prince to sit upon. The idea of an *Obolophilus* migrating hither reminds me that I have never seen any animal even distantly resembling the interesting British species in South Africa. It is strange, certainly, that the animal, in some one or more of its numerous varieties, has not been introduced. And sirs, in connection with this subject, can you or anyone tell me of what use is *a penny* in this place. The very sight of one of those noble coins makes me positively melancholy, when I recall what wealth it was at home, and to how many uses it might then be put! In addition to the manifold wares of the *Obolophilus*, are there not "penny-stalls" in the streets, the owners of which have *nothing* but penny articles for sale? Are there not in the "German fair," Portland place, "10,000 *penny articles*" (as is announced in huge placards), heaped in glittering profusion? When I, by any chance, obtain a penny here, I am obliged to lay it by in a drawer, and add stray "browns" to it, till their united value amounts to sixpence, when I sorrowfully pay that away to some degenerate omnibus conductor, different indeed from the glorious "cad" at home, whose sayings have been so repeatedly immortalised by *Punch*. But I have yet hopes that, in the extensive tide of emigration now setting in towards the shores of South Africa, some wandering *Obolophilus* may be found; and should that happy event ever come to pass, how gladly shall I expend the at present useless penny that has been languishing in my drawer for the last nine weeks.

Ω.

THE EXPEDITION INTO EASTERN AFRICA.

In recent numbers of this Magazine, we have sketched the leading events and most prominent results of the late exploring expedition of Captains Burton and Speke in the uplands of Eastern Africa. All our readers, we presume, are already aware that a similar undertaking has been entered upon again by Captains Speke and Grant; and that happily, at the suggestion of Sir George Grey, this colony, having invested some small capital in the concern, will enjoy the distinction of being associated in so honourable an enterprise, if, indeed, it does not ultimately reap far more substantial fruits from it than most among us at present anticipate. It will be remembered that the expedition of 1858-9 proved, in all respects, an eminently successful one. The indefatigable travellers penetrated into the interior from Zanzibar a distance of six hundred miles; explored the great lake Tanganyika for two thirds of its extent southward and to its northernmost extremity; while, subsequently, Captain Speke alone pushed north-eastward to the lake named by him the Victoria Nyanza,* in latitude 2° south. This magnificent sheet of fresh water is estimated to extend to a length of two or three hundred miles, with an average breadth of probably one hundred. It yet, however, remains to be fully explored by some European traveller, and this is the first work which Captain Speke has now set before himself. But, though the first, it is by no means the sole or ultimate aim of his exertions. The sources of ancient Nile have ever been involved in impenetrable mystery. Herodotus spoke of them as dubiously, though with as keen an interest, twenty centuries bygone, as modern geographers of our own race have been compelled to do not more than twenty years ago. Nor has the problem remained a problem thus from the want of sufficient enterprise or courage to attempt its solution. Explorers have penetrated the inner recesses of Nubia and Abysinnia for this purpose in all ages—but with one uniform result. Pliny was informed of the *lunæ montes*, from amid whose snowy summits the Nile was imagined to derive its divine origin, and Abysinnian Bruce himself, some half century ago, had learned no more, and had failed in even seeing the reported range. Between 1839 and 1843, three expeditions were fitted out by the Egyptian

* Nyanza or Nyassa is the generic term on the whole eastern coast for "the Great Waters." To distinguish this northern lake from that recently explored by Dr. Livingstone, Captain Speke has assigned it the prefix of "Victoria."

Government, and they succeeded in tracing Bahr-el-Abiad, or the Upper Nile, further than ever it had been before. Private travellers, such as MM. Brun-Rollet, Malzac, and Vayssieres, and especially the Catholic missionaries at the station of Gondokoro, on its bank, and in the latitude of 4° 30′ north, have added further information of interest and importance. But even still the mystery remains; and Captain Speke is ambitious enough to hope that, by his present enterprise, he will unveil it for ever. And there is every probability that his anticipations will prove true. He has personal courage and address sufficient to meet whatever hardships or perils may beset him; while he possesses that peculiar tact, ingenuity, fertility of resource, or whatever else it may be called, which must be innate in every successful traveller through previously unknown lands, and which in him has, by the experience of many years of previous journeying, been matured into the fullest efficiency.

He believes that the great lake Victoria Nyanza is the veritable source of the Nile, and that, when he explores that water to its northern end, he will discover the stream emerging from its bosom, to commence that mighty course which, during the lapse of ages, had first created ancient Egypt, and since has proved the never-failing agent to maintain its marvellous fertility. In support of this opinion many strong arguments at once suggest themselves. The table land in which lakes Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza are situated is of an elevation varying from two to six thousand feet, and the surface of Nyanza itself is 3,738 feet above the level of the sea. To the westward of it extends, certainly, an elevated range of mountains, which, from their crescent shape, as well as from some peculiar traditions of the native inhabitants, Captain Speke believes to be identical with Pliny's Mountains of the Moon. To the eastward of it extends, with equal certainty, another range, which another traveller, Dr. Beke, considers to possess a still more legitimate claim to the honour. And northward of the lake, in all probability, exists another chain, through one or more of whose rugged kloofs the river pours into the Abysinnian slopes below. "Assuming the lake" (says Mr. Ravenstein, in a brief introduction to Dr. Krapf's new book) "to extend to 1° north latitude, and the development of the river to be equal to twice the direct distance to Gondokoro, the altitude of which is 1,606 feet, such a river would have a fall of five and a half feet per mile, a current which would render it quite impracticable for navigation," and a descent which perfectly accounts for the cataracts which, throughout the whole of Abysinnia,

at frequent intervals, mark the progress of the stream. But the crucial test of the theory is, after all, a personal exploration of the region in question. Captain Speke is perfectly aware of this, and has thoroughly determined to accomplish the feat. In the first place, from Zanzibar he will proceed, with his mule-train and native followers, to the central trading town of Kazeh, in Unyanyembi, and from that point northward, by his former route, to Muawza, the nearest extremity of the lake. Thence, probably, if at all possible, he will sail along the lake a distance, as already stated, of between two and three hundred miles, to the presumed debouching of the river at the northern end. Thence, again, if health permits, and if no insuperable obstacles present themselves, he will follow the river's course by the deep gorges through which it passes, until, after a further journey of about three hundred miles, he may reach the missionary station of Gondokoro, in the well-known highlands of Abysinnia. It is not the least interesting circumstance connected with this venturous expedition that Captain Speke should be accompanied by a volunteer party of genuine Hottentots, from our South African regiment of Cape Mounted Rifles. The land they are proceeding to explore was once the habitation of their ancestors, whose relation to the ancient Coptic races of Abysinnia and Egypt has been clearly established by the affinities of their language. From those African highlands they were expelled and driven southward by hordes of Galla negroes pressing hard upon them from the west, and their compulsory migration never ceased until they reached the furthest promontory of the continent. It was, no doubt, the romance and almost poetic interest of the idea, added, of course, to their personal qualifications for the work in other respects, which induced Sir George Grey to propose that Hottentots from this extremity of the land should be among the first to visit their ancestral territory, and lay it open to the advance of modern civilization.

This reminds us of yet another purpose of the expedition, held steadfastly in view by Captain Speke and by the Governments of England and Bombay, under whose auspices, and at whose cost, the work has been undertaken. The end of the geographical feat, said Dr. Livingstone, is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise. The success of Captain Speke's bold effort—for successful we have every reason to anticipate that it will prove—will be the signal for yet further enterprises to introduce into those magnificent lands the blessings of the Christian faith and modern civilization. That it presents every encour-

agement for movements of this character the brief statement of a few authentic facts may serve to show. In the first place, the climate is admirably adapted for the purpose. It is as salubrious to European immigrants as to native negroes. The coast, it is true, is unhealthy, and African fevers, though of a far less malignant character than those of the western portion of the continent, prevail commonly enough. But in the great table-land which extends from the Zambesi to Abyssinia, even under the equator itself, the temperature is mild and genial, and the climate altogether most favourable to health. To the truth of this assertion we have the independent and concurrent testimony of Dr. Livingstone, at Lakes Shirwa and Nyanyesi, and of Captain Speke, at Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza.

The soil is abundantly productive, and the aspect of the country generally is of the most attractive sort. In the far north, as well as in the lake region so graphically described by Livingstone, in his letters already published at the Cape, it is clad with rich forests and luxuriant pasture; it is abundantly watered with rivers and minor streams in all directions; and its crops of native corn are amply abundant. Perhaps the most correct idea of its general character may be formed by comparing it with the best tracts of Kaffraria and Natal. Its produce now is various and of great extent, comprising cotton, sesame, copal, ivory, &c. But its capabilities are of yet an infinitely greater magnitude.

The inhabitants, again, are most favourably disposed. They consist of the Arabs and Banyans, or Indian settlers, who constitute the trading class, and the Gallas and Negroes, or aboriginal population. The former are most friendly in their disposition towards the English nation ever since they have witnessed the beneficial effects of British interference at Zanzibar; while the latter have repeatedly expressed their desire to receive European missionaries, with their attendant commerce and civilization, amongst them. As is the case with African countries generally, some portions of the land are densely populated, while other tracts of great extent and rich resources are altogether unoccupied and waste. These they are perfectly willing, if not positively anxious, to see possessed by European immigrants. That some such occupation of this country, and utilization of its resources, should and must soon occur, is as probable as it is desirable. Unless Britain advances to accept the responsibilities and privileges of the enterprise, France will certainly, before long, intrude there for her own aggrandizement. The influence of the French Government with the rulers of Egypt is well known,

and constant efforts are being made, upon the strength of it, to obtain the possession of the most important points in Abyssinia. Once established there, imperial "ideas" will force their way further southward, and will not cease to operate until they have extinguished the Portuguese supremacy on the eastern coasts, and ultimately press closely on our own British dominions at Delagoa Bay and Natal.*

The first inducement that suggests itself in favour of a British settlement in that country is the unlimited extent to which the cultivation of cotton can be carried on by native labour, under the direction of English intelligence and enterprise. Its capabilities in that respect have been amply attested by Dr. Livingstone, and fully appreciated by the cotton-buyers of Manchester and Liverpool. Already the natives grow this plant in all directions, and manufacture it themselves, however rudely. It would require but little effort to extend this industry indefinitely. On the west coast already we have sufficient illustration of this, for at Lagos, and along the whole country, from Benin to Loando, cotton is grown by native labourers, and exported to the English markets in the most systematic manner. And from such an enterprise as this would flow other and moral results of the most important character. Increased native industry is the only effective cure for the African slave-trade. At present that traffic is carried on openly and fearlessly, as we have shown lately in our review of Mr. McLeod's Travels, from Zanzibar to Delagoa Bay. Native wars are excited and fostered perennially, solely for the sake of the captives who are seized in battle, or in treacherous raids. The merchants on the coast are those on whom the guilt of this lies most

* Precisely similar anticipations to those sketched above are entertained by others than ourselves. In the valuable and most interesting book of Dr. Krapf, descriptive of his researches and missionary labours in Eastern Africa, we find the following. Referring to the problematical project of the canal across the Isthmus of Suez, he says: "In my opinion the great advantage to be derived from the success of this scheme will not be so much in the acquisitions which commerce may derive from the Red Sea and the countries on its shores, as in the extension of European polity and civilization to Arabia, Abyssinia, and the whole of South Eastern Africa. It will weaken Mohammedanism in the land of its birth, Arabia, and on the African coast; tend to suppress the Arabian slave-trade, and subjugate East African heathenism by Christianity and its civilization; and finally open up immense and noble regions in Southern Abyssinia, and amongst the Gallas to thousands of emigrants, when America, Australia, and Tasmania, cease to attract them." The only difference between us and Dr. Krapf on the point is, that he looks for this great work as the result of what is now deemed to be an impossible undertaking between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean; while we consider that the most attractive opening is from the South.

heavily; but they are enabled to carry on their accursed commerce only by the agency of the native tribes and chiefs themselves. When these chiefs come to learn that their people can prove more valuable, and can earn greater wealth to themselves and to their rulers by honest industry than by inhuman warfare of the sort described, they will cease to fight, cease to sell their subjects, and set them instead—by all the influence and authority they may possess—to sturdy work and enterprise and civilizing occupations.

Possibly, too, the exploration of these regions may prove directly beneficial to ourselves, or rather to our descendants of the next generation, in yet a different way. The Cape colony and its adjacent provinces have been overrun by a half-barbarous race. The tendency of African migration has been ever southward, and, on some occasions, has been so to such an extent as threatened seriously to check the advance of civilization and enlightenment. May not that tide of migration be gradually, and ere long, turned northwards, to the attractive regions now being opened up? Is it altogether an impossible result, or so dubious as to be almost fantastical, that the reports brought back by the Hottentots who have now accompanied Captain Speke, when circulated among their countrymen and aboriginal friends in South Africa, should give the first impulse to a movement in that direction, precisely similar to that remarkable migration of the Griquas from Philippolis to the vacant territory between Kaffraria and Natal? Is it conceivable that, by some such process as this, our government may rid us partially of the dense multitudes of Fingoes who are now crowded along our border, and who, some day or other, may involve us in troubles of which only frontier legislators have yet ventured to form anything like a vivid, though possibly, in many instances, an exaggerated conception? These, however, are speculations which, for the present, we are content merely to suggest, without attempting to argue or enforce them upon the conviction of the reader.

Before concluding, we must present a brief but interesting description of the city of Zanzibar, the coast capital of the country to which we have been referring. We extract it from a pamphlet printed by Captain Speke during his stay at Cape Town last month, though only, we believe, for private circulation. It refers to his visit to Zanzibar, and a short journey into the interior in 1856, two years previous to his great expedition to Nyanza, in company with Captain Burton:

Immediately on arrival at the island of Zanzibar, we were warmly received and welcomed by our consul, Col. Hameston, an Irish gentleman,

and one bearing the true, merry, hospitable, characteristics of his race. He had been a great sufferer, by the effects of the climate operating on him from too long a residence in these enervating regions, but he was, nevertheless, vivacious in temperament and full of amusing anecdotes, which kept the whole town alive. He gave us a share in his house, and what was more, made that house our home. His generosity was boundless, and his influence so great, that he virtually commanded all societies here. Our old and faithful ally, the Imaum of Muscat, who, unfortunately for us, had but recently died, was so completely ruled by him, that he listened to and obeyed him as a child would do his father.

The present ruler of Zanzibar—that is, of the coast-line with all the islands which lie between the equator on the southern confines of the Somali country, and the Portuguese possessions on the Mozambique—is Sultan Majid, the second son of the old Imaum; for it must be remembered that the Imaum, at his death, divided his territories, then comprising Muscat, in Arabia, and Zanzibar, in Africa, into two separate states, giving the former, or Muscat, to his eldest son, Sayyid (Prince) Suweni, whilst the latter was bequeathed to his favourite, the second son, Sayyid Majid, now styled Sultan. Sultan Majid was born of a Circassian woman, and, in consequence, is very light in complexion, and, taking much after the inclinations of his father, is likely to become as great a favourite as was the old Imaum. Zanzibar Island is the seat of Government, and consequently the metropolis. The town contains about sixty thousand inhabitants of all nations, but principally coloured people, of which the Suwahili, or coast people, living on the opposite main, predominate in number, though they are the least important. Of the merchants, there are several European houses, comprising French, Germans, and Americans; and numerous Asiatics, mostly from Arabia and Hindostan,—the Suwahili ranking lowest of the whole. There are also three consuls,—an English, French, and American, who look after the interests of the subjects of their several governments.

Whilst stopping here, the colonel's house was one continuous scene of pleasure and festivities. The British consulate was the common rendezvous of all men: Arab, Hindi, German, French, or American, were all alike received without distinction or any forced restraint. Indeed, the old consul literally studied the mode of making people happy. And Zanzibar, instead of being an outlandish place, such as to make one wonder how men could exile themselves by coming here, was really a place of great enjoyment. The merchants, on the other hand, were not less hospitably inclined, and constantly entertained and gave very handsome dinners. Besides our consulate, there is a French and an American one, and the European merchants were composed of French, Germans, and Americans,—the dark-coloured ones being principally confined to Arabs, Hindis, and the Jawahili of the coast. Taking advantage of the time, especially the evenings, I spent most of them in rating the chronometers and getting all the surveying instruments into working order; whilst my companion busied himself in making all the other arrangements for the journey, such as purchasing Venetian beads, brass wire, and American sheetings, &c., which come here in ship-loads round the Cape of Good Hope, or in buying donkeys for our riding and their transport. Then in the cool of the mornings we took social walks or rides through the clove plantations, or amongst the palms, mango trees, and orange gardens, treating pine-apples—as they grew like common weeds on the road sides—as if they were nothing better than ordinary turnips, though when placed upon the table they are

certainly as delicious as any living fruit. The only fine houses are those occupied by the Europeans and the Sultan, and they front the harbour, which is considered a very good one, and is very constantly filled with shipping, the Sultan's men-of-war, and foreign square-rigged vessels, and host of buggaloes from Aden, Muscat, Cutch, and Bombay. The back of the town is very much like a common Indian bazaar, but there is a hollow square in its centre, which now-a-days is peculiar to this place,—it is the slave-market. Immediately after every fresh importation, you can see—in the early morning, unhappy looking men and women, all hideously black and ugly, tethered to one another like horses in a fair, and calculative men, knowing judges of flesh and limb, walking up and down, feeling their joints and looking out to make a bargain. Women, of course, sell better than the men, being fitted to more general purposes. For a good wife, any sum might be given. But the saddest sight which came under my observation was the way in which some licentious-looking men began a cool deliberate inspection of a certain divorced culprit who had been sent back to the market for inconstancy to her husband. She had learnt to feel a sense of decency during her conjugal life, and the blushes on her face now clearly showed her heart was mortified at this unseemly exposure, made worse because she could not help it.

Scenes such as these, and on so extensive a scale, we could scarcely have expected to meet with in an Arab settlement on the remote eastern coast of Africa. They give some indication, however, of the vast field which there lies open to European enterprise, trade, and civilization.

AN IDYL OF A PRINCE.

(NOT AFTER TENNYSON.)

If ever by chance
You should happen to glance
At a map of the world, and should come upon France,
Raise your eyes just a bit un-
Til you have hit on
An island that's known as the home of the Briton.

Now, if it weren't wrong
To put faith in a song,
You would find from a ditty, by one Mr. Campbell,
That one fine day this island
Arose, high and dry land
Right out of the sea—from no submarine gambol;
But was turned out by order,
Express to afford her
Assistance to Neptune in ruling the ocean,
Which may be the truth, or a mere poet's notion.

Be this as it may—
And I don't mean to say
I have faith in the literal truth of the lay—
She *has* ruled the ocean a pretty long while, and
Is considered a bright little, tight little island;

And, as one thing to brag of,
Possesses a flag of
Such capital bunting, that one Thomas Dibdin
Declared as a fact—and I don't think he fibb'd in
The assertion which every nation allows and hears—
It has braved war and tempest, unhurt, for a thousand years.
And, in spite of the seas
Of the foes and the breeze,
It's as good at this moment as when they first made it,—
Spotless, untattered, and not a bit faded.

To cherish this standard
She has fought, in each land, hard,
But the sea, after all, has been ever her grand card;
And the waves, as they roll
From Equator to pole,
Bear fleets on their highway which never pay toll,
Being franked by this banner,
Which waves, in the manner
I've mentioned before, all the breezes that fan her.

I think its an error, to fancy that history
Ever records (when its truthful) a mystery.
The eyes of a mole
Can't read a large scroll;
They may pick out each letter, but don't see the whole.
The *qui currit potest*
Legere's no test,
As those who have dipped 'neath the surface must know best.
So, though it seems queer
To children who hear
That the tight little island we're writing of here
Has contrived to get on with such brilliant successes,—
Adding conquest to conquest, until she possesses
Much more than old Rome ever ventured to vote as
Her provinces—see *orbs veteribus notus*—
Yet one who reflects
On the matter, detects
All the secret to lie in the fact of the ocean
Receiving his child's never-failing devotion,—
A devotion repaid
By *his* ne'er-failing aid,
So that all the world over,
From China to Dover,
Her fleets defy foeman, and pirate, and rover,
And her shores are as happy as cows are in clover.

Now, let your eyes stray
On the map, a long way
From this tight little island, until they make play
Over dreary hot lands
Of deserts and sands,
Where brave Captain Speke
Has set off to seek
For the source of the Nile, till you come, if you'll follow me,
To a country baptized with the name of Cape Colony.
And you'll find, near its south-western corner, stuck down
At the foot of the mountain called Table, a town.

In this town, then, there dwell,
As geographers tell,
A great many people of all sorts of hues,
Heathen, Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews,
Dutchmen and Englishmen, black Mozambiquas,
Tawny Malays, and a sprinkling of Griquas,
Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Negroes, and others,
Who'd be puzzled to point out their fathers or mothers.

They say on the whole that the town's rather pretty
(By the way they've a bishop, so call it a city);
But apt to be sleepy, and stagnant and dull,
In a kind of perpetual calm, or a lull
Of such very long lasting, that no one can form
An idea of the time when it last had a storm.
Now did you ever try on,
A slumbering lion
(Of course safe in a cage, or fix'd in the wrong hole)
The experiment called stirring up with a long pole?
First you tickle him gently, he stops in a snore,
Then you pummel his ribs and he utters a roar,
Then you give it him harder—a bound and a shake,
A jump at the bars which may well make you quake,
Mane and tail up on end—and the lion's awake.
Just so they relate
How this city of late,
Being sleepy and slow as a solemn debate,
Was aroused from repose
By a fly on its nose,
In the shape of a rumour disturbing its doze.
The rumour then spread, and the faster it flew,
The more evident was it the rumour was true.
The city jumped up from its very long snooze,
Threw its nightcap aside, donned its small-clothes and shoes,
And was more wide-awake than 't has ever been since
It was built—for till now it ne'er welcomed a Prince! *
A Prince, then, was coming—a Prince of Blood Royal—
The son of a Queen to whom every one's loyal;
A Prince, too, who wears the triumphant blue jacket,
To guard from affronting
That famed bit of bunting,
And pitch into the foe who shall dare to attack it.

A long while the city remained in suspense,
Hopeful, but fidgetty, making pretence
Of not being excited,
But looking delighted,
As a boy newly breeched, or a cit newly knighted.
Grand preparations
For illuminations,

* That's a regular blunder!
The poet lies under
A trifling mistake: we *did* some time since
Get a call from a regular real royal Prince—
One Fredrik of Holland—so it aint true
That this here's number one, for he's just number two.
Printer's Devil.

Fêtes and regattas and balls and reviews,
Ev'ry one asking, "Well, what's the last news?"
Ladies all crowding, besieging the shops,
Buying dresses so grand that their brilliancy whops
(As Jonathan says) all description, and gloves
And wreaths that they fondly pronounce "perfect loves."
And lace-bordered lawn for each sweet little nose,
And the finest of pinky-white gauzy silk hose,
And white satin shoes for their dear little toes.

Volunteers, too,
Green, scarlet, and blue,
Furbish their uniforms up to look new,
Polish up bayonets, rifles, and sabres,
Looking forward with pride to their arduous labours,
And twist their moustaches with pleasure prophetic
Of how they will look—with the aid of cosmetique.

All things have an end, as experience teaches
(Except crinoline, p'raps, or Upper House speeches)
So at length the suspense was all over—at last
The season of mere expectation was past,
And in Simon's Bay,
No very great way,
From the city all snug the "Euryalus" lay.
In Adderley-street,
Citizens meet,
Staring at telegrams, hauling out flags
Stowed safely away in their canvas bags,
Guessing to-morrow will be a grand holiday,
Vowing they'll try, too, to make it a jolly day.
Cabmen and coolies,
Whose general rule is
To get in the way when they've got nothing to do,
Assemble in groups,
At street corners or stoeps,
And stop up the road when you try to get through.
And little black boys
Kick up a noise
By way of evincing their innocent joys.

* * * * *

The morrow came, uprose the sun,
And who hath seen a brighter one?
No cloud to obscure a single ray,
A clear, warm, brilliant, summer's day.
A day right worthy of its scene.
A people's homage to their Queen,
In hailing, with their heartfelt joy,
Her darling child—her sailor boy!

The morrow has come.
Trumpet and drum,
Streamers and pennants,
Houses empty of tenants,
Cannon and bells,—
Everything tells
Of a day that's begun
Of rejoicing and fun.
The city's awake now, as sure as a gun,
And looks almost as bright as that glorious sun.

It's past half-past one, and it's drawing near two—
The hour he's to come, if the programme speak true.
Chevalier Duprat, with his stout bombardiers,
Is preparing salutes to astonish our ears.
The Rifle Corps, too, with their dark-green and black,
Looking regular heroes, and shooters called "crack,"
With their soldier-like colonel—right man in the right place—
Though the steed that he rides isn't such as he *might* grace—
Line the streets in full force,
With also the horse,
Than whom none would fight more—
The brave blue and white corps.
With helmets of silver—such regular shiners—
And the scarlet and gold of the Sappers and Miners.
And last, but not least, with their breeks in zigzag stripes,
The gallant Scotch Corps, with their capital bag-pipes.
To these add the regulars—regular bricks—
The brave Fifty-ninth, with its flag inscribed LIX.
(And so it does everything—pardon the pun,
It's atrociously bad, but it's true as the sun.)

At length one hears,
From the bombardiers,
The banging of cannon, which serve for their cheers.
And the Prince and his retinue really appears
Over Castle-bridge, past Caledon-square,
Of all, save stones and mudholes, bare.
Beside the Parade, with its stunted firs,
Which scarcely the sign of a breeze now stirs, [part,
Through a street where the breeze pretty frequently plays her
Now known as Darling-street—*ci-devant* Keizersgracht.

The Prince had arrived, and no princely race
Showed ever a nobler youthful face;
So full of beauty, so full of grace,
His chesnut hair, his large blue eye,
His features calm, wherein seem to lie
Gentleness, intellect, majesty.
A prince right worthy his royal name,
His lineage proud, his father's fame;
Right worthy to wear the glorious blue,
And fight 'neath the banner of England too—
The mightiest banner that ever flew!
And the motley crowd
All shouts aloud,
"Huzzah" and "Hooray,"
And "*Daar kom aan hy.*"
And they bless him and praise him and most of them pray
That the time may arrive when he's got to majority,
He may come here and handle the reins of authority.
Some people it's true,
Are inclined to look blue,
For they don't see a crown, and they fear its a "do."
And they're hard to convince
That a real royal prince,
Is'nt born with a crown
Firmly wedged down
To the top of his skull
Like the deck of a hull;

But he sits on his horse like a prince, like a man,
Sits as only a thoroughbred Englishman can.

In Adderley-street a big archway is seen,
Symbol of triumph, and smothered in green,
Flags waving gaily above it, and near
Crowds of all sorts of people to see and to che
Then coming next on
The house of the sexton,
Past the church and the banks
And the building that ranks
Mids't the finest of Cape Town attempts architectural,
Though the order that claims it is purely conjectural,
Up to the gateway
At foot of the straight way
Of oaks now all leafless, and past the Museum
With its curious contents (if the Prince could but see 'em)
To Government House, where his Highness alights,
And sees, lucky Prince, the best sight of all sights,
Such a bevy of fair ones, in costumes so neat,
All murmuring, "How handsome! how charming! how sweet!"
I doubt whether prince ever had such a treat.

And next the reception! How tell of the pushing,
The fishing out cards and the squeezing and crushing,
The bows that are made and the looks that are given,
The gorgeous "get ups" of those who have striven
To display their own grandeur as well as their loyalty,
By wonderful ties to astonish young royalty!
And the ladies, the dears,
Abandoning fears,
Leaving benches outside
Through the windows they glide,
Rush into the chamber like fairies demented,
Resolved to be present—though not yet presented.
And all the men swear,
And the ladies declare,
The former, "by Jove," and the latter "'pon honour,"
That to look on that handsome young face is a *bonheur*
So great that they feel at that moment they doubly can
Pity a people that's only republican.

The sun's gone to bed,
And gas-lamps instead,
And lamps blue, white, and red,
Such a flood of light shed
As drive notions of darkness clean out of your head.
Pictures, devices,
Like very large slices
From very large twelfth-cakes, illustrate the crisis.
A lady of very extensive dimensions,
With a helmet and spear of most warlike pretensions,
But without crinoline
Is everywhere seen
Sitting down on her shield by a sea very green;
And lending a hand
To assist to the land
A tall, thin, blue gentleman, dressed very grand.

And one in an able way
Represents Table Bay,
And a very large dolphin with greenest of tails,
And fins up on end, pr'aps to serve him for sails.
And another blue gentleman stuck on its back,
Though you'd fancy yourself you'd be off in a crack
If you ventured to sea on so fishy a smack.
And mermaids are there,
With long flowing hair,
And their scaly green tails sticking up in the air;
And Neptune with trident, with mighty long beard,
Hails a nice little midshipman, looking half "skeer'd."
Stores, mansions, and shops,—all's a blaze of bright light,
And crowds—black, white, tawney—look on with delight,
Save where the long range
Of the Merchants' Exchange
Is all in the dark, and the people that stare up
Hear that somchow the electric light *won't* give a flare-up.

There's the morning gun!
There's the rising sun!
Put out all the lamps—the fun's over and done.
The city's done all that a good city can,
For one day, at least, has turn'd out to a man.
There's more work before her of much the same sort,
All sorts of revelry, all sorts of sport.
But my muse for a time flits away from these shores
To take breath, or, more *nauticé*, "lie on her oars."
But she cries,
As she flies
To her home in the skies,
As she ever shall cry till her good lungs shall fail her,
"Hail, Son of Victoria! hail, Royal Sailor!"

MORAL.

By the way, as she flew,
I may say, *entre nous*,
Something fell from her pocket: it looked like a screw
Of tobacco; but, though she's got capital jaws,
I never yet found that her ladyship "chaws."
I picked it up carefully, undid the roll,
And found nothing in it except a small scroll,
Which is just in these words—for what *I* thought a "quid" is—
"HAPPY THE NATION WHOSE PRINCES ARE MIDDIES!"

A. W. Cole.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. XVIII.

HENRY HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

Mr. Hall was born in Dublin in 1815, the son of Robert Hall, Esq., a gentleman who for many years held a situation of trust in one of the public institutions of that city,



F. York, Pho.

HENRY HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

and who was well known as a distinguished loyalist and song-writer during the eventful periods of 1798 and 1804. His name will be found in Alibone's Cyclopædia of English and American authors, and in the Biographia Dramatica, as the writer of two successful dramatic compositions. Young Henry was chiefly educated by the late Rev. Francis Edgeworth,* the cousin to the well-known Richard Lovell Edgeworth of the Irish tales celebrity, and was nearly ready to enter the university of Dublin, when, by his father's death, in 1828, leaving a large family unprovided for, he was compelled to change his views and embrace a career more humble than he had at first anticipated, but which enabled him, at the early age of fourteen, to contribute honourably to the support of his mother and younger sisters. He entered as apprentice of the extensive firm of E. Carolen and Son, of Dublin, builders and government contractors, where his early education, as far as the mathematical part of it, at least, was concerned, was not by any means thrown away. Here, Mr. Hall spent a period of eight or nine years, and finally had the pleasure of seeing the sacrifice he had made, of exchanging a learned profession for a practical hardworking one, amply rewarded. In 1839 he entered the Government service as Foreman of Works in the Royal Engineer Department, after a competitive examination with eighteen other candidates, and among whom he succeeded in occupying the first place—General Marshall, then Major, who was at the head of the Board of Examiners, passing on him a very high encomium. Mr. Hall was engaged in the south of Ireland until 1842, when he was ordered to the Cape colony, and served on the eastern frontier during the Kafir wars of 1846 and 1851-2. He then proceeded to England by order of a medical board, his health having broken down, chiefly owing to his unremitting exertions to improve the map of the colony; constructing, independently of his other duties, no fewer than six maps, one after the other, as new topographical information was afforded him. During his period of service on the frontier he superintended the building of many of the most important posts, towers, and signal stations on the line of the Great Fish River and the Kat River, and spent no less than four years in the Fish River Bush. In 1845, being promoted to the position of

* This gentleman was a most eccentric character, who, with a private fortune of many thousands a year, lived almost with the penuriousness of a miser. His greatest pleasure was getting hold of some apt pupil for his darling classics, and with such he would work, with keen enthusiasm, through all the drudgery of a college tutor.

Clerk of Works of the fourth class, he was stationed successively at Fort Beaufort and Graham's Town. On his return to England he was employed in the office of the Inspector-General of Fortifications, until, in 1853, at his own request, and by the personal favour of Sir John Burgoyne, he was ordered again to the Cape; since which time he has resided amongst us in Cape Town. In 1858 Mr. Hall was promoted to the rank of Clerk of Works of the first class, and was finally ordered home by the June steamer, this colony not being considered a station for officers of his class.

Previous to his departure, the colonial parliament voted him a testimonial of £100; and a large assembly, among whom were the highest officials of the colony, entertained him to a public dinner, in bidding him farewell. The services for which these unwonted honours have been conferred on this gentleman were not by any means only those of his strictly professional duty. During his long residence in the colony he determined to achieve some substantial work which would not be forgotten when he left us. Especially he determined to exert his efforts to the utmost to advance our geographical knowledge of South Africa. And for this service he was, in all respects, admirably qualified. As a professional man of extensive mathematical knowledge, he refused to accept any data but those which scientific observations proved to be reliable. As a traveller through the greater portion of the country, he was personally familiar with all the characteristic marks and features of its surface. And the result has been the compilation of a series of maps of the most valuable character, and though by no means professing absolute completeness or accuracy, far surpassing, in both these respects, anything that existed here before. The first of them published was his large map of the eastern frontier, issued by Mr. Stanford, the map-seller of Charing-cross, London. His smaller map of the whole of South Africa was published by himself in 1858, in Cape Town, and was the first work of the kind produced in the colony. The whole of the engraving, printing, colouring, and mounting—of upwards of sixteen hundred copies, was performed with local resources, and the undertaking, small as at first sight it may appear, circulated £800 among the working classes of this city. Its circulation, already mentioned, considering the sparse and scattered population of the colony, may be considered very large indeed. The copyright, in England, of this and other maps has been purchased recently by Mr. Stanford.

Another work of a similar character, and which proved equally successful, has been the "Geography of South Africa," written by him, and published by the Government, last year. Our estimate of its high value we sufficiently expressed in these pages when the book first appeared. It is one of the very best geographical manuals of the kind to be met with anywhere, and we are surprised that a thorough knowledge of the information it furnishes should not, ere now, have been considered indispensable requisites by the Board of Examiners, in their examination of candidates for the Civil Service. An edition of a thousand copies of it was disposed of to the public within a few months from its publication. Mr. Hall's desire to advance, by every means in his power, the literary and scientific progress of the colony was further evinced by the readiness with which, for many a long month, he undertook, without any fee or reward whatever, the superintendence of the new Library and Museum building in Cape Town:—a work which, when completed, will prove the noblest ornament of which the country can boast.*

Of his own literary tastes and the success with which he cultivated his literary pursuits, it is unnecessary for us here to say anything. Our readers are well acquainted with the productions of his lively and ready pen. From the first number of this magazine down to the month before he left us, he was one of the most unfailing and most welcome of our contributors. It mattered not what the subject might be to which he devoted his attention, whether in translations from the French or German, or original communications on questions of literary, scientific, or social interest, there was a freshness and force about his writings which but few amongst us could equal, and still fewer surpass. To the conductors of this magazine, dependent as they are upon writers who, like themselves, are desirous to foster literary tastes in the community, without the prospect of any personal pecuniary reward, his departure is a serious loss. We trust, however, that we have not seen the last of him yet. His affections are still in the colony, and it is not altogether impossible that he may yet return to it. At all events, we are certain to be favoured, though at more distant intervals than heretofore, with the very welcome communications of his pen.

* What are the committees of these institutions about that they do not make preparation for inaugurating the building before the departure of Prince Alfred? If they intend doing it at all, as we hear they do, it is high time they should set promptly about it.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JUNE, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind. Hourly velocity	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
June	Inches	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inches.	
1	30·178	55·40	53·24	65·0	48·0	51·4	87·6	29·797	3·8	SSW	0·030	4·0
2	30·058	56·70	55·14	61·6	52·6	53·7	90·0	29·644	3·8	NWbW		6·1
3	30·111	53·20	50·76	60·1	44·6	48·4	84·4	29·770	6·2	W	·560	5·0
4	30·188	51·00	48·26	60·0	41·3	45·6	82·8	29·880	3·1	SbE	*·016	1·5
5	30 064	53 50	50·04	61·2	45·5	46·7	78·6	29·743	5·9	SW		1·4
6	30·004	61·48	53·72	67·2	53·0	47·1	60·0	29·680	6·1	NWbW		5·0
7	30·055	60·50	54·20	69·0	50·0	48·8	66·6	29·709	7·5	NW		0·1
8	30·003	60·48	53·58	69·8	54·0	47·8	65·8	29·667	10·1	NWbW		4·0
9	29·939	59·14	57·08	62·0	56·7	55·3	87·2	29·502	9·4	NW	·012	6·8
10	29·870	56·96	56·00	60·0	55·2	55·1	93·6	29·434	10·7	NNW	·610	9·6
11	29·848	53·48	50·42	58·3	48·8	47·4	81·0	29·516	7·9	NNW	1·176	8·2
12	30·131	53·78	49·82	56·8	48·4	46·0	75·4	29·820	7·7	NWbW	·110	5·8
13	30·031	54·50	50·38	57·7	51·0	46·4	74·2	29·715	12·4	NWbN		9·0
14	30·059	57·02	55·20	59·6	52·2	53·6	88·2	29·648	12·5	NNW	·380	9·3
15	30·032	56·68	55·58	60·0	53·0	54·6	92·8	29·606	7·8	NWbW	·065	7·6
16	29·914	56·40	52·70	59·3	50·0	49·2	77·8	29·555	12·5	WNW	1·020	9·0
17	30·416	46·10	43·30	54·6	40·0	40·2	80·5	30·167	5·9	S		2·8
18	30·396	44·36	41·18	55·0	34·3	37·7	79·2	30·169	2·7	SbE	·260	0·9
19	30·214	50·38	46·26	60·8	45·0	42·0	73·6	29·947	4.6	WNW		1·0
20	30·078	55·28	50·26	62·4	46·8	45·6	71·4	29·771	4·7	NWbW		4·8
21	29·948	57·76	54·16	65·2	46·8	51·1	79·8	29·572	11·6	WNW		5.8
22	30·008	56·20	54·00	59·8	52·8	51·9	86·0	29·618	6·6	W	·060	9·8
23	30·070	53·76	50·14	58·2	46·8	46·6	77·6	29·751	10·7	SWbS		2·9
24	30·032	55·48	52·10	59·0	49·3	48·9	78·8	29·685	11·5	NW		7·8
25	30·269	52·28	48·50	57·9	46·4	44·6	76·0	29·967	10·0	SSW	·230	9·0
26	30·451	50·74	43·98	54·0	46·7	36·9	59·4	30.231	12·3	SbE		1·1
27	30·272	47·34	43·68	58·7	36·2	39·9	76·4	30·024	3·2	SW		1·5
28	30·134	53·10	50·06	61·0	44·0	47·2	82·0	29·807	5·8	SWbS		5·3
29	30·083	54·80	52·48	62·0	48·4	50·4	86·4	29·715	7·1	NWbN		3·6
30	30·087	54·62	52·70	62·0	48·2	50·8	87·2	29·715	6·8	NW	·432	9·2
Mean,	30·098	54·41	50·96	60·6	47·9	47·7	79·3	29·761	7·7	W	Sum 4·961	5·3

*dew.

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·085	30·122	30·086	30·075	30·112	30·513	29·720
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·768	29·784	29·734	29·725	29·778	30·268	29·298
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	50·45	53·45	59·37	56·06	53·07	69·0	36·0
,, Wet bulb.	,,	48·19	50·60	53·76	52·32	50·25	58·5	35·0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	85·1	82·1	69·7	77·6	82·2	99·	45·
Dew Point.	degrees	45·8	47·8	48·8	48·8	47·5	57·8	33·5

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

NOTE.—On the 18th the roof of the Observatory was covered with ice.



F. York, Pho.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PRINCE ALFRED AND THE HOUSE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Alfred Ernest Albert, Prince of Great Britain and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and Duke of Saxony, second son of the Queen, was born at Buckingham Palace on the 6th August, 1844, the day on which a French fleet, commanded by a seaman also of royal birth, the Prince de Joinville, bombarded Tangiers. It is not improbable that, to the circumstance of a "child of France" selecting for the scene of his career the field which England has been accustomed to deem her peculiar property, the navy is indebted for the choice made by Prince Alfred's royal parents, when a profession was to be selected for their son. Judging from the present aspect of affairs, there is little prospect of the French Prince ever being again placed in a position to realize the lofty aspirations he was known to cherish. The son of *our* Sovereign may look hopefully forward to a career of honourable, perhaps glorious service, unapprehensive of the stormy waves of revolution and anarchy which roll back from a throne based on constitutional liberty, and encompassed and guarded by the love of a free and loyal people.

Prince Alfred is not the first Prince of England who has paid her navy the high compliment of joining its ranks. The bigoted, but brave James II, when Duke of York, was Lord High Admiral of England, and distinguished himself in several general desperate engagements fought with the Dutch, then our most formidable rivals at sea. Edward Augustus, Duke of York, brother of George III, and who died young, in 1767, was a rear-admiral; and more lately did the Prince's grandunele, afterwards William IV, enter the navy, and become so good a seaman as to recognize the merits of Nelson (to whom he ever proved a friend) at a period when he was wholly unknown to fame. Prince William entered the service as a midshipman, and under strict orders from the King to be treated with no greater distinction than was accorded to his rank in the service. It

was this fact which elicited the memorable eulogistic speech of the Spanish Admiral Langara, on seeing the Prince touch his hat respectfully to his Admiral, and deliver a message: "Well may England merit the sovereignty of the seas, when the humblest ranks in her navy are filled by princes of the royal blood."

It is understood that Prince Alfred, while on board his vessel, is strictly subject, by Her Majesty's desire, to the regulations and discipline of the service; is exempted from none of its hardships and toils, and is placed, in fact, on the same footing with his fellow-midshipmen, over whom he enjoys no advantages, except in the respect and deference with which, despite all injunctions to the contrary, the public will persist in regarding the present royal family. Nor is it to be denied that the national pride, which, after all, leans rather more towards the navy than the army (if indeed the great volunteer movement has not produced a revulsion of sentiment) is gratified by seeing, amongst those "who guard our native seas," the young Prince, thus specially devoted to a service where he must, even of necessity, face dangers and terrors unknown to the landsman.

The Prince entered the navy about two years ago, as a cadet, had a long cruize in the Mediterranean, and, as his father said in a recent speech, with just paternal gratulation, has fairly earned the honourable position he now occupies, of MIDSHIPMAN IN HER MAJESTY'S NAVY. May he live to rise, and, if need be, *fight* his way to the post of Lord High Admiral! He is descended, both paternally and maternally, from a race which, whatever were their other demerits, knew not what it was to fear the battle-field.

Prince Alfred is rather small in stature for his age, but his countenance, very like that of his mother, and his demeanour, bespeak him "a prince—aye every inch." Well can we understand the feeling which prompted a gallant volunteer to say, in our hearing, the day the Prince entered Cape Town, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of welcoming thousands, "I should just wish to catch, at this moment, one disloyal rascal! I should!" And yet the true heart (who coupled to the above wish the announcement, in an emphatic undertone, that, in the event of such disloyal rascal showing his head, it would be incontinently then and there *punched* by the speaker) would, we warrant, notwithstanding his words, have been inwardly fretted to his midrif had one single speck of indifference tainted the joyous loyalty of the day. Need we say the wish remained ungratified; and the royal sailor passed amidst the throng, waving his tiny little

middy's cap with a grace and ease indicative of the high-born gentleman, while his beaming countenance betokened how strongly he reciprocated the feelings of the multitude who were invoking "blessings on his dear face," yea till the very Malay and Negro women held their little brown and black piccaninnies on high, bidding them gaze on the "mooi kleine Prins," and remember he was *their* Prince too!

On board ship is the place where individual characteristics are soonest detected. Jack will tell, with surprising accuracy, in a very few days, whether a new arrival is likely to turn out a smart officer and a good fellow, or the reverse. The Prince is vastly popular on board with the men; and, we may fairly conclude, is indebted to his own conduct, more than to his birth, for the favour he enjoys.

Prince Alfred bears, as yet, no English title, though commonly and erroneously supposed to be Duke of York. This title (first conferred upon Edmund of Langley, fifth son of Edward III) is now usually borne by the second son of the reigning monarch, upon whom it is conferred (provided of course it is not already held by another individual) by creation. The only one of the Sovereign's sons who is born to a title is the eldest, who inherits the titles of Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, and some Scotch honours. On the paternal side, however, Prince Alfred inherits the title of Duke of Saxony; and, under the articles of his parents' marriage settlement, is heir-presumptive to the title and domains of his uncle, the present reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is childless. As there is every probability of Prince Alfred succeeding to the ducal crown, some account of the country over which he will one day reign, and of the illustrious family he will represent, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

The united possessions of Saxe-Coburg Gotha form a surface of 759 square miles,—212 square miles for Coburg and 547 for Gotha. These states are rich in iron, manganese, coal, marble, slate, porcelain clay, and vast forests,—the famous Black Forest, the scene of many a wild legend, being included in their extent. They possess some manufactories of glass and hardware, and some foundries. The town of Coburg is noted for its porcelain; but the chief source of the prosperity of the country is its agriculture and timber. The articles mostly cultivated are grain, wood, flax, and aniseed. The population of Coburg is 44,467, and of Gotha 106,411, who live in nine principal and ten market towns and 429 villages. The national religion is Lutheran. There are about 2,000 Catholics, and 1,200 Jews.

The gross revenue is considerable for so small a state. That of Coburg, for the financial period of 1859–61, is estimated at £34,728, while the expenditure (including £5,581 interest on the national debt) is £34,342. The gross revenue of Gotha, for the financial period of 1859–61, is estimated at £83,478, and its expenditure (including £13,303 interest on debt) is £83,913.

A century ago, the military force kept up by the ducal family was large. It is now reduced to a single regiment, mustering 1,860 men, who are divided into two battalions. The state furnishes a contingent of 800 men to the Germanic Confederation.

The town of Coburg has a population of about 10,000 inhabitants, and boasts of several public buildings and institutions worthy of note, especially the library attached to the ducal palace, containing 26,000 volumes,

Gotha, situated on the river Lenia, is the principal town, with a population of about 13,000 inhabitants, and is reputed to be one of the handsomest cities in Germany. "The principal public buildings are the ducal palace of Friedenstein, which stands on the summit of a high hill, with a terrace like that of Windsor Castle, and is surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds. The upper cross of the western tower is 1,298 feet above the level of the sea. It contains the ducal library of 20,000 volumes, and the national library of 60,000 volumes, and 2,000 manuscripts, among which are fourteen folio volumes of St. Bernard's correspondence, and 500 Arabic manuscripts. Its collection of coins is one of the most celebrated in Europe, and comprises 10,000 ancient, and 52,000 modern coins; the gold coins alone are estimated at an intrinsic value of more than £4,000: a library of works on numismatics, of 6,000 volumes, among which are twenty folio volumes, containing 9,000 drawings of coins, by Jacopo de Strada; an Oriental Museum, the only one of the kind in Germany; a gallery of above 1,500 paintings, including some master-pieces by L. Cranach; and collections of antiquities, the fine arts, natural history, &c. Its archives contain 3,500 records."—(*Penny Cyclopædia.*)

A later authority (Hawkins' Germany) states that the public library amounted to 170,000 volumes.

The same writer remarks: "It may with truth be said that Gotha offers greater opportunities to the lover of science and the fine arts than many of the large and important capitals in Europe; and it adds much to the credit of those who are at the head of the numerous establishments, in this delightful retreat of the muses, that they are open to the

public at large, with a liberality worthy of imitation. Literature has always flourished at Gotha; some of the most celebrated German writers in our days are either natives of, or residents in this town." The well-known *Almanach de Gotha*, supposed to be the oldest and most widely-circulated publication of the kind, is printed at Gotha. An efficient observatory is built on the Seeberg Hill, near the town, and is distinguished by the astronomical observations of Baron de Zach.

The government of Saxe-Coburg Gotha is a constitutional monarchy, with representative institutions; and the government having, in the year 1846, not less wisely than justly, introduced extensive reforms, in accordance with the spirit and progress of the age, happily escaped the disturbances and revolutions which shook almost every other throne in Germany, in 1848.

The house of Saxony claims descent from WITTEKIND, the famous Saxon patriot, who, for thirty years, resisted the power of Charlemagne; and who, though compelled to submit at last, extorted favourable terms from this illustrious but somewhat remorseless conqueror. Descended from Wittekind was FREDERICK THE WARLIKE, Marquis of Thuringia, created Elector of Saxony by the Emperor Sigismund, from whom he, moreover, received *the important privilege of sealing with red wax*. He died in 1428, and was succeeded by Frederick the Gentle, who was involved in a war with his own brother William. In one of the contests between the forces of the brothers, an adherent of Frederick, celebrated for his skill as a marksman, proferred his services to "pick off" his chief's opponent. "Shoot whom you will," was the generous reply, "but don't harm my brother," a reply which is said to have affected William, when he heard of it, to tears. Duke Frederick proceeded on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and dying in 1464, his sons, Ernest and Albert, succeeded to his possessions.* The house of Saxony is now divided into two great lines or branches, known as the Ernestine and Albertine, after the founders, the two princes just named. To the Ernestine, and elder, branch justly belonged the dignity of Elector, a rank of which, with other powers and possessions, it was tyrannously deprived by the Emperor Charles V, in favour of the Albertine and younger branch, now represented by the King of Saxony. Prince Alfred is

* According to Shoberl (*History of the House of Saxony*), Ernest and Albert were sons of Frederick's brother, William. We have, however, followed Moreri's *Grand Dictionaire Historique*.

deseended from the Ernestine line. ERNEST, the founder of the line, Eleetor of Saxony, died in 1486, leaving two sons, who sueeessively sueeeeded him, Frederiek and John. FREDERICK, surnamed THE WISE, will ever be memorable in history as the patron and proteetor of Martin Luther. Frederiek's first act was a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, in company with the celebrated painter, Lucas Cranaeh. On his return to his dominions he founded the university of Wittemberg, which was installed in 1502, and to whieh Luther was appointed professor of philosophy, in 1508. In 1519, on the death of the Emperor Maximilian, the imperial crown was contested between his grandson Charles, of Spain, and Francis I, of Franee. The Eleetors, disliking both eandidates, unanimously offered the eoveted honour to Frederick the Wise, who deelined it; and using his influence in favour of Charles, secured the throne of the Cæsars to that monarch. Charles, sensible of the obligation, sent the Eleetor a present of 100,000 dueats, which were somewhat indignantly returned by the high-minded Prince. Frederiek died in 1525. It is not a little singular that this warm friend and determined proteetor, for sueh he was, of Luther, should have lived and died a Catholic.

JOHN THE CONSTANT, his successor, was the first of the family who embraced the doetrines of the Reformation. He must, however, have been a zealous Catholic at one time of his life, judging from his will, dated in 1516. It is drawn out in the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity, and the following saints, namely, the blessed Virgin Mary, the apostle St. James the Great, the three Kings of Cologne, St. Christopher, St. George, St. Jerome, St. Francis, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Apostle, St. Anthony, St. Sebastian, St. Florian, St. Sigismund, St. Boniface, St. Eustaee, St. Egidius, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Lawrenee, St. Hubert, St. Anna, St. Blaise, St. Barbara, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, St. Dorothea, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Appollonia, St. Alexis, St. Roehe, St. Job, St. Valten, St. Miehael, St. Andrew, St. Nieholas, St. Martin, St. Elizabeth, St. Stephen, St. Wolfgang, and finally—by way, apparently, of apologetie compliment—ALL SAINTS.

On the 19th of April, 1529, John the Constant, as the head of a body, consisting of the Marquis of Brandenburg, the Duke of Lunenburg, the Prinee of Anhalt, and the representatives of fourteen eities, delivered a solemn protest against the decree of the last Spires diet. His party and fellow-religionists were henceforward known as the PROTESTANTS.

In 1532, John the Constant was succeeded by JOHN FREDERICK THE MAGNANIMOUS, a zealous adherent of the reformed religion. His championship of the new faith soon drew upon him the ire of the orthodox and potent Charles V, who put him to the ban of the empire for the part he took in the treaty made at Schmalkald between the Protestant princes. In the war which followed, fortune at first smiled on John Frederick; but, ultimately and finally, deserted him at the battle of Mühlberg, on the 24th April, 1547, where he was completely defeated by the imperialists, under the command of his cousin, Maurice of Meissin, Duke of Saxony (representative of the Albertine line), wounded, and taken prisoner. Charles V, a prince wholly destitute of generosity, nominated a court-martial, composed of Spanish and Italian officers, his creatures, by whom the heretic Elector was tried, condemned, and adjudged to lose his head on a scaffold, to be erected on the field. John Frederick the Magnanimous was engaged in a game of chess with his fellow-captive Ernest, Duke of Lunenburg, when this iniquitous and unexpected sentence was communicated to him. He heard it without betraying emotion; and merely said he hoped the Emperor would treat him rather more mercifully, but if he was in earnest, he begged to be told so, that he might make some disposition respecting his wife and children. He then turned to his companion, saying, "Let us finish our game." The Elector of Brandenburg strenuously exerted himself on behalf of the condemned Elector, and succeeded in obtaining a remission of the sentence. The Emperor, however, dictated eight conditions for the acceptance of John Frederick, the principal of which was that "he should accede to the decisions of the Emperor and the Council of Trent, in regard of religion." To this condition the Elector firmly replied, "he was determined to adhere steadfastly to the confession delivered at Augsburg, by his father, himself, and other princes; and rather to lose his dignity, his territories, nay even his life, than suffer himself to be separated from the word of God."

This fortitude moved the Emperor, who erased the condition with his own hand. In other respects, he gratified his vengeance. By a capitulation, concluded on the 19th May, John Frederick was deprived of the electoral dignity, which the Emperor conferred on the unprincipled Maurice, who, however, surrendered Wiemar, with some other towns and districts, and agreed to pay a yearly sum of 50,000 guilders to the children of his predecessor. From this period, the Albertine line, now represented by the King of Saxony,

became vested with the electoral dignity, and the leading family of the house of Saxony.

The deposed Elector was conveyed to Augsburg, where, from the windows of his prison, he was malignantly permitted to view the ceremonies attending the investiture of Maurice with the dignities and possessions of which he had been deprived, and that, too, in the very city which gave its name to the confession of that faith for which he had perilled and lost all. But the strength of soul of John Frederick, truly surnamed the Magnanimous, was not shaken. "How Maurice's people," said he, "rejoice at my being deprived of the electorate! The Almighty grant that they may henceforth enjoy it so peaceably as to have no need of me or mine!"

He was then removed to Innspruck, where he was confined five years, during which period he formed the plan for the establishment of the university at Jena, which was afterwards completed by his sons. In 1552, John Frederick was permitted to retire to Wiemar, where he was received with every demonstration of joy and respect by his new subjects, and where he drew his last breath, on the 3rd March, 1553, in the fifty-first year of his age.

Many are the anecdotes related of John Frederick; his generosity, his strength, his wit. We have space for one of the last. During that age, it was usual for every prince to have a peculiar motto: that of John Frederick was *Verbum Domini manet in Æternum.* The initials of this sentence (V.D.M.I.AE.) were worn by himself and household on their sleeves. In the lifetime of his father, whilst John Frederick was attending a diet, as his representative, an archbishop observed to him, "These letters upon your clothes, and those of your servants, signify, I suppose, *Verbum Dei manet 'im ærmel'* (the word of God abideth *in the sleeve*), alluding to the lawn sleeves of his own order. "No," rejoined the Prince sharply; "they mean *Verbum 'diaboli' manet in 'archi-episcopis'* (the word of the devil abideth in archbishops)!

With the deposition of John Frederick sank the eminence of the Ernestine family, until revived in our times. Though stripped of his electoral domains, some not inconsiderable territories were secured to John Frederick and his family. Part of Thuringia, including Wiemar, Jena, and Eisenach, was allotted to them. The principality of Coburg, which had been alienated to the deposed Elector's half-brother, John Ernest, reverted to him on the death of the latter, in 1553. To these possessions were added, in the following year, Allenburg, Sachzenburg, Herbisleben, and Eisenberg.

John Frederick II, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, succeeded his magnanimous father. Like him, he incurred the hatred of the Emperor, and, like him, was unfortunate. He was placed under the ban of the empire, attacked and defeated by his cousin Augustus (Elector of Saxony), and taken prisoner. He was imprisoned in Styria, until his death, after twenty-eight years' imprisonment, in 1595. His possessions had been confiscated, but were returned to his children. He left two sons, John Casnimir (Duke of Saxe-Coburg), who died without issue, in 1633, and John Ernest (Duke of Saxe-Eisenach), who died also issueless, in 1634, when the family honours and possessions reverted to the family of John William, Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, third son of John Frederick the Magnanimous, who had been, in his younger days, a candidate for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, but rejected with other suitors. He died in 1573, leaving two sons, Frederick William (founder of the line of Altenburg, which became extinct in 1672) and John, Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, Geisner, and Gotha (the immediate ancestor of all the reigning houses of Saxony of the Ernestine line), who died in 1605, leaving eight sons surviving him, amongst whom he divided his possessions. The youngest, Bernard, was the greatest captain of the age; the friend of Gustavus Adolphus, whom he succeeded in the command of the Protestant army, after the death of that monarch in the battle of Lutzen, and the conqueror in thirty-three, out of thirty-four battles, which he fought. Bernard's eldest surviving brother continued the line of Saxe-Wiemar. His brother Ernest, surnamed the Pious, ninth son of John, Duke of Saxe-Wiemar, became the founder of the modern house of Saxe-Gotha, now represented by Prince Alfred's uncle, the reigning Duke.

Ernest, on his accession to the throne of Saxe-Gotha, found his dominions sadly wasted by the Thirty Years' War, and the morals and education of the people retrograding. His first care was to attend to the support of religion and the public schools. It was by his command that Seckendorf composed the History of Lutheranism. A story is told, as illustrative of Ernest's observant piety, that, in the course of a tour through his territories, he visited the minister's house in some small village, and examined the pastor's library. Observing that his Bible was covered with dust, he slipped a ducat between the pages, unseen by the divine. On the following year Ernest passed through the village, and again visited the pastor, whom he questioned respecting his biblical studies. The minister informed the Duke that it was his

practice to read the Bible through once in every four months, and that he daily spent some hours in studying it, with the aid of the best commentators. The Duke then took up the Bible, opened it, and discovered the ducat lying where he had placed it, to the no small confusion of the reverend hypocrite, to whom he stated what he had done.

Ernest lived to see the prosperity of his country and the education of his people advanced under his paternal sway. On his death, however, which took place in 1675, he committed the great political mistake of subdividing his territories between his sons, of whom he had seven, each the founder of a separate branch, named after their respective possessions. Ernest's sons were Frederick (Duke of Saxe-Gotha), Albert (Duke of Saxe-Coburg), Bernard (Duke of Saxe-Meinengen), Henry (Duke of Saxe-Romhild), Christian (Duke of Saxe-Eisenberg), Ernest (Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen), and JOHN ERNEST (Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld). The youngest son, John Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld, died in 1730, leaving his two sons, Christian Ernest and FRANCIS JOSIAS, who reigned jointly, till the death of Christian Ernest, in 1737, left his brother sole possessor of their state, to which, in 1735, the principality of Coburg had been added, on the extinction of the then reigning family, when the Dukes assumed the style of Dukes of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. Francis Josias, to prevent the evils attending the subdivision of a small state, established the law of primogeniture. On his death, in 1760, he was succeeded by ERNEST FREDERICK, who reigned till the year 1800, when his son, FRANCIS FREDERICK ANTHONY, ascended the throne. This Prince was a sufferer in the great French Revolution, which overwhelmed many a mightier potentate. His uncle, Frederick Josias, commonly called the Prince of Coburg, a distinguished and able soldier, commanded the allied armies in the Netherlands, and successfully opposed the French. Finding his plans and suggestions unsupported and disregarded, he resigned his command, in disgust, to the grief of the army, which, under his incapable successors, was destroyed by the enemy. His conduct drew down upon his family the vengeance of Napoleon; and after having been subjected to many straits and insults from this powerful and vindictive despot, the Duke, in the troubles of 1806, was compelled to retire to Saalfeld, accompanied by his youngest son Leopold, now King of the Belgians. His eldest son Ernest, Prince Alfred's grandfather, was nominally in the service of Russia, where he held a high military command (his house having become connected with the imperial family

by the marriage of Duke Francis' third daughter with the Grand Duke Constantine), but actually in active service at the Prussian head-quarters. Ferdinand, the second son, was a military officer in the service of Austria. The French proceeded to invest Saalfeld, and took the castle by storm,—a catastrophe which gave the death-blow to the Duke, who died in December following.

His eldest son, Ernest Anthony Charles Louis, succeeded to the empty title of Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, for Napoleon proclaimed him a public enemy, and seized on his possessions, which underwent the merciless plundering and contributions which always accompanied French occupation. The new Duke remained faithful to his alliance with Prussia, and was present in the disastrous battle of Auerstadt. At the peace of Tilsit, the Emperor of Russia made a determined stand for the Duke's rights; and Napoleon reluctantly consented to the house of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld being reinstated in its possessions. In 1806, by the death of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, Gotha fell, by virtue of a family contract, to the share of Duke Ernest, who, in 1826, assumed the title now borne by the family, of DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA, Saalfeld being transferred to Meiningen. In 1813, the Duke and his brothers distinguished themselves in the great patriotic movement, which combined nearly all Germany against the common invader, with such success; and their services were recognized, after the general peace of 1815, by an increase of territory, secured to them at the treaty of Vienna. Duke Ernest lived to see his family attain an eminence, and honourably secure a position, which have placed it on an equality with the most distinguished royal houses. In 1816, his younger brother Leopold was selected as the husband of the then heiress of the British throne, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, who is said to have been captivated by his manly beauty, and to whom she was married in 1817, a happy union, broken by her premature death the following year. But Leopold possessed more than mere personal graces; and, in 1830, was selected as the fittest person to fill the newly-established Belgian throne. His long, prudent, and prosperous reign is his best panegyric.

The second brother, Ferdinand, married, in 1816, Maria Antoinetta Gabriella, daughter and sole heiress of Prince Francis Joseph de Kohari, a Hungarian noble of ancient family, and immense territorial possessions. Ferdinand conformed to the Catholic faith, being one of the conditions of the marriage. He had three sons, of whom the eldest, Ferdinand Augustus Francis Anthony, born in 1816, married

Donna Maria da Gloria, reigning Queen of Portugal, and is the father of Dom Pedro V, present King of Portugal.

The Duke's sister, Maria Louisa Victoria, born in 1786, married, firstly, the Prince of Leinengen, and, secondly, Edward, Duke of Kent, by whom she became the mother of our own Sovereign, Queen Victoria.

In 1840, the Duke had the happiness of seeing his second son, Albert, honoured by the choice of his cousin, Queen Victoria, to whom he was united, on the 10th February, at Buckingham Palace. By the marriage treaty, it was stipulated that, in the event of the Prince's elder brother dying without heirs, the territories of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha should descend to Albert's *second* son. On the 6th August, 1844, this hoped-for second son was born, and received at the baptismal font the names of Alfred (after his ancestor, the most illustrious of British monarchs) Ernest (after his grandfather, the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) Albert (after his father).

The Duke, Prince Alfred's grandfather, died on the 24th January, 1844, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Ernest Augustus Charles John Leopold Alexander Edward, present Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, an accomplished artist, a skilful musician, a good linguist, and in high favour amongst the German people for his liberal sentiments. He may be considered, in fact, as the head of the liberal German party.

The house of Saxony, besides being connected, by family alliances, with most of the reigning dynasties, has furnished sovereigns to Saxony, Portugal, Belgium, and (we may add) Great Britain, for the Queen is half a Coburg, and her children represent that line. In addition to the states mentioned, the house of Saxony is in occupation of several smaller independent principalities, of which the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Wiemar and Duchies of Saxe-Meinengen and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha are the most important. A century and a half ago, our fathers trembled at the prospect of Europe being portioned out, like a family inheritance, between the Bourbon family. The position the French family attempted to attain by intrigue and force of arms, has been secured, naturally and peaceably, by the successors of the Thuringian Marquis. But how great, how profound, is the contrast between the two families; how different the position of the countries over which they sway. Constitutional government, representative rights, religious liberty, freedom of the press, literature, science, education,—all that elevate a people, socially and politically, have established their firm

PEDIGREE

OF

H.R.H. ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT,

DUKE OF SAXONY;

FROM

FREDERICK THE WARLIKE, ELECTOR OF SAXONY.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

Frederick *the Warlike*, Margrave of Thuringia and Elector of Saxony. ob. 1428.

Frederick II., *the Gentle*, Elector. ob. 1464. | Sigismund, Bishop of Wurtzburg. ob. 1457. | Henry, Margrave of Meissen. ob. s. p. 435. | William, Landgrave of Thuringia. ob. s. p. m. 1482. | Anne. | Catharine. ob. 1463.

Henry. ob. s. p. 1435. | Frederick. ob. s. p. 1451. | Ernest, Elector of Saxony, Founder of the Ernestine Line. ob. 1486. | Albert *the Courageous*, Duke of Meissen, Founder of the Albertine Line. ob. 1500. | Amelia. ob. 1502. | Ann. ob. 1512. | Hedwig. ob. 1512. | Margaret.

Frederick III., *the Wise*, Elector. ob. imp. 1525. | Albert, Archbishop of Mayence. ob. 1484. | Ernest, Archbishop of Magdeburg. ob. 151. | John *the Constant*, Elector. ob. 1532. | Christina. | Margaret.

George *the Rich*, Duke of Saxony. ob. 1539. | Henry *the Pious*. ob. 1541. | Frederick, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order. ob. s. p. 1510. | Catharine. ob. 1524.

John-Frederick *the Magnanimous*, Elector. ob. 1554. | John. ob. s. p. 1519. | John-Ernest, Duke of Cburg. ob. s. p. 1553. | Maria. ob. 1583. | Margaret. ob. 1537.

John. ob. s. p. 1535. | Frederick. ob. s. p. 1539. | Christina. ob. 1549. | Magdalena. ob. 1534.

Maurice, Elector of Saxony. ob. s. p. m. 1555. | Severin. ob. s. p. 1533. | Augustus, Elector of Saxony. ob. 1586. | Sidonia. ob. 1575. | Amelia. ob. 1591. | Sybilla.

Anna-Maria = William, Prince of Orange.

From whom is descended the reigning King of Saxony.

John-Frederick II., Duke of Saxe-Gotha. ob. 1595. | John-Ernest. ob. s. p. 1553. | John-William, Duke of Saxe-Weimar. ob. 1573. | John-Frederick III. ob. s. p. 1505.

John-Frederick. ob. 1560. | Frederick. ob. 1572. | John-Cassimer, Duke of Saxe-Gotha. ob. s. p 1633. | John-Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Eisenach. ob. s. p. 1638.

Frederick-William I, Duke of Saxe-Altenburg. ob. ⚓ 1602. | John, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Eisenach, and Gotha. ob. 1605. | Sybilla. ob. 1569. | Maria, Abbess of Quedlinburg. ob. 1610.

John-Ernest. ob. s. p. 1626. | Frederick. ob. s. p. 1622. | John. ob. s. p. 1604. | William, Duke of Saxe-Weimar. ob. ⚓ 1662. | Albert. ob. s. p. 1644. | John-Frederic. ob. s. p. 1628. | Ernest *the Pious*, Duke of Saxe-Gotha. ob. 1675. | Frederick-William. ob. s. p. 1619. | Bernard. ob. s. p. 1639.

Frederick I., Duke of Saxe-Gotha. ob. ⚓ 1691. | Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg. ob. s. p. 1699. | Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Meinengen. ob. ⚓ 1706. | Henry, Duke of Saxe-Romhild. ob. s. p. 1710. | Christian, Duke of Saxe-Eisenberg. ob. s. p. m. 1707. | Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen. ob. ⚓ 1715. | John-Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld. ob. 1729.

Christina-Sophia. ob. 1697. | Christian-Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Saalfeld. ob. 1757 s. p. | William-Frederick. | Charles-Ernest. | Francis-Josias, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. ob. 1764. | Sophia-Wilhelmina. | Henrietta-Albertina. ob. 1695. | Louisa-Amelia. ob. 1713. | Charlotte. ob. 1696. | Henrietta-Albertina.

Ernest-Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. ob. 1800. | Christian. | Adolphus. | Frederick-Josias.

Francis-Frederick-Anthony, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. ob. 1806.

Sophia-Frederica. | Antoinetta-Christina. | Juliana-Henrietta = Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia. | Ernest-Anthony-Charles-Louis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld. ob. 1844. | Emich-Charles, Prince of Leinengen *(first husband)* = Maria-Louisa-Victoria = *(second husband)* Edward, Duke of Kent. ob. 1820. | Leopold, King of the Belgians. ⚓ | Ferdinand-George-Augustus.

Ernest II., Reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. | Albert-Francis-Augustus-Charles-Emanuel, Prince Consort.

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain.

Alfred-Ernest-Albert. nat. 6th August, 1844.

Ferdinand-Augustus = Donna Maria II., Queen of Portugal.

Dom Pedro V., King of Portugal.

ARMS OF SAXONY.

Barry of eight or and sable; a bend archy coronetty vert. (The bend was added by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa.)

hold, or are making their vivifying influences felt amidst the peoples over whom the princes of the house of Saxony reign. Contrast this picture with that presented by the countries which the bigoted, imbecile, debased Bourbons treat, literally, as private possessions which they may misuse at pleasure. Contemplate the descendants of Louis XIV (be it the unhonoured woman of the Escurial; the cowardly scoundrel who delivered over to massacre, by fire and bombardment, the helpless men, women, and children of Palermo; the mad despot, whose tyrannous freaks were the terror of Parma; or the feeble priest-led driveller who claims the crown of France, the doubtful descendant of the Capets)! Is this owing to chance? or, Is it that the family whose history we have briefly outlined, having themselves suffered persecution and reverses, have learned to sympathize with the common mass of humanity? or, Is the house of Saxony fortunate in a race of sagacious men who, having been elevated to kingly rank and power in the decadence of the age which maintained the divine right of kings to do wrong, become aware that the strongest hold on a people is the possession of its affection and respect? Be the reasons what they may; if a model republic, such as is dreamed of by enthusiastic sages (though God save us from Utopia)—*not* the model republic on the other side of the Atlantic—be the best form of government, assuredly, the next best is that of a constitutional state of free men governed by a descendent of WITTEKIND THE SAXON.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

THE BALLS.

IT seems that everything of interest regarding the Prince's visit has been written threadbare, saving the balls; and as most people, particularly the young, will remember them more vividly than anything else, somebody's ideas on the subject may not be amiss. They have been sufficiently talked over, I am aware, by the jaded *belles* who survived the third night at Government-house. Everyone knows what a knot of girls collect over the lunch-table at every house, after a ball, for the very purpose of "talking it over:" so I can only describe things as they appeared to my eye.

We will, if you please, arrive punctually at Government-house, in order to see the living stream flow through its doors. Having made our bow, we are at liberty to look

about us, and tak' notes. I had not previously seen the Prince, so could only conjecture that the small delicate-looking midshipman, standing behind a chair, was the son of the mightiest Sovereign upon earth. The Governor approaches, speaks a few words, and then presents some of the guests to the Prince. Now that he is nearer, one can perceive how much more he is than the gentlemanly middy. Surely, no boy of his age ever spoke so winningly, bowed so gracefully, or showed such exquisite tact before; but then, as somebody quaintly remarked, "he has been brought up in good society." He is a Prince among princes, worthy to be named after our own "Alfred, King of the Saxons." The ball is opened by the Prince and Mrs. Wynyard, and then dancing begins in earnest. People have not become accustomed to see him yet; heads and necks strain in a painful manner in the endeavour to catch a glimpse of him over a sea of people, each striving for the best view. How many hearts beat with expectation as he was seen quietly threading his way with his aide-de-camp, in search of some particular young lady! What heart-burning and misery ensued! You heard a disappointed *belle* ask fiercely,

"Have you danced with him?"

Those who had been so honoured answered meekly enough; they could afford to do so.

"Who is it now? who is it?" was eagerly asked by dozens of voices, as each dance began. His wretched partner was the special object of the multitude's aversion; her antecedents were all remembered with awful minuteness, her pedigree raked up, and all the unlucky alliances therein, for centuries, blazoned forth.

"Auch now," said a *ci-devant belle* (of the year one), with a toss of the head, which deranged the contour of her wig, "think of dancing with *her!* A very nice partner for the Prince that is; why, her mother was so and so's daughter."

"No! you don't mean to tell me that?" said another.

"Now *my* daughter," said the first speaker, "has a much better right to dance with him than she has."

"To be sure she has, and so has mine," said the second speaker; "now look at so and so how stuck up she looks since she danced with the Prince."

Who would be his aide-de-camp? to bear all the maladettos that are heaped on his unhappy head. He was nearly torn to pieces by the panting, aspiring multitude; and, I doubt not, has gained many an evil word wholly unmerited by him.

One would think that pretty modest girl might escape universal censure; but the crowd are merciless, and find

something amiss in each of his Royal Highness' partners. Perhaps, if her pedigree passes muster, her dress is pulled to pieces, and the colour of her eyes squabbled over. She either talks too much to her royal partner, or she never addresses him at all; in either case she is much to blame, so they say. At first, a little astonishment was expressed respecting the number of polkas played. Several aristocratic noses were turned up; but when it became understood that the discarded polka was the Prince's favourite dance, it is astonishing what a revulsion of feeling in its favour took place immediately. Notwithstanding all that the busy tongue of envy said, his Royal Highness' partners were some of the prettiest, most graceful girls of which South Africa can boast. How bright their eyes, how glad their smile, as they quietly floated round the room; and his dancing is so beautiful, that a stranger, not knowing who he was, would be struck by its marvellous grace.

It is pleasant to turn from disappointed chaperones to the good, kind souls who were either not encompassed with dancing daughters, or, if they were, did not allow themselves to be soured therewith. I saw many such gazing at our sailor boy, till their eyes filled with tears, and they murmured, unconsciously, at times, "Lief kindt; mooi kindt." It is strange how many hearts the sight of that little face has moved to tears. The feeling is hard to comprehend at first, but I can enter into it entirely. It is a feeling of love and compassion towards the royal, beautiful, friendly boy; compassion comes with the thought of how many cares will and must be his in the time to come,—violent party factions, domestic sorrows, troubles without number, all must cross his track some day. It is the shadow which sits ever upon his face that stirs this feeling within us,—not the shade of present care, but a sort of forerunner of sorrow which comes to all upon earth in their turn, and especially nestles in the ermine of a prince's crown. At first our hearts opened to receive him for his *mother's* sake; now he sits enthroned in their inmost recesses for his own.

Passing round the rooms, did you ever see such a motley assemblage. There, certainly, is one of the "young men" who lately supplied you with the necessaries of life, disporting himself in a rifle corps uniform. "Who, in the world, are those funny people?" I hear whispered. Nobody knows; but one beholds faces which one has a dim recollection of having seen years ago. The aged, the decrepid, the misanthropic—all the queer people of the great city—have come forth to see the Prince. Pretty girls appear, Cinderella-like, on the stage for "one night only," and then

subside, and are no more seen. Those antediluvians who come again into busy life, as from the dead, bring up with them, from their living graves, dresses and head-pieces which would have frightened our grandmothers; wonderful platters of hair on the crown of the head; and huge velvet bows, sticking out at right angles, just where they ought not to be. There were some folks who had never been to a ball in their lives before, having piously regarded such frivolities in the light of traps set for the unwary by the arch-enemy himself. However the Prince having fallen into the grisly snare, no loyal people could do otherwise than follow *such* a leader. How tireless he is; never once has he sat down. For a moment or two he stands still, coughs with a sound which gives pain to all who hear it, and then quietly goes off again in his matchless, easy, graceful way. I suppose our young men allow themselves to be carried away by the "spirit of the ball," else one is at a loss to know why they should so frequently knock against the royal midshipman. It is not seemly or respectful, and it is clear *he* feels it, else why does he invariably stop when he receives a rough knock? I think a space ought to be preserved for him; and, not to be too exclusive, let three or four couples dance there too, then he would enjoy himself much more, and I am sure that his pleasure is the only end and aim we have in view.

About the ladies' dresses—I trust I am not expected to give details and descriptions; but I thought, judging them *en masse*, that everybody looked exceedingly well. Everybody seemed to have a new toilette complete, and not the first night only, but on the three nights which followed. It is not often that England's great nobility is so well represented at a Cape ball. There goes the Most Noble the Marquis of Queensberry. "Where? where?" is asked. One pictures a tall, grave, stately personage, in star and garter, supporting the weight of such sounding titles. We collapse entirely on being told *that* is his lordship—the bright, handsome, blythe middy—dancing so unweariedly. So we are not surprised to hear that a son of the ducal house of Buccleugh is that quiet, gentlemanly-looking young naval lieutenant, with the hard-won "India" ribbon among his array of medals. Rank and beauty has been our theme, shall valour be passed over while the small, plain, bronze cross is seen hiding its wonderful merit, modestly as does the violet among its leaves? The commander of the *Forte* may well feel proud of his Victoria-cross.

Notwithstanding the blaze of royalty and rank, there are many who miss kindly faces we have been wont to see at

our balls for these three years. I allude to Rear-Admiral the Hon. Sir Frederick and Lady Grey, and all the gallant officers of the *Boscawen;* we may possibly find their like again in our journeys through the wide world, but their superiors *never*. How heartily we wish them prosperity and every earthly happiness. I wish they could know how often I heard their names mentioned, and how many wishes were uttered that they were here.

It is past twelve o'clock. The good Governor moves quietly to the end of the room, speaking a kind and friendly word to all as he passes. He thinks it time for the Prince to retire, seeing he has two more such nights before him. Sir George's eyes follow every movement of his charge with an expression of deep affection. Who can fail to love him?

It is hard, nay impossible, to calculate the amount of good this visit has done. There is not a voice in South Africa that will hereafter be silent when his praises are sung. Men before wavering in their allegiance between the old burgher faction and loyalty to our Sovereign, will now join the shout "God save the Queen and her sailor boy" with "heart and voice." For ourselves, who are English to the backbone, how much more heartily the prayer goes forth from our lips, "that it may please God to bless the Queen and all the royal family," now that we have heard his low soft voice, and seen his calm sweet eye bent on us all. How like he is to his mother! That wonderful resemblance in voice and feature is another passport to our favour.

Two more such nights as the one I have attempted to describe; a merciful lull of three days; and then the General's ball the night before the Prince's embarkation, and we have finished up the gaieties for a time. The Prince's entrance into the Castle-square, by electric and torchlight, was striking and beautiful. The faces and arms of the guard drawn up gleamed a dull red colour by the flaring light; but the effect was much deadened by the glorious moon shining with enhanced splendour after her eclipse.

The highest compliment which can be paid to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor's hospitality is the fact that His Royal Highness quitted the bright scene most unwillingly, although very much fatigued; but all things, even our happiest days, and they the sooner, come to an end, and we lingeringly look our last for a while upon the royal guest whom a spirit of the wisest policy has sent among us.

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANS.

AN ALLEGORICAL ODE.

On his cerulean throne
Reclines the Ocean god,
He whose trident's sway alone
(By the muse, when Greece was young,
In triumphant pæans sung)
The rolling waters own ;
For at his nod
He lulls the deep
To an infant's sleep,
Or bids the stormy billows sweep.

From the Orient of the skies
See the blushing dawn arise,
Whilst along his wide domain
Gentle zephyrs only reign.
Lo, Aurora mounts her car
At the waning of each star ;
And with rosy hands impearl'd
In soft dew awakes the world.

Such the morn, as o'er the tides,
Deck'd with smiles, great Neptune glides,
Pleased as when unto his arms,
All-enamoured by her charms,
The dolphin lur'd the lovely Amphitrite;
When around the heaven-born maid
Nymphs and Nereïds, bright and fair,
In rejoicing gambols played.—
Twining harp-strings of their hair,
Tun'd to some harmonious air;
Whilst young tritons haply bounded,
And their conchs in chorus sounded,
Hailing the festal hour with wild delight,
Shown in merry feats and graces,
Sporting o'er the shining sea
Plashed into each other's faces
With sweet childhood's playful glee.

As thus he glanc'd
Around, entranc'd,
A Naïad springs,
With dripping wings,
From the calm ocean's breast,
Who to his car advanc'd,
And in numbers, sweetly clear
To the monarch's listful ear,
This song address'd:

"I have come, o'er the foam,
From Freedom's home,
The brightest of earth's dominions,
From her who has been
Thy ocean-queen,
Britannia by name,
Renown'd in fame;

And I bear, on my halcyon pinions,
A message, whose proud exulting strain
Shall revive, great Neptune, thy pride again.

"Oh! bright is the story
Of all her glory
Throughout the years that are past,
Where, mid strife and storm,
Her stately form
Has withstood both battle and blast.
No elements' rave,
No art to enslave
Have blench'd her haughty crest,
For she triumphs still
O'er each foeman's skill
As the bravest and the best;
And now to prove
Her ocean-love
Has offered thee this bequest.

"Of the Royal line, an heir
To thine all-engrossing care
'Tis her fond wish to entrust;
'Neath thy training hand matur'd,
And midst danger's toils endur'd,
To true glory nurs'd.
Here, should Justice prompt the deed;
There, a nation to be freed;
Armaments of war, to lead
O'er thy stormy wave;
Foremost, amid fire and steel,
Battling for his country's weal,
Most nobly brave
Yet merciful to save!"

Radiant now with glowing smiles
The god uprais'd
His look, and gaz'd
With joy upon the herald of the Isles.
Glorious memories seemed to rise,
Beaming in his sparkling eyes,
For the message brought
Had rous'd in thought,
The heroes of Albion's clime;
As he lov'd the land,
And turn'd to expand
On the deeds by their valour wrought,
Still dear to the ear of Time.
Victors, mighty in her service,—
Rodney, Duncan, Howe, and Jervis;
But, more than all,
Delighting to recall
Nelson's illustrious name,—
How in Aboukir's bay,
Where the hostile navies lay,
With thunderbolts of flame
(As Jove's eagle on its prey)
He flew and gained immortal fame.

Still more loftily the god,
With proud display,
Wav'd on high his trident-rod,
In ecstatic mood,
Hailing Trafalgar's day,
When old England's hero-son
Victory's great triumph won,
Yet purchas'd with his blood.

As a passing cloud the while
Dims the sunbeam of its smile,
The monarch's features told
How dear those memories of old;
But the gloomy thought,
Its own balm brought,
When he dwelt on those heroes bold;
And to Britain's offspring freely gave
The power alone to rule the wave!

With ardour fir'd
And love inspir'd
At the prized bequest desir'd,
Nymphs and Nereïds fair around
Were summon'd at a triton's sound.
From their homes in grots and bowers,
All adorn'd with coral flowers,
Red and white—bright pearly shells—
And sweet blooming asphodels
That, beneath the azure deep,—
Deck the graves where seamen sleep,
From all parts of ocean's waters,
Like her, loveliest of its daughters,
Cytherea's beauteous queen,—
All are called to grace the scene,
For a jubilee
On the shining sea
Great Neptune's will ordain'd should be.

Swiftly as the wings of light
Span the glorious firmament
To mighty Jove,
Enthron'd above,
A messenger was sent,
The gods celestial to invite,
And honour the adoptive rite.
Round Olympus, with one voice,
The heavenly deities rejoice,
Till their plaudits, far and wide,
Reach Parnassus' flowery side,
Where, upon that sacred hill,
Seated by Castalia's rill,
Fam'd Apollo and the Nine
Hark'ning to the echoes,—hushed
Awhile their melody divine,
With listful pause
Half wondering, till the cause
Was known to fair Aonia's throng,

When from their voices gush'd
So ravishing a song,
That loftier tones could not inspire
The heavenly music of Amphion's lyre.

Lo! the hills and vales around
Echo back th' enchanting sound.
'Tis immortal Jove commands
Homage due at Neptune's hands;
Summons Bacchus to entwine
Garlands of the purple vine;
Orpheus, with his magic lyre,
Strains heroic to respire;
Venus, smiling midst the Loves,
In her chariot drawn by doves;
And young Hebè, with her cup
Of rich nectar brimming up,—
That each god and goddess fair
In the joyful rite may share,
And Britannia's spirit be
Enchanted with the revelry.

STROPHE.

Hail! to the glorious sight
Around thy cliffs so white,
By the side of thy azure waters,
Oh, festal Isle,
Behold thy sons and daughters
With song and smile!
They have come with the morning star,
With light in its pearly car.
See, the festive pageant pours
Along the illumined shores,
For the joy-encircling scene
Is to honour Ocean's Queen!

ANTISTROPHE.

Awake, awake, she nears!
Hark to the echoing cheers!
Mark, through the bright air flashing,
Britannia's crest,—
A thousand prows are dashing
With banners dress'd.
As Cynthia in her splendour glides,
When sailing o'er the willing tides,
And a star beside her beams,—
Such the Sovereign lady seems,
With that boy of noble mien—
Scion of the Ocean Queen! *

* At the great naval review by Her Majesty at Spithead, His Royal Highness Prince Alfred appeared in a midshipman's dress, thereby indicating his royal mother's intention of bringing him up to the naval service of his country.

CHORUS.

The fairest gift of earth,
The boy of Royal birth;
At those fleets so proudly floating
His ardour fires;
To their cause, his life devoting,
Bright hope inspires.
Hark, from the sea-girt cliffs around
A million loyal shouts resound!
'Tis pride from a nation's lips—
In their Queen, her tars, and ships—
And the promise bright begun
In VICTORIA'S Sailor Son! G. L.

CAPE ANNALS.—VAN RIEBEEK'S JOURNAL.

EVERY settlement of European origin—we mean every settlement of note, and some of no note at all—every settlement, we say, has had its historian, with *one* exception. The United States, chief and greatest of colonies, has produced, as might have been expected, a host of eminent writers who have recorded the history of their native continent; some with an ability which has placed them high in the list of literary fame. The West Indian Isles (from Cuba, the magnificent, to Nevis, the insignificant) possess their chroniclers. British America, Australia, New Zealand, the Canary islands, have their annalists. Even St. Helena, that speck with nothing, as one would suppose, to record save its expensive necessaries of life, its beautiful water, and the rifled tomb of the great disturber of the world, boasts of its two biographers. Anthropophagous Sumatra, Java, Ceylon (mere factories), the Dutch and Portuguese colonies, live in the pages of their historians. Nay three centuries ago, in the very infancy of printing, Mexico, newly-discovered, freshly-conquered Mexico, was prolific in historians, who, with equal pride, recorded the valorous deeds of the Conquistadores, or the golden glories of those occidental Moguls—those red-skinned Prester-Johns—the imperial Montezuma and his magnificent apocryphal predecessors; feather-clad magnates, rejoicing in names all x's and tl's,—sovereign and historian alike, familiar to sight alone, like Southey's Russian admiral:

> "A terrible man, with a terrible name,
> A name which you all know by sight very well,
> But which no one can speak, and no one can spell,"—

that of Fernando Pimental Ixtlilxochitle, for example,

which we know by sight very well indeed, but never attempt to utter. To return: every colony, as we have said, has produced its historian, one only excepted. This ignominous distinction pertains, we regret to say it, to the Cape of Good Hope.

We claim to be a progressive colony and an advancing people. We have a free representative government; we have introduced railways, steam, gas, the electric telegraph; we are proud of our great public library; we possess a free press and periodical literature; we have builded towns, where, within the memory of man, the savage hamlet stood; we plough and reap where, but the other day, the wild beasts roamed;—and we have not produced a single writer willing or qualified to snatch from oblivion, ere it be too late, the traditions of the past, the doings of our predecessors, or to transmit to posterity a record of the stirring events of our own times. The zoology of the Cape, for its variety the grandest in the world, has been partially illustrated in the expensive works of Le Vaillant and Andrew Smith. And we possess a world of travellers. But the history of the colony itself, the details of its settlement, the narrative of its struggles, its difficultics, its successes, is a book yet to be written. It cannot, however, be denied that difficulties present themselves to the collector's search for materials for a history of the Cape. Such materials do not as yet exist in print.

The colonial annals consist of a mass of unassorted, unpublished manuscripts, kept in a dirty, dark room, without facilities of reference, and exposed to the danger of destruction by fire at any moment.

The reserve and jealousy of the old Dutch colonial government prevented all access to their archives; the neglect and indifference of the powers that be are quite as discouraging. The present government has not deemed it worth while to imitate the practice of more enlightened countries,—to select for publication such parts of the public records as will serve to explain portions of our history or illustrate past times. We have no wealthy liberal scholars, as in England, or historical societies, as in Boston and New York, to hunt up, edit, and publish, precious historical manuscripts. So we remain in utter darkness respecting the colonial past, except where a dubious glimmer is shed on native affairs by the partial extracts published, *for party purposes*, by Moodie. And yet that abovementioned dirty, dingy room, contains some precious records. Amongst them is the greatest historical treasure a people can possess,—an authentic contemporaneous history of the first settlement of the country, written by the founder of the settlement himself.

Such a treasure exists, in the shape of the original journal of Johann Anthony van Riebeek, in two folio manuscript volumes. To the everlasting disgrace of those who had the charge of it, this invaluable manuscript has been shamefully misused and mutilated. Some years ago, two gentlemen, who took an interest in the records of the land of their birth, and had heard that this journal was supposed to exist "somewhere" in Cape Town, contemplated its publication, and procured access to it. In a room ankle-deep in red dust, and festooned with cobwebs, with masses of dispatches, reports and other documents of the utmost interest lying scattered underfoot, or promiscuously *trampled* and *crunched* into sacks and gunny bags, amidst volumes of the proceedings of the Governor in Council sprawling open on the shelves for the convenience of vermin, or tossed together like a basket of broken brickbats, they found the venerable tomes. *The first pages of the first volume were missing*, and, if we recollect rightly, so were several pages towards the end.* This presented one obstacle to a translation; the next was the unexpected extent of the work, which would involve an expense beyond the means available.

The idea of a translation from the original manuscript was reluctantly abandoned; but a portion of the journal, which had been published in *De Zuid Afrikaan Tydschrift*, commencing with the arrival of the *Patriarch*, was rendered into English, assimilated as far as could be done without affectation to the quaintness and spirit of the original.

This specimen is now published in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, for the purpose of attracting public attention to the subject. We venture to hope that a perfect copy of Van Riebeek's journal exists in the records of the Dutch East India Company, and that the King of Holland will, if applied to, permit a complete copy to be taken for the colonial archives. We further venture to hope that this manuscript may be edited by some competent person, and published under the auspices of Government, both in Dutch and English. The Cape Parliament, which has so liberally contributed to the *Flora Capensis* and Captain Speke's

* It is right to mention that, on the Government having been remonstrated with on the shameful state in which the old records were kept, a sum of £50 was allowed, for the purpose of collecting and binding these papers in volumes. To the zeal of Mr. Justice Watermeyer the colony is indebted for this work being properly executed. Under his superintendence, the papers have not only been systematically assorted; but each volume has been supplied with an index, compiled by the judge, without which, reference for particular documents would have been often a hopeless task.

expedition to the Nile, will surely not grudge a like sum for the publication of the interesting and valuable volumes for which we plead, and which are invested with interest to every colonist from whichever race he be descended.

VAN RIEBEEK'S JOURNAL.

1652. 6th April.—Calm weather, with little and variable wind, and as we could make but little way through these chopping breezes, and were pretty close under the shore, sent the boat with the purser, Adam Hulster, and the second mate, Arend van Steeveren, to the tail* of the lion mountain, with orders to go and inspect round the corner of the same, [and ascertain] what and how many ships might be lying in the roadstead in Table Bay, which could easily be done without those in the boat showing themselves to such vessels as might be already there, so that we, according to the information received, might in the meanwhile make preparations against them (the vessels) for defence or offence.†

About two hours before evening they returned on board, and reported that no ships were lying there, so we moved onwards; and, praise be to God, notwithstanding the said calm, by the help of a fine south wind (which we got at last) we and the yacht the *Goede Hoop* came to anchor safe and sound just after sunset, in Table Bay, opposite the fresh River,‡ in five fathoms, with sandy bottom,—Captain Jan Hoogzaat, with the *Reijger*, which had stood out to sea, still remaining outside.

Gave orders this same evening to our captain, David de Konink, to go ashore very early in the morning with one of the boats, and six armed soldiers, besides the rowers, in order to search whether there were no letters buried by any

* The "Staart" (or lion's *tail*) of the Dutch is better known to English voyagers as the Lion's *Rump*, and is the present signal-station.

† England and Holland were at war at this period.

‡ De Versche Rivier, so named in contradistinction to the Zout or Salt River (the only streams of which Table Bay can boast), is the rivulet which flows from Table Mountain, famous, from an early period, for the excellence of its waters. Terry, chaplain to Sir Thomas Rowe, ambassador from Elizabeth to the Great Mogul, who touched at Table Bay in 1615, lauds the "most delectable brooke of pure good water arising hard by out of a mightie hill, called, from its form, the Table." From ancient plans and views of Cape Town, the stream, it would appear, flowed into the sea a little above the Castle, where the South wharf now stands. The "Fresh River" of the old voyagers has long since shrunk into the Platteklip stream, dammed in reservoirs, and forced through pipes for the comfort of man; but its waters continue bright and "delectable" as in the days of the reverend traveller.

of the ships that had touched here and left again;* and at the same time to bring off something in the way of vegetables, for refreshment, as it is now upwards of four and a half months that we have been at sea without making any place of refreshment, whereby our people are already sore worn away. Commanded them also to take the nets with them, so as to make a hasty cast or two, with one of them, for a fresh mess of fish.

Sunday, 7th April.—In the morning, a lightish wind from the north-west, but for the rest of the day mainly west-south-west. The captain, Konink, went on shore with the boat, for the purpose before mentioned. Just after daybreak, we saw the *Reijger* to seawards, entering the bay, where, God be praised, she came to anchor all safe, alongside us, at about eight o'clock in the forenoon. Soon after, the captain, Konink, returned with the boat, having caught a passable haul of fish, and bringing with him a small box of letters of the 25th February, addressed by the Hon. Jan van Teylingen, commander of the return fleet (which had last left), two to the Governor-General and Council of India,† and one to the captains of the ships *Prins Willem, Vogelstruis, Vrede, Orange, Salmander, Koning David, Lastdrager,* and *Breda,* expected here about that time (yet which, so far as we could learn and perceive, had not touched here, but apparently shot by, and sailed on to St. Helena),—the said commander having succeeded in getting only one cow and one sheep, departed from this roadstead, after lying there eleven days, in company with the ships *Diamant, N. Rotterdam,* and *Henrietta Louisa.*

Having discovered, from the dispatch addressed by the said Commander van Teylingen to the captains of the aforementioned ships, that they had on board certain horses for the use of the people now here, intended to be employed for the building of the fort about to be erected, with instructions to put the same on shore, notwithstanding our absence, and give them over into the hands of the Ottentoo‡

* A common practice with the old navigators. The place where the letters were buried was often indicated by a stone, inscribed with the name of the vessel and her commander, and the date of her arrival. Several of these interesting relics of the early nautical post-office have been discovered in Cape Town, and are still preserved.

† More correctly, of the *East Indies,*—the territorial possessions of the Dutch in India Proper having ever been restricted to the occupancy of a few ports and factories chiefly on the seaboard.

‡ "Ottentoo," *i.e.,* Hottentot.

who speaks English.* We conjectured that he (van Teylingen) had held some conference with that native, and might thus have learned from him, and written to the Honourable the Governor-General and Council of the Indies, somewhat by way of information to the honourable Company, which might be of service to us in our affairs. We judged it good to open the dispatches—not those specially addressed to the Governor-General alone, or to any one privately—but those only addressed to his Excellency and his council generally, in order, after having taken a perusal for our instruction, to close them again, and send them on by the first opportunity, copies of the contents of which letters are as follows:

Copy of dispatch written by the Hon. van Teylingen to the Hon. Carel Reyniersz,† Governor-General, and the Honourable Council of India.

Honourable, grave, right-wise, provident, and very discreet sirs!—My latest letters to your honours were per the yacht *Leeuwrik* by the hands of Captain Dirk Vogel, dated the 26th of the last month of the past year, after which, in the first place, in the beginning of January, *adstandi*, we were forced beyond the Straits,‡ by contrary winds, into the open sea, since which time, however, we had a steady fair wind, and good fortune. We put in here on the 15th of this month, and came to anchor (the good God be heartily thanked therefor) in the roadstead in Table Bay, at Cabo de Boa Esperance. The ships *N. Rotterdam* and *Henrietta Louisa* arrived here two days before us; but we discovered neither ship nor pinnace from fatherland, and much less a fort on the shore. Wherefore, having also been supplied with only one cow and one sheep by the savages, and perceiving no appearance (from the unwillingness of these unreasonable people) of being able to obtain any cattle or other fresh provisions, albeit cows in abundance have been seen by our people while a-boating, we, with the rest, have deemed it good, and have determined to quit with our ships to-morrow, and push on the voyage from hence, in the name of the All-Highest, to St. Helena, where we will remain, and wait for the other ships, if perchance they shall not have already appeared in port there before us, which we incline to believe, inasmuch as it blew fiercely for several days following, while we have been laying here, and for that reason they would very likely have passed the Cape, and pressed on to the aforesaid island; but time will show.

Up to this date, we, namely on board the *Diamant*, have lost only one man from sickness during the voyage; but three men have died on board the *Rotterdam*, and four in the *Henrietta Louisa*. God grant that it may stop there. Captain Aart Pleunen complains grievously of his chirurgeons, who are indeed, of a truth, both boyish and inexperienced younkers, as is evident enough from the cures performed, which have

* "It would appear from this circumstance," as the editor of the *Tydschrift* observes, vol. i, p. 107, "that the English either visited the Cape oftener, or remained here longer, than the Dutch."

† Governor-General of the Dutch possessions in the East Indies from 1650 to 1653.

‡ Of Sunda.

been such that no less than twelve persons are lying on board the *Henrietta Louisa* in a most wretched state, as well with inflamed feet as with other ailments, some of whom (unless precautious be taken in time) run great peril of losing their limbs—yea life itself—for the prevention of which we have deemed it good to let our under-barber (who is a highly-experienced and well-conducted young man) go over to the *Henrietta Louisa*, to which end I have given him the title of upper chirurgeon, trusting that the same will not be taken amiss.*

The said captain has also informed us he found the abovementioned vessel inordinately crank, yea so much so that he could not make sail as he should have done; moreover, that a quantity of pepper was pumped up, wherefore it became necessary to take out one of the pumps and to station a man continually in the well, until at last (after sundry bales of cinnamon, and about forty to fifty bags of pepper had been taken out from abaft the orlop deck, and brought above) they discovered that the seams were entirely open, with holes in several places, where one might thrust a whole fist through, which is indeed a lamentable affair, for which no one else is to be blamed save those who, having the supervision of the common carpenters, do not allow them time sufficient for suitably fitting up and caulking the ships. How it fares with the *Vrede* is only known to the Almighty. Her state was alway such, while we were yet in the Strait, that her captain declared they pumped from eight to nine hundred pounds of pepper every glass,† whence we are in the utmost apprehension that the commander of the *Vrede*, when she joins us, will have still further hardships to tell of, which God grant may fall out contrary to my expectation.

Intelligence has just arrived that a vessel was seen, yesterday, off Robben Island; but, not having made her out up to the present moment, we will remain until to-morrow evening, and then, if she come not in sight, weigh anchor, and get under sail.

On the 4th of last month, towards evening, we discovered our kitchen‡ was on fire, whereupon we immediately set the carpenters to work, and opened small holes as well within as without the kitchen, in order to look between the ship's knees, where the fire first broke out, and whence came a good deal of charred wood, but by dint of pouring on much water, the fire was soon quenched. The great God be eternally praised therefor.

Herewith, honourable, grave, valiant, right-wise, provident, and very discreet sirs, we commend your honours, after our most respectful salutation, to the protection of God Almighty, that he may spare your honours right long in health, to salvation, and lead us, through his holy angels, to our dear Fatherland.—Your honours' obliged and obedient servant,

JAN VAN TEYLINGEN.

In the ship *Diamant*, this 25th day of February, 1652, lying at anchor in Table Bay, at the Cabo de Boa Esperance.

* The two very distinct, and now separate professions of barber and surgeon, were formerly united. In England, the barber-surgeons were incorporated in the reign of Henry VIII, and continued united till 1745.

† That is, every hour.

> "Four and twenty times the pilot's glass
> Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass."
> *Shakspere's All's Well.*

‡ Kombuis,—undoubtedly the origin of the English word "caboose," a ship's kitchen.

Copy of dispatch written by the Hon. van Teylingen to the masters of the ships *Prins Willem*, *Vogelstruis*, *Vrede*, *Orange*, *Salmander*, *Koning David*, *Lastdrager*, and *Breda*.

Good and worshipful friends,—This letter will serve no other end than to inform you that we have safely arrived in port here, with the ship *Diamant* (the Almighty be most highly thanked) on the 15th of this month (the ships *N. Rotterdam* and *Henrietta Louisa* having also come to anchor safely two days before us), making eleven days that we have been lying here, and none of you turned up yet, whence we suspect that, most likely, as it blew violently here for some days successively, some vessels of the fleet, if not all, may have passed by this Cape, and gone on to St. Helena, wherefore we, with the rest, have resolved and deemed it good to quit this place early to-morrow, and prosecute our voyage, in the name of God, to the aforesaid island (St. Helena), where, if we arrive safely, in case you are still behind, we will stay and await you until the 1st of April; but still, if you chance to touch here, at this port, I earnestly beseech you to waste no time here, but take in water as quickly as may be, so that you may join the rest of the fleet in time, off St. Helena, and thence we may accomplish, together, the voyage to our beloved fatherland, in obedience to the orders of our superiors.

We have obtained here only one cow and one sheep for refreshment, though abundance of both has been seen inland by the crew; but this savage, unreasonable people will bring us no more than what has been mentioned. God grant that you may have better luck; and herewith I remain, in all friendship, commending us to the Almighty mercy, your well disposed friend, JAN VAN TEYLINGEN.

In the ship *Diamant*, this 25th February, 1652, lying at anchor in Table Bay, off Cabo de Boa Esperance.

Postscript.—You may freely set the horses on shore which you have on board, and desire the Ottentoo who speaks English to place them in the hands of the people who are coming to establish the fort, promising him a good reward for so doing. *Vale.*

Went on shore again this evening, to take a hasty glance, as we went along, for the most suitable place for the intended fort. Also, this evening, got two of the savages on board, one of whom speaks a little English, and whose bellies we blew out right bravely with meat and drink; but, so far as we could make out, there was no cattle to be got from them, as they gave us to understand, by signs and broken-English words, they were only fishermen,* and the cattle were alway herded by the Saldinia people,† as indeed we had already been told by some of the survivors of the ship *Haarlem*.‡

8th April.—In the morning it blew pretty fresh from the south-south-east, until about midday, with clear unclouded

* This constitutes one of the marked distinctions between the Hottentot and Kafir races. The former eat both fish and shell fish; the latter not only reject this diet themselves, but regard as unclean even those of their own tribes whom necessity may have driven to subsist upon the produce of the sea.

† Or Saldanha people.

‡ Wrecked in Table Bay, in 1648.

sunshine. It appears to be, at present, the dry season, as the soil on shore is everywhere cracked and given way, from drought, and many streamlets are gone quite dry. This day had the council summoned, in order to hold good deliberation with the same, respecting the works of the fortification, &c., about to be begun, somewhere about the site which we had looked out yesterday, and which it is this day agreed to examine somewhat more closely, and to measure whether it be sufficiently large and suitable, which was accordingly done as soon as our consultation was over, and said site was found to be sufficiently large and suitable, and close to the principal fresh river,* which we will apparently be able to lead round (into) the moat of the fort. Furthermore, framed such particular orders, on one subject or another, as may be consulted in the resolutions of this date, in our resolution-book.

This same evening, sent on shore the following number of hands for the works. From the *Dromedaris* 50, *Reijger* 39, *Yacht* 11 ; total, 100 hands.

9th April.—Fine sunshine, and tolerably warm weather.

The commander, van Riebeek, went on shore early in the morning, and completely marked out the fort; and in the evening returned on board.

DIMENSIONS OF THE FORT.

The outside polygon, or outer bastion, taken from the [other], measuring....	24 roods Rhinish.		
The inner polygons about.....	13 roods, 7 ft., 3 in.		
The distance of innermost and outermost polygon lines, about.....	3	6	2
The "*keel*".....	2	3	8
The "*kapiteel*"	5	0	9
The flank	2	0	3
The second flank	1	8	6
The "*sace*".....	6	1	0
The half-diameter	9	1	7
The curtains.....	9	1	7
The polygon's angles	90 degrees.		
The bulwarks' „	60 „		
The "*tenalie*".....	15 „		
The angle of bastion	150 „		
†The angle, the flank makes	40 „		

* The rivulet running from Table Mountain. It appears, from old plans, that two other torrents found their way to the sea from the Devil's Hill and Lion's Hill, but were doubtless dry in summer.

† In addition to these are given the detailed dimensions of the rampart, which here, for want of space, we are now compelled to omit.

The people of the *Dromedaris* busied, for the most part of this day, in unloading materials, &c., and the senior Merchant,* van Riebeek, in serving out same, &c.

10th April.—Fine warm weather. The said van Riebeek went on shore early in the morning, and began setting the people to work with shovels, spades, pickaxes, hatchets, and wheelbarrows, but found the earth so soft that it will make but rickety ramparts; and although we work in a deal of *kreupel* bush † with the earth, yet it is still to be feared it will be washed away easily by heavy rains. Wherefore, having first put other needful matters into good train, we will look out, on the first leisure day, [for a place] where we can find soil for sods to lay up against it (the rampart) on the outside, having had quite enough to do to-day in tracing that portion of the moat which falls in at one point with the river, and so hope to lead it all round the fort. *Item.* To have the people placed in some order at the work—for there are but few among them who understand it.

About mid-day a small party of some nine or ten savages from Saldinia arrived, against whom the beach people‡ (who daily sit with us in the tents, with their wives and children) put themselves on the defensive, running at them, armed with assegais and bows and arrows, with such courage and fury, that we had enough to do to hinder them (they having sent their wives into the heights). Wherefore we had Captain Jan Jansen Hoogsaat with one corporal and some armed soldiers drawn up between the two [parties]; the one party being half paterero§ shot from us, and the rest of the natives (*i.e.*, the beach people) close together in fighting array. A truce was, however, struck between them by means of the said captain, and they entertained themselves quietly together, the rest of the day, about our tents, those of Saldinia giving us to understand by signs, and many broken Dutch and English words (apparently learnt and remembered from the people of the unfortunate *Haarlem*)

* Opper Koopman—literally upper merchant, one of the higher grades in the service of both the Dutch and English East India Companies.

† *Kreupel-boom* the *Leucospernum conocarpum*, one of the Protea tribe, and very common at the base of the Devil's Hill and Table Mountain.

‡ Strand-loopers in the original, evidently a nickname given to the natives inhabiting the shores of Table Bay, whence, it would appear they derived their principal source of subsistence.

§ A paterero or padredo was a small cannon or culverin, used chiefly for salutes.

that within a few days they would bring us cattle and sheep in exchange for copper and tobacco, whereto we encouraged them freely and with good treatment.

Captain David Konink, with two assistants and two soldiers, having rowed over to fish in the Salt River (armed with fowling-pieces and muskets) met these same nine Saldinian savages, and was greeted by them so warmly and lovingly that it was a thing to marvel at, they seizing the captain (as soon as he was pointed out to them as commander of one of the ships), as though in a great fit of joy, about the neck, making signs that if we had copper and tobacco, they would bring us cattle. They were very fine and active-looking men of especial good stature, and clothed in fairly dressed bullock hides, the which they carried so jauntily on one arm, with such a boldness in their gait, even as one of our swash-bucklers* would bear his cloak withal across the shoulder or arm.

Captain Konink came home with four sacks of wild mustard leaves and sorrel, besides having made a good haul of seven hundred and fifty fine Steenbrasems,† with four other delicious fish among them, of finer flavour than any fish in the Fatherland can be—one somewhat like a haddock and quite as large and rich in flavour.

11th April.—In the morning, hard gales from the south-east the wind continuing to blow the whole night through, as also on the

12th April.—But without such strong gusts as yesterday, some of which were as violent as hurricanes, yet, albeit, it blew very stiffly, we undertook, in God's name to go ashore

* "Snoeshaan" in the original. We have made use of a contemporaneous English word, now almost obsolete, which better expresses van Riebeck's meaning. A "*swash-buckler*" was a bully or a coxcomb who assumed the airs of a martial man.

† Two varieties of the Steenbrasen are found in Table Bay; the *Roode* (or *Red*) *Steenbrasen* (Chrysophrys Laticeps) and the *Blaauwe Kaapsche* (or *Blue Cape*) *Steenbrasen* (Lithognathus Capensis.) What the "four other delicious fish" were, it is impossible to say; *if* "of finer flavour than any fish in the fatherland," the species has, unfortunately, been long since utterly extirpated, for no such fish now swims in the colonial waters. From the comparison to a haddock it might be supposed that the Cape stock-fish or pike (Gordus Merlucius) was the fish in question, but Dr. Pappe, in his synopsis of the edible fishes of the Cape of Good Hope, p. 30, observes of the Cape stock-fish: "It is remarkable that this fish, a notorious denizen of the European seas, was utterly unknown at the Cape of Good Hope before the earthquake of 1809 (December 4.) At first it was scarce and sold at exorbitant prices (4s. 6d.). Since that period it has yearly increased in numbers, and is now a standard fish in the market, being caught in great abundance."

with the shallop and six able rowers, inasmuch as during our absence from the shore, as we could see by means of the telescope no one continued at work, notwithstanding that three of the junior mates remained on shore daily to look after the others, and with orders to keep the people steadily at work during our absence. Having pushed off from the ship with the shallop for the above-mentioned purpose, we managed to land under the Lion's Hill, through the rocks, with much peril and difficulty. We found four pieces of beams out of the *Reijger's* boat (cast on shore yesterday through stress of weather) lying washed up on the beach, which we had carried by eight men to the tents.

Set all hands to work at leeward, so as to be freed from the dust blown into their faces by the wind; remained on shore this night in consequence of the continuous rough weather, for not a single boat could go to or from shore.

13th April.—Somewhat better weather. Busy on board unloading materials and ordnance, and, on shore with the work at the fortification, which, because of the loose nature of the earth, will have to be fixed with sods in the rainy season, for which we have found soil suitable enough, but too hard as yet to dig on by reason of the severe drought. Bartered this day, for four copper plates and three pieces of copper wire, of half a fathom's length, a cow and young calf, which were divided in equal proportion among the different ships.

14th April.—Morning fine, lovely weather. Had the fresh meat served out to the people with wild greens, and after the Sunday Christian service went out with all the boats to the Salt River to fish, where in three hauls we caught between nine hundred and one thousand fine Steenbrasems, and some other fish and harders,*—the steenbrasems, taking one with another, full a foot and a half long, at the least.

15th April.—This evening, just after sunset, there came to anchor, God be praised, the ship *Salamander*, with the Hon. Dirk Snoek and Captain Jan Eysbrands, from Batavia the 25th January last, and through the Strait of Sunda on the 13th February, in company with the ships *Oranjie*, *Konink David*, *Lastdrager*, and *Breda*, under the command of the Hon. Dirk Vogel, as vice-commander.

We understood, from the report of the said Snoek, that, by order of the Hon. Governor-General and Council of India, a variety of Indian seeds and plants, besides some

* The Cape saltwater mullet, or *Mugil Capensis*.

horses, had been sent by the first ships from Batavia for this place, of which we will now be deprived.

16th April.—Had our council summoned this morning, at which it was agreed that the Hon. Mr. Snoek should be requested to attend, that we might communicate to him the intelligence respecting Prince Rupert, and the orders thereon issued by our honourable superiors; as also the interdiction of wars against all European nations, excepting Portugal, which request having been preferred, the Hon. Snoek thereupon came on board alone, to whom we communicated everything relating to the service of the honourable company, so that he and those under him might be thereby guided, for the benefit of the company.

17th April.—This morning, misty weather, with a breeze from west-north-west, the same as yesterday, with fine pleasant weather. Remained busy working on shore and unloading on board, where they are also taking in ballast.

18th April.—Wrote by the *Salamander* to our honourable superiors, and let their honours know of our arrival here, and how far we had advanced with our work, as may be seen by our letter-book.

19th April.—The letters and other papers having been agreed on with our council, were entrusted to the commander of the ship *Salamander*, with a requisition to forward them to the honourable directors of the chamber of Amsterdam.

20th April.—In the morning, at daylight, the wind being slack from south-east, the *Salamander* got under sail, getting out of our sight in the evening. May God grant her good luck and a safe voyage.

MY VINE.

How beautiful thou art, my vine,
With soft unfolding germ,
With tendrils that like woman twine,
Nor shrink when rudely spurn'd.
Full fifty years doth nature's law
Find thee still duteous as of yore.
Around my walls each throbbing shoot
Swells with rich juices from the root.
Then soon a thousand broad leaves fling
Proud hovering glories in the spring,
Responsive to September's breeze, with tremulous whispering.

How beautiful thou art, my vine,
With clusters thickly press'd,
Like woman when her heart is thine
And Heaven the tie has blest.

With tender branch, and outspread leaves
Like hands, heaven's fatness she receives ;
And trellised high above each door,
Glows with her pendant purple store.
With eager eyes my young ones greet
The luscious store ; and while they eat,
Rejoicing deem no grapes so rare, none other half so sweet.

How beautiful thou art, my vine,
With canopy stretched wide,
Like blessed woman's skill divine,
From man his cares to hide.
No grief she feels for solace yielded,
Generous forethought from pain that shielded,
Who'd wish into the world to roam,
When love broods over him at home,
And trouble's sheltered half away,
As through thy bower each torrid ray
Falls softened on my head in April's hot autumnal day.

How beautiful thou art, my vine,
Though bare against the sky,
Like woman's love in life's decline
Lifting the soul on high.
What tho' entombed past joys remain,
Their hallowed memories yield no pain
Where time's dear hopes were clustering bright,
Shine all unscreened eternal lights
Lovelier as each successive morn,
Yearnings, like hymns, are thither borne [mourn.
Where the heartless cease to trouble more, the troubled cease to

A DAY IN THE SNOW.

HOW WE GOT THERE ; AND HOW WE KILLED OUR FIRST KLIPSPRINGER.

"I WANT to know if it is snow or hail," said our friend H., as he gazed wistfully at the white glistening tops of the Sneuwbergen ; "I can't find any fellow who has been up to it. Ask any of the boers who live at the base, and they will tell you 'it's *hagel*, mynheer.' Have you seen it yourself? 'Neen, mynheer, but Bosman has.' Ask Bosman, and he says: 'Neen, mynheer, but Kotzé has;' and so on ; you can't catch the man who *has* been up. It does look *so* beautiful," soliloquized my friend ; "I think I must get to it, so white! so beautiful! yes! I will. I say, suppose we try those hills; I am told there are lots of klipspringers up there,—so white! so beautiful!"

"What ; the klipspringers?"

"No! What a plague you are; the snow. I wonder if it is snow; *I* never saw snow. You have; have you not?"

"Oh, yes, plenty. I have crossed the Alps pretty often, and know the look of it in Canada."

"Then we'll go! So now for the guns; what have you got with you?"

"Well, there's Westley Richards, and Sharp's breech-loading rifle."

"And here is *my* gun," said our friend, producing a wonderful weapon, which we remember to have cleaned some three years ago, and we believe had not since been touched with cold water, except, perhaps, in a shower of rain. "This will fetch them down."

Now, as the circulation of this magazine is so very extensive, that this full, true, and particular account will be read in far distant lands, we may as well describe a Cape farmer's gun. First, then, the rusty state of the barrel may be conjectured from what we have before stated. The nipples had not been taken out since the gun was made, and were worn round in some past vain attempt to remove them,—one was split down the side, and the vent in the other so enlarged that it frequently blew the cock back. The ramrod consisted of a bit of stick, with an old cotton reel on the top, by way of a ferrule; and the stock—how shall I describe that—with its bruises and dents,—honourable scars, acquired in many a well-fought field; and, more prized than all, the wonderful consolation of sundry yards of "voorslagt," which entwined the grip and lovingly clasped the locks, triggers, &c.

"There," said H., fondly slapping the stock; "I bound that up, after snapping the old lady in half in a tremendous spill I had some four years ago, in riding after some rheeboks. There's nothing like *voorslagt.* Nine guns out of ten are afflicted with this complaint. Ride hard you must; and if you plunge headlong into an 'aardvark's' (earthhog's) hole, or trip up over a stone,—down you go; and——, never mind, she'll shoot;" and throwing the gun to his shoulder, he ran his eye along the rusty barrels, and a meaning, wicked grey eye that is. If any of my readers know the best fellow in South Africa, they are not far off from my friend H. Woe be to the buck or partridge that rises before him. The grey eye can see straight, and the rusty old gun shoot straight, too!

"Now for the cart and the 'fixings,'" as our Yankee friends say. "You see to the weapons and ammunition, and I'll see to the *trap* and the cattle; to-morrow, at dawn, we'll be off."

The morning broke as it can only break in Afric's pure air; not a cloud in its clear blue sky; the distant mountains rearing their snow-capped tops into the limpid ether, seemed within a mile of us, and yet they cost us many an hour of hard work ere we reached their grey sides!

The cart comes up to the door; the dogs bound about with delight, as they see gun after gun deposited in the cart; the little people crowd around papa with strict injunctions to bring lots of bucks; a hasty breakfast is swallowed; the ladies, with their smiling faces, bid us be careful—bless their hearts! they always do that, and never believe we can be. We know one, who always parted thus from her husband: "Good-by, John: now, I sha'nt expect you till I see you; and pray mind how you get in, and do mind how you get out!" Off we go!

Bump—bang—thump—jolt—hold on! whack—a tremendous jump. "Jacob!" whack—loop, you brute. "Pop!" trek now! whack. For a few moments, until we had got our impetus, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could hold on; but steadying to their work, the team paced out together, and we settled down in our seats. As we dashed up a hill commanding the house, we turned to wave a last adieu to the little group still standing by the door, and in another moment the fluttering white handkerchiefs had disappeared from our view.

"Hallo! that is an odd team, H."

"Can't help it; they will go. I put the mules for wheelers, as their mouths are like iron, and we must save the horses for riding. Loop! Pop! Here, you catch hold of the long whip and touch up the horses, and give me that sjambock for the mules. Whack! trek now! We must sleep at Dan Kotzé's to-night, the Pass to-morrow at daylight, and then the snow!'

On, on! over hill and dale, those mountains seem no nearer. Now, we stop on the banks of a torrent, whose foaming waters, swollen by the melting snows, come headlong down the narrow bed. Halt! the "after-rider" must try the stream. If the cart was to be caught by the raging water, nothing could save us, and that dark ledge of rocks over which the torrent thunders is perilously near the ford. Cautiously the "after-rider" stems the stream. "Daar's de groote klip, baas," he shouts, as we commence our transit; and thus warned of a big stone, we avoid one danger. "Steady now; hold on," shouts H., as the cart tilts up at a fearful angle over another; "narrow touch that," his voice is hardly heard amid the roar of the waters. Bravo! we are through; nothing wet—no damage done.

In the excitement of our crossing, we had forgotten our canine favourites; a dismal, piercing yelp recalls them to our remembrance. We turn round just in time to see them, one after the other, swept headlong over the rocky ledge.

With one spring we are out of the cart, and dashing through the thicket, reach the edge of the pool below the rocks. One by one, they come struggling up. "Here Don—good dog! here Prince! here then!" The noble animals hear our voices, and strike out for the shore; a helping hand on their necks, and they spring up the bank. The "after-rider's" huge hound follows, and with a shake that sends the water in showers from their dripping coats, as if from a well-trundled mop, away they go, none the worse for their ducking.

On, on, for some time longer,—jumping out to have a fruitless hunt after a hare, and a "right and left" at a brace of grey-wing partridges, and then we outspan for a midday halt.

The horses enjoy a roll in the sand and a nip of forage, the dogs go to sleep in the shade of the cart, and we discuss our cold dinner and admire the snowy range which is now visibly nearer.

On again, past the orange groves, past the lone farm-house, now by the vineyard; and now the evening falls, and we can see the snow plainly as it lies in the clefts of the hills, lighted up with the rays of the setting sun. What a lovely pink! how it fades, slowly, slowly—it's purple now; slowly, slowly, the greys come out; colder and colder, the last gleam is past; and now, pure and white as maiden's breast, it swells up against the evening sky. The lights in the village twinkle out, one by one; and by the time we reached our destination, darkness had fallen on all around.

Hearty were the greetings of Dan Kotzé and his buxom spouse. I cannot tell what they said to our friend, as they spoke in Dutch; but there is a welcome of the eye which all can understand, and kindly they treated us. They got us a good dinner and comfortable beds; and after a council of war with the neighbours, one of whom was said to be a renowned klipspringer hunter who knew the mountains well, we agreed to start two hours before light next morning, and climb the pass that we had seen stretching up the side of the hills during our day's drive.

We were already astir, when the bright flash of a gun and the long report proclaimed that the old hunter "Vuilbaard" (dirty beard), as we called him, after the gallant hound of that name, was up and ready.

A cup of hot coffee and some bread and butter, and then enveloped in our Egyptian bornouse and sundry other wraps, as a defence against the night wind which swept down from the mountain, we packed ourselves in the cart, but not for long. Almost at once we began to ascend at such a gradient that to cling on behind (we had resigned our seat to "mine host") was almost impossible; so, slipping down, we trudged away on foot.

A few dozen yards are passed over. "Woah! give the cattle a blow;" off comes the bornouse, and on we go again. "Woah!" another blow; off comes the top coat, and on again a little. "Woah!" shot-belt and powder-flask are deposited in the bottom of the cart; and thus, gradually lightening ourselves of every spare article, and unbuttoning our waistcoat, and otherwise cooling ourselves, we breast the tremendous hill. As we toil up, the village lights, one by one, appear, as the thrifty housewives rise from their downy beds,—and on what beds our Dutch friends *do* recline! To us, accustomed as we are to the hard beds which we learned to use in India, the sensation is that of sitting down, as an Irishman would say, on a chair that has been taken away. Instinctively, we throw out our arms, clutch wildly at the pillow or curtains, and come to the end of our fall with a shriek, and as, we regret to say, we are of that class of men

> "Whose ponderosity of mind
> Is equalled but by ponderosity ——"

(we refer our readers to *Hudibras* for the finale); why, we find the laws of gravitation act in such a manner that in the morning we can see our heels high up amid the mazes of the curtains, in consequence of the V-like figure we have assumed.

Well, after this digression, let us have another spell at the hill. Yes, yes, we *are* coming to the summit, but how are we to get there, if we don't get up the hill. Well, then, we toiled on and on till morning broke as we reached the summit; and then far beneath us, like a toy-box town, lay the village. The awful road we had come up made us shudder to think what a restive horse or a broken trace might have done, —then, down we must have gone, hundreds of feet!

"Any accident ever happened here?" we impulsively asked. "Ja, ja; oh, yes, several! Wagons have gone over, and been dashed to atoms; if they break a 'rem-schoen' over they must go! But the road is splendid to what it used to be. See now the old track," said our informant, pointing to a streak down the mountain, that looked like the bed of a dry torrent. "We had to take the goods

out of the wagon and carry them up that path one by one, and get the wagons up after them by the aid of three or four span of oxen!"

We now turned over the neck of the mountain, the white crest still towering above us, and commenced the descent on the other side. If the road up which we had come had been short though dangerous, that down which we now rattled was very little less perilous, and five times as long!—in fact, had the dangers been concentrated, it would have been far worse than the other. Nevertheless, on we sped, bumping over rocks, into deep gullies, taking sharp turns over narrow bridges without parapet walls, thrown across mountain torrents, which on the right hand flung their spray in our faces, while on the left they were dozens of yards below us. How iron and wood hold together in this country is a mystery to us; indeed, had it not been for the plentiful use of that "farmers' friend" the "voorslagt," which tied on the back seat on which we sat, the foot-board below us, the pole, the axle, and the body, we should have fallen to pieces, as did our friend's gun when we undid the lashings already described to have it restocked. Never mind! our motto to-day is "*onwards*," and on we go, over hill and dale, till we are brought up with a jerk at the door of a Boer farm-house.

After the usual greetings between Mynheer and our friends, we undergo the ceremony of an introduction, upon which Mynheer grasps our hand in his horny vice; just one grip and a downward jerk. The jufvrouw grasps our hand; the jonge vrouw grasps our hand; the son grasps our hand; seven or eight travellers who happen to be outspanning there, grasp our hand; in fact, we feel ourselves on shaking-hand terms with a dozen or two people whom up to this moment we have never seen before. Then comes a request to outspan, which is complied with (just as if we had not determined to do this, and at the very place, some three days previously), and then, while we are unpacking guns and ammunition, and great coats, and carpet bags, and portable beds, &c., &c., &c., the old lady puts her head over the half door of the voorhuis, and shouts to us, "Kom, beetje thee!" Of course, we assent; and there, on the voorhuis, stands a huge antiquated urn, on a wonderfully contrived tripod, over a little fire of coals, on the table. Everybody is drinking tea, so we drink too, and as we can't swallow boiling liquid, as the assembled company do, we find ourself falling behind in the race, and in danger of being a burden on the old lady who keeps guard over the urn, when a loud crack is heard, and up drives a wagon and some more travellers, who walk

in, shake hands with Mynheer, the jufvrouw, and everybody else, and we add another large figure to our intimate acquaintance, and again the urn bubbles, and the tea runs.

Memo.: For our private information, the vrouw does not have the tea-cups washed. "When found, take a note on't," as Captain Cuttle says.

Dinner-time comes, and as we have had a long fasting ride, we snuff the steam with a hungry air. Some "circumstantial"* looking soup is put on the table, and then a pause.

"Well, H.," said we, "what are they waiting for? let's fall to." Hereupon H., who had been watching us for some time, writhed with suppressed laughter. "What *have* we done?" we ask, with an inward horror of having committed some unknown depravity; "are they waiting for the old chap to say grace?" (H's writhings are turned into convulsions.) "There is no cover on the soup, and it's getting cold!" (H. becomes livid.) "Ah! now for it! here is the meat;" and suiting the action to the word, we draw our chair to the table. Not a soul else stirred, but fixed their eyes on us. H., who had been sitting at the table, dropped his head on to it, and set all the glasses jingling with his laughter. What *had* we done? H. gasps out, "Don't hurry," and a dim light breaks in on us. The old lady is cooking, and is coming to dinner too! Yes! that must be it. Dish after dish slowly comes in,—vegetables, meat, bread, butter, a big bowl of liquid, hot sheep-tail fat, pudding—a long pause. The dame herself; up jumps Mynheer; up jump the guests. The table is filled, and the old lady grasps a spoon. Now for it! No! Mynheer shades his face with his hand, says a few words to those around; a solemn tone pervades every countenance—even the cries of the poor chilblaine-tormented infant are hushed—and reverently the head of the house begins "O! Vader." We can catch no other words; but we feel their import, and are truly thankful for the good, homely fare spread before us.

"Per Bacco," these Dutchmen must have cast-iron throats! The soup, a thick compound of beans, is still seething hot, and yet it rolls down unheeded.

What is the old lady going to do with that spoon which she has just taken from her neighbour's plate, he having done his soup? Ah! a little boy fetches an awfully dirty blue-coloured rag out of the window. Had we not previously had ocular demonstration that "mine host" does not use handkerchiefs, we should have thought it had been one of

* An honourable member having used this phrase, we presume we may do so too. It is said to be synonymous with "substantial."

his: it may be the vrouw's, though. But we fear!—Our fears are confirmed! the old lady wipes the spoon and sticks it into the potatoes! Mynheer has done, *his* spoon goes into the sheep-tail fat!

Memo.: To keep *our* spoon to help *ourselves.*

Dinner over, all the guests leave, save our two selves and six others. As most of these are our own party, we begin to look to sleeping quarters.

Tap! tap! Come in. "Beetje thee?" "Dank!" We scrub our spoon on a dry corner of a wet towel, about twice the size of this sheet, and half as thin! "Drop that," shouts H.; "why man, that's all the towel we shall have if we stop a month!"

"You wretch! you're joking!"

"Not a bit of it," he says, and quietly produces towels for each of us from his bag.

Memo.: Not to forget to remember this item in future travels.

"But, H., there is no soap!"

A dive into the carpet-bag, and out comes a piece.

Memo.: Ditto, ditto. Our mental note-book is filling.

"Now for the beds," says our hunting friend. "You see, Mr. H., your friend is a stranger to us; you and he can have the little bed, and we will manage in the two others."

"Thank you," says H., "but he will sleep on that," pointing to a little roll on the floor, "and I shall sleep in this bed."

Here our cork bed underwent a minute scrutiny, and the air pillow excited unbounded admiration. "Well, Mynheer H., then as you are the fattest man of the party and I the thinnest, you and I will sleep together."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," said H.; "I can sleep very comfortably alone; I'm not used to sleeping double, except at home. No, no; you sleep with the others, it will keep you warm; besides, I shall hurt you; I roll about awful, and am subject to dreadful nightmare." The grey eyes were twinkling with fun.

"Ja, ja; well it *is* funny, you Engelsman never will sleep with another man. Magtig; but it *is* comfortable up here, so near the snow."

Accordingly, our six friends slept warmly together in the remaining two beds, which were about the size of the ordinary single bed.

A roving button on our gaiters requiring the use of a needle and thread, we adjourned to the voorhuis. There sat mynheer, with his feet in a big tub of hot water. Presently,

the eldest son came, and shuffling off his veldschoen, dropped his feet into the seething cauldron. We stitched on slowly, to see the end of this novelty.

The daughter, a young woman of eighteen or twenty years of age, came in. She cast a look at us, to see in what direction our eyes were; and placing her chair with its back towards us, sat opposite to her brother. From the splashes that followed, we presume *her* feet went into the tub, but we had not ocular demonstration; we sewed most demurely.

"Mynheer." That must be to us; we look up. Paterfamilias has just withdrawn his par-boiled (it is *not* a pun, Mr. Editor) toes, and, with sundry gutturals, motions us to take his place.

Here was a position! The young lady was still laving her "faerie feet." Talk of pressing *feet* under the table; think of the thrill of *toes* under water. And we can't refuse, with a prettily-turned compliment, because we can't speak the language! (we nearly dislocated our jaw once in an attempt to say "How do you do?") What *are* we to do? We point in despair to our intricately-laced shooting boots, shake our heads, and lift our eyebrows, and pronounce that blessed word "*Dank.*"

Well, night comes at last, and, with another edition of tea, we lay ourselves out for slumber and hard work to-morrow.

We stretch ourselves on our cork bed spread on the table, having previously incased ourselves in a suit of close-fitting, washed-leather garments (mem: for those who don't know the use and luxury of such a dress—*try it*); and creeping into our faithful bornouse, which serves us for blanket, sheets, and all, including a night-cap, which we manufacture out of the hood, compose ourselves to sleep.

Suddenly, we become conscious of suppressed titterings and whispers. We open our eyes, and find ourselves the object of the deepest attention and observation. The whole household—men, women, and children—have come to see the strange sight. The boy that fetched the blue handkerchief was there, the fair maiden of the tub was there, the presiding genius of the tea-pot was there, paterfamilias was there; and away in the background, in darkness too deep to be illumined by the one candle held by paterfamilias, we occasionally caught the gleam of white teeth or the shimmer of an eye.

We make a frantic attempt to say how jolly we are, by exclaiming "It's mooi!" when, with a full chorus of laughter, this time hearty, as the "heer" is awake, away they all scamper, and we dose again.

By daybreak next morning we were afoot, and soon breasting the mountain side, with the snow in full view; H. in great spirits at the idea of reaching the summit, and having a good look at the fair white covering,—we secretly promising ourselves to snow-ball him. Our companions, "Vuilbaard" and another, had never visited the top of the mountain at this season; *they* seemed rather to dislike the unknown substance which lay up there, so cold and calm.

We toiled on, with our guns at our backs or in our hands, as the nature of the ground required, stopping now and again to take breath, of which *we* stood in good need very often. Our companions, however, more used to climbing, did not seem to mind the exertion, and enlivened the way with anecdotes of their favourite dogs and incidents of sport.

At last H., whose eyes were always on the watch, pointed to an object perched up on the summit of the range before us. A consultation ensued. Some of us voted the object a vulture, one a stone, others a klipspringer. However, as the plan was to divide our forces, it was agreed that H. and one hunter should go up the mountain, and keep along the upper ridge, and we and "Vuilbaard" beat the lower ledge, and thus have the bucks, if there should be any, between us.

After climbing for some time longer, we changed our position, and then made out that the object we had seen was two fine klipspringers looking down upon us. This was inspiriting; so on we went at a redoubled pace, and at length lost sight of our friends and the quarry. Continuing our course along the ledge, with the crest of the mountain on our right hand, and a tremendous precipice on our left, we kept steadily and cautiously along, always mounting, but choosing the best paths, and allowing the dogs to hunt as they went. By degrees, we neared the top of the chain, at the furthest end of the ridge, and a sudden rise brought us at once into the snow.

With a shout of welcome, we rushed into it over our knees, we rolled in it, we eat it, and on "Vuilbaard" joining us, we snow-balled him. A faint "Hulloa" from the hill-top reached our ears, and we descried our two friends cautiously descending the rocks, and in a quarter of an hour they joined us on our snow ledge.

We saluted H. with a snow-ball, which was returned with interest, and in a few minutes we were all of us hard at it,—snow-balling, rolling one another in it, and amusing ourselves like a parcel of schoolboys. When we stopped to take breath, H. told us that they fell in with the snow as soon as they reached the crest of the ridge, and had walked through

it the best part of the way. In one place he had been in somewhat of jeopardy, having fallen through an ice-bridge up to the arms, which he stretched out instinctively to save himself.

H. was now satisfied with the snow; he had *felt* it as well as *seen* it, had trodden on its sparkling surface, and need not ask anyone if it was snow or hail.

After sitting awhile on a rock that jutted out of the frozen surface, we recommenced our ascent, in order to round the head of the tremendous ravine along which we had been walking during most part of the day, and which now narrowed up to the perpendicular mountain face before us.

Far beneath us flowed a rapid, roaring torrent, the head waters of the river Zonder End; but though we could trace its course among the black precipitous rocks, and mark its bounding cascades, not a sound reached our ears at the altitude we had attained. The stillness of death reigned there, broken only by the faint chirrup of two small larks which one of the dogs put up, but at which, having only a rifle, we did not care to fire.

After rounding the edge of the precipice, we commenced our descent on to a lower ledge, which having been burnt off last year, and being at a far less altitude, was just green with the young vegetation. Here we hoped to find our game.

Our friend "Vuilbaard," active as a klipspringer, sprang across a fearful chasm, and attained the other side of the ravine, followed by three of his dogs, "Old Vuilbaard," "Young Vuilbaard," and another, an old white dog, "Carro" having gone up the mountain on some stale scent, remained with us.

"Now," said the old hunter, "you shall see how my *klipspringer doks* shall hunt. They are the *doks* for the boks." And true enough his assertion proved.

As we were hunting after a *rooi-haas*, or red hare (*Lepus rupestris*), a species which breeds in holes under the loose rocks at these altitudes, we heard H. calling to us, and joining him learnt that the hunter had seen three klipspringers. Presently, the bay of hounds reverberated through the gorge, and we descried the old man dashing along the rocks with the fire and energy of a youth; down we hurried as fast as we were able, but ere we reached the bottom the loud report of "Vuilbaard's" roer came rolling up the rocks, awakening a thousand echoes.

The baying of the dogs far down the valley, and another report, drove us at a headlong pace over ground that in calmer moments we should hardly have dared to tread, and

we arrived just in time to see the other hunter roll over a fine young buck, and to hear the pleasant intelligence that the largest pair had gone down the valley with the dogs after them.

While "gralloching" the buck, the voice of a hound on scent floated up on the breeze. "There are my klipspringer doks," shouted the old hunter; "now you shall see they will bring back the bucks."

True enough, in a minute we saw a noble klipspringer coming along at a tremendous pace, on the other side of the ravine. He looked like a sheep as he bounded along with all four feet together.

We had only time to throw up the rifle, and take a snap-shot at him, but alas! amid those gigantic rocks, we could not judge our distances, and our ball, though aimed for one hundred and fifty yards, fell short, and ploughed up the ground under his belly, covering him with mud, and raising a cry from H. that he was over. On however he sped, and we followed.

"He will take to water-fall," shouted the hunter. "Mr. H., you guard this pass. Mr. L., you climb down there, as it is your shot, and look carefully up among the krantzes."

Down we went sliding, jumping, clinging, any how, till we reached a platform at the base of one waterfall and at the head of another. We took in the position in a moment. The klipspringer might have defied all the dogs in the world to reach him. He had bounded across the fall, which buried itself in the dark whirlpool at our feet, and ensconced himself in some well-known ledge in the face of the rock, which formed one side of it. Creeping cautiously forward to the edge of the post, we scanned the rock, and on a small projection, screened from harm above, inaccessible from below, the solid wall of rock behind, the roaring torrent in front, stood the buck. Old "Carro" stood on the other side of the torrent, wagging his tail and quite mute, as his master had warned us he would be, when he saw us approaching the game which he could not reach.

Raising the breech-loader we aimed full at the shoulder. Straight as a line the conical ball sped on its mission, but—we must confess our shortcomings—we had never hunted with this rifle, a recent present from a kind and valued friend, and we knew little of its range,—this time we struck too high, and though the hair flew from the buck's back, still he stirred not.

In a moment we had reloaded, and again the rifle was raised. Click! a miss-fire!! a new cap is placed on the

nipple. Click! another missfire!! Our knees smote together; we look at the nipple, a piece of copper, from the first cap, has lodged in it and prevented the ignition of the charge.

"Take my gun," said "Vuilbaard," thrusting his piece, loaded with a hatful of buckshot, into our hand, but we stedfastly refused. We had vowed to kill our first klipspringer with Sir G.'s rifle, so we quietly picked out the copper, replaced the cap, and again the groved barrel came slowly up to our shoulder. We knew the range now. A sharp flash. The buck springs wildly into the air, and falls headlong over the precipice.

"He will go over the falls," yelled the hunter; and throwing himself on his stomach, he seized the animal just as it was being sucked into the vortex of the lower fall.

Drawing it on to the bank, he gazed at it for a moment, and then said quietly, "It would have been a pity to lose it; it is the largest klipbuck I have ever seen killed, and I have been at the death of hundreds."

We spent a happy half hour at that waterfall, be sure, gentle reader; we eat our dinner, drank the health of the donor of the rifle, and good luck to H., who was to have the next shot, fed the dogs with the entrails of the buck, and old "Vuilbaard" slinging one on his stalwart back, and the other hunter shouldering the other, away we started again.

It were needless to tell of the precipices we crossed, or how we did it. We shudder as we recall some of the places over which we passed, and where a false step would have hurled us into eternity. Still, the excitement was grand and delicious, and we can well appreciate the enthusiasm of the chamois hunter; and should it ever be our lot again to visit this part of South Africa, we will try another shot amid the same scenes.

Suddenly, H. stopped and pointed to two klipspringers looking at us, about a thousand yards from where we stood. Giving chase, the dogs soon picked up the scent, and away we went, luckily towards home. One buck separated, and we lost it; the other we ran up to an isolated pile of rocks, and here a pretty scene presented itself. Every dog was at his post, on guard, round the rock, the buck secure in some nook. H. and the hunter went forward; "Vuilbaard" and I sat down to watch them. It was like a picture. As H. neared the rocks, the buck saw him, and bolted. A dog turned him, and he took to another ledge, up which he tried to escape; but old "Carro" was up to him, and met him, when down he went, and took up his position on a pinnacle.

Old "Carro" now descended, managed to reach the rock from which the buck last sprung, but could go no further, and so there they stood, plainly visible to us as we sat.

Old "Vuilbaard's" excitement became intense. "They will shoot my dok," he exclaimed, "my beautiful dok! my klipspringer dok! Mind the doks," he shouted, forgetting that H. was far out of reach of his voice.

H. raises his gun; a puff of white smoke and another; something comes tumbling from rock to rock, and old "Carro" with his white coat is seen cautiously picking his way down.

Two more tiny puffs and a hat thrown up signify "success," and in half an hour more we are trudging homeward with three bucks!!

Reader, farewell! if you want to see *our* buck, come and look at him in the museum. If you want to enjoy a good day's hunting, and encounter the perils of the mountain side, there are many of Afric's snow-clad hills which will afford you sport. May you meet with the kind hospitality we experienced; may you be equally successful, and above all may you have as good a companion as H., to tempt you up for a Day in the Snow.

E. L. L.

S. A. M., August 22, 1860.

A SECOND IDYL OF A PRINCE.

If I recollect right,
After spending the night
In watching Cape Town in a halo of light,
My muse to Parnassus had taken her flight,
Weary and done up
By keeping the fun up
Without paying the score of the promise she'd run up.
But a nice quiet snooze, and next morning some nectar
Into which Hebe toss'd (when no muse could detect her)
A slight dash of soda and just a suspicion
Of Cognac, soon put the good dame in condition:
So that, seizing her quill,
She set off with a will
And proceeded these three or four pages to fill.

Now ev'ry one knows
That of all sorts of shows
There are none in the world more agreeable than those
Where angels in laces,
Satins, silks, and *such* faces,
Display all their beauty and exquisite graces
In that pretty gymnastic
So pleasing and plastic
Which reporters call "tripping on light toe fantastic."

In short, if I ever hate
Balls, I asseverate
Nothing will show me in colours more glaring
How fast to that terrible age I am bearing
Politely called *passé*, profanely termed "frumpy,"
When faces get wrinkled and feet become bumpy.
And among these fair sights
I shall write down the nights
When the Prince that I've told of dispensed the delights,
And the Cape demoiselles
Les plus belles des belles,
In toilettes so carefully got up, you'd fancy
That each was the loveliest one poor mortals *can* see,
Turned out in their beauty
To tender their duty,
And strove to convince
So fair a young Prince
Of the loyal emotions their polkas evince.

And then the sweet tremor
That came over them, or
Their anxious mammas
And delighted papas,
When, bursting with pride, but all fluttering from shyness,
They stepped forth to polk with a real Royal Highness.
How lucky each fair one his Highness selected,
Whose graces that soft-glancing eye had detected!
How sweet the sensations
In waltz's gyrations,
In polkas' swift twirls,
And galopes' giddy whirls,
To feel all the honour with which she was graced—
The hand of a Prince gently pressing her waist!
And alas for the fate of her poor luckless sisters! [hers?
What to them were their triumphs, since only they'd miss'd
And yet all the while
See how sweetly they smile,
As fair ones whose hearts are untainted by guile,
Who can quite happy then be
Whoever the men be
Their partners, and haven't a notion of envy.

But farewell for a while
To beauty's sweet smile—
Let us canter from Cape Town the length of a mile
To the race-course, where, drawn up in battle array,
The brave Volunteers have turned out for the day
To brandish their weapons in mimic affray.
How valiant and daring
Their looks and their bearing,
From the colonel-in-chief, on his little squat pony,
To those brave bombardiers
Who deafen our ears,
And whose hearts are so stout, and their figures *not* bony.
Then the guns and the drums
And the shouts "Here he comes!"
From the little black boys who've turned out from the slums

To the beauty reclining
'Gainst the damask silk lining
Of her brougham—like a gem in a dark casket shining.
Then the marchings, the canterings, the charging, the shooting,
The clattering of sabres, the trumpets too-tooting,
The forming of squares and the flashing of steel,
The crack of the rifle, the cannon's loud peal,
The daring attack and the gallant defence,
The rushing from thence and the rushing from hence,
The smoke and the blaze and the smell of the powder,
The noise that each moment gets louder and louder—
I freely avow
That I've not even now
A very clear notion of what and of how
Those brave Volunteers began, went on, or ended,
Though I know 'twas all right and confess it looked splendid.

Well, the battle was done,
And ended the fun,
To the great satisfaction of every one,
Excepting, mayhap,
The unfortunate chap,
Whom they managed to clap
Into limbo for daring
To roam about staring
At the fun, 'stead of boldly his uniform wearing.

* * * * *

Heigho! after business or pleasure there's one day
More pleasant than any—that blessed calm Sunday.
When the brain that's opprest,
Or the heart that needs rest,
Falls asleep and confesses the Sabbath *is* blest.
Cares and troubles we banish,
Small miseries vanish,
And the soul, rising free from its tenement, knows
Some foretaste of Heaven, in heav'nly repose.

* * * * *

All the world is aware that the orthodox way
Of proposing a health, when you've nothing to say,
Is to call on the company present to bellow
That noisy old stave "He's a jolly good fellow."
No matter the person—a judge, or a bishop,
A Quaker—it's always the method to dish up
The subject—presume a perpetual equality
'Mongst all sorts of men in the matter of jollity.
Now between me and you
It's undoubtedly true
That jollity is but the portion of few,
And "jolly good fellow" should often enough
Be interpreted simply "a jolly old muff."
But there's one man I know
That I'd venture to show
'Gainst all the wide world as the head of the class
Of *real* jolly good fellows, and, draining my glass,
Crack my lungs as I shout to the health of "Oude Baas."
Whom hasn't he feasted? for whom hasn't slain
Fatted calves by the dozen again and again?

And where, I ask, where
Will you meet with such fare
And such jolly companions the dainties to share,
As around the rich board,
So gloriously stored,
In the mansion that owns Christian Beyers for lord?

And the Prince stopp'd to eat there,
And took his whole *suite* there,
And lots of good men were invited to meet there;
And what *could* be said
Of so tempting a spread
With ev'ry thing good, from the Hare at the head?

The feast was dispatched, and the little wild Totty
Was tipp'd for his "head over tip," and then what he
Received was bought up by a great millionaire
(At cent. per cent. profit) who chanced to be there,
And the coin he thus saved
Has been nicely engraved
With a P and an A,
And a label, they say,
Has been written and tied in an elegant way,
And now you may see 'em
Stowed in the Museum,
And read how the Prince gave the coin for the fun,
And "this here is the werry identical one."

Then away to the Paarl, with its trees and its vines,
Its very long street and its very nice wines,
Its "new tariff grievance,"—sad tale of distresses—
Its loyal, but rather long-winded addresses;
And the story it told (but of course it's a scandal)
That when some one we know of had put out his candle,
And tried to turn in for a pleasant night's snooze,
By some one's contrivance—Paarl says it knows *whose*—
Vainly bed-posts and blankets and sheets did he grapple by,
He couldn't get in, for the bed was an "apple-pie."

And thence on to Stellenbosch, sweet little village,
All neatness and prettiness, gardening and tillage,
With more shouts for his Highness, more ladies t'adore him,
More arches, and then more addresses to bore him.

"Tally-ho! tally-ho!"
Away they all go,
Prince and suite, and bold riders, a capital show,
To follow the hounds—but alas, alas, No!
Not a fox!
'Twas all *vox*
Et præterea nihil—it really quite shocks
All our feelings to think of the infamous way
The whole vulpine tribe had behaved in that day.
Ev'ry decent-bred jackal must feel himself blush;
Not a varmint turned out to exhibit his brush!
Weary and done
Pretty brown by the sun,
Back again into Cape Town, more feasting and fun,
A Fifty-ninth spread (such a banquet!) and then we're all
Whirling and twirling, the guests of our General.

And the Castle square
Is bright with the glare
Of torches and flambeaux, while, high in the air,
The electric light
With its dazzling white
Dims even the moon, and makes day of the night.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
Where *I* have the strongest objection to be,
Although Barry Cornwall declares it so free
And so fresh (you would vow as you read that fine ballad, he
Never had tasted the ocean's own malady,
Or he wouldn't so charming and beautiful dub her,
Though the truth is he's only a cockney "land-lubber.")
The sea, as I say,
For a time bore away
The Prince we all love so to Algoa Bay.
How shall I tell
Of the horror that fell
On the good folks who dwell
In "Little Elizabeth," when, rushing pell-mell,
To find out the news, they were met with a "sell,"
And were coolly assured, by some cold-blooded wight there,
That the Prince would push on without spending a night there!
What, leave them unnoticed! their beautiful stores,
Their beautiful beach, where the surf ever roars,
Their ladies, whose beauty all others exceeds,
With a ball all prepared and six cream-coloured steeds!
'Twas against human nature,
His Highness *must* wait, sure.
In loyalty's race they all felt of the plate sure,
They deserved it, they won it, they bore off the prize,
They cut out the West, and, in short, took a rise
Out of Cape Town, and made us all horribly jealous
Of those ladies, and horses, and musical fellows.
As for winning the plate,
Don't the papers relate
How a loyal man there off a dirty one ate—
Fondly believing,
That feat while achieving,
That the gravy and grease were of Royalty's leaving?

I'm sadly afraid
Short work must be made
With the ball, and the bonfires, and night serenade,
Though all were so good, and so proper, and tasteful,
That were I to write
From high noon until night
Of eulogy on them I couldn't be wasteful.
But a form looms out
So sturdy and stout,
And a voice, just the one for a "tally-ho" shout,
Cries "Away to the plains!
Give your horses their reins;
Ten to one you'll get ven'son, my lads, for your pains."
Helter! skelter! away!
And catch him who may—
Not so easy, when glorious George leads the way.

Down go the bucks, Prince and suite ride and cheer hard,
And the escort is "nowhere"—transformed to a rear-guard.

Two nights on the road, at the inns we all know
Of good Mrs. McLoughlin and smart Mr. Coe,
And away to the city, the Eastern Metropolis,
With its streets broad and clean
Stumpy houses between,
And its splendid cathedral by way of Acropolis.
But stop! we're not there yet;
Now, who wouldn't dare bet
The crowd, that in Howison's Poort closely presses,
Comes with one of those nice, entertaining addresses?
Of course! and this time the sweet, silv'ry-voiced charmers
Are called by themselves "Lower Albany Farmers:"
But so modest is each one among them, in turn, he
Consents to deliver his speech *by attorney*.

Sweet city of Graham, I vow that I love thee!
Where on earth shall I find any city above thee?
Once base-minded humbugs *did* strive to persuade thee
I'd written a book and had tried to upbraid thee.
Let the past be forgot. I forgive, and have striven,
By deeds and by words, to be truly forgiven;
And he who says otherwise fibs or "talks stuff,"
And his name should be posted and written down "muff."
He knows what I mean—*verbum sap*, that's enough.
And your ball (for you did have a ball, not a "swarry,"
As some people wished, and I'm really quite sorry
They didn't explain what they meant in the papers—
Was it Sam Weller's boil'd mutton, turnips, and capers?)
Your ball, and your *fête*, and your charming fifteen
Fair ladies—*more* fair, I'd engage, were ne'er seen—
With silver-worked anchors, by Jove it's long since
So lovely a guard ever guarded a Prince.
Talk of Louis Napoleon
Relying so wholly on
His *cent gardes* to shield him from personal mischance,
I'd take one alone
From the "Prince Alfred's Own,"
And warrant she'd slay his whole troop at a glance.

And Beaufort and Alice,
Like sister "Aunt Sallies,"
Stuck down to be shot at in Kafir-bound valleys,
And Heald Town, where Fingoes
Are instructed to sing those
Ear-splitting hymns in their jaw-splitting lingoes,—
How of all their excitement and glory be telling,
Their dinners, their flare-ups, their dancing, their yelling?

And the town of King William,—a Sailor Prince, too,—
What town shall the town of King William outdo?
Or where in South Africa find out so fairy a
Spot as *the* city of British Kaffraria,
With its arches, its flowers, and wide-waving banners,
Its men of all nations and customs and manners,
From Kafirs who shout to the Prince—their "inkosa"—
To Germans who smoke all day long on the *chaussée*.

But hold! that's enough:
There's your voice getting gruff,
I think, Mrs. Muse, you have suug *quantum suff.*
Better melt into vapour—
Or, lighting your taper,
Go to bed, after putting your hair into paper.

MORAL.

The good lady obeys:
Let's look over her lays—
Is there nothing to teach, if there's nothing to praise?
Can't we fish from the glad page
Some kind of an adage
To show, though we laugh, we don't live in a bad age?
I fear there's not much,
But just a slight touch
Here and there of instructive, or passiug for such.
And I don't think I err,
When I dare to aver
That one truth from her page we may safely infer—
Of which every incident in it convinces—

WHEN THEIR PEOPLE ADORE THEM, HOW HAPPY ARE PRINCES!

A. W. Cole.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The following comprise the goodly list of new books received at the Public Library by last month's steamer:

Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings; Humboldt's Letters to Varnhagen; John's Naval and Military Heroes; Taylor's Autobiography of Leslie the Artist; Sketch of the Life of Sir Robert Peel; Horne's Trip to Cuba; Ramsay's Old Glaciers of Switzerland; Summer Rambles in the Himalayas; Sporting in Cashmere; Mayhew's Horse-doctor; The Luck of Ladysmead; The Firstborn; Ainsworth's Ovengdon Grange; Gaskell's Right at Last; A Lady in her own Right; Burton's Central Africa; Artists and Craftsmen; Sir Rohan's Ghost; Anderson's Sandhills of Jutland; and Encyclopædia Britannica, vol. xx, besides all the quarterly and monthly periodicals.

Our present limited space forbids our commenting at any length but on two of these. And first of these, we must refer to the *Miscellaneous Writings* of Lord Macaulay. By some they have been judged unworthy of the fame of the great departed. If by this is meant that all of them cannot bear comparison with his Chatham, his Bacon, or any of the brilliant chapters of his history, the point must readily be conceded. There are fragments in these two volumes written at the precocious age of twelve, and other sketches rapidly thrown off at the maturity of near three-score. Among such a variety of productions there must certainly be a great diversity of merit and success. While some of the articles now republished are fully equal in force of thought and polish of style

to the essays collected by himself some years ago, the two volumes, as a whole, possess a peculiar value, and excite a special interest from the biographical insight they yield into the gradual progress and development of Macaulay's prodigious intellectual powers. The collection now published embraces the author's contributions to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, written about the age of twenty-four; his previously unacknowledged essays in the *Edinburgh Review;* and the articles written by him two years ago, for Mr. Black's *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Of the first of these three groups of writings, the most important are the criticisms on Dante and Petrarch; the charming "Conversation between Mr. Cowley and Mr. Milton, touching the great civil war;" and the masterly review on *Mitford's History of Greece.* If we remember rightly, it was this essay upon Dante that impelled Robert Hall to learn Italian, that he might study the Divine Comedy for himself. The "Conversation between Mr. Cowley and Mr. Milton" shows that in 1824 the essayist had already arrived at the same conclusions which the matured historian of twenty-four years afterwards set forth in almost the very same words. And in the review of Mitford, we find the first distinct enunciation of his views respecting the office of an historian, which he afterwards developed more fully in his essay upon History in the *Edinburgh Review*, and which he has exemplified with such marvellous success in his own brilliant history. It is curious, too, to trace in this early essay the first outline sketch of the New Zealander, subsequently filled in so artistically in the essay on "Ranke's Popes." The passage is as follows. After a glorious panegyric on the noble works of Athenian genius, he exclaims:

The intellectual empire of Athens is imperishable. And when those who have mocked her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when perhaps travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts;—her influence and her glory will still survive, fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derived their origin, and over which they exercise their control.

The essays from the *Edinburgh Review* are those on "John Dryden," on "History," on "Mill's Theory of Government," on "Sadler's Law of Population," and on "Mirabeau" and "Barere." Of these, by far the most finished and elaborate, is the disquisition upon History—its objects and its laws. In this the characteristics of all the great historians from Herodotus to Hume are keenly analyzed and perspicuously presented to view, with a felicity and wealth of illustration unsurpassed by any of the previously acknowledged writings of Lord Macaulay. But by far the most valuable passage of the essay is that in which is

exhibited the author's *beau ideal* of "a perfect historian," a standard which he clearly held before himself in writing his immortal, though unhappily fragmentary, work. This essay appeared in 1828, when the future historian was yet a mere youth of eight-and-twenty. We regret that we are unable to extract the passage before us entire :

The perfect historian is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony. But by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative, a due subordination is observed; some transactions are prominent, others retire. But the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to us. The change of manners will be indicated not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line.

If such a man as we are supposing should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes. But with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott in the same manner has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them, in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings, works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in Old Mortality; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the Fortunes of Nigel.

The third section of this work, consisting of the articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, comprises the biographical sketches of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and William Pitt. These are so well known, that it is quite unnecessary for us to allude to them further here.

The second volume concludes with a series of miscellaneous poems, written at various periods, between the age of twelve and the age of fifty-six. They are, of course, of very varied degrees of merit. Beyond comparison, however, the best is the "Battle of Naseby," which, notwithstanding the affected quaintness of its title, "by Obadiah Bind-their-

kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, serjeant in Ireton's regiment," may compare with the "Battle of Ivry," or any others of Macaulay's most inspirited ballads. We can only extract two or three stanzas, as specimens of the whole. Prince "Rupert of the Rhine" is advancing in his impetuous charge:

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! they rush on! We are broken! we are gone!
Our left is borne before them, like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground.
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of horsemen in our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

The interest of Captain Burton's *Lake Regions of Central Africa—a Picture of Exploration*, has been anticipated, though by no means exhausted, by Captain Speke's picturesque narrative of the same expedition, as published in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The two volumes now before us are as painful in one respect as they are charmingly instructive in another. The unpleasantness of them arises from the unhappy quarrels they disclose; and the interest they excite is produced, of course, by the marvellously graphic power displayed by the author in every page, and which he exemplified so fully in the record of his previous venturous pilgrimage to the shrine of the Arabian prophet. Dissensions and disputes seem inevitable to expeditions of discovery. Sir Edward Belcher's voyage into the Arctic Seas is full of them. Dr. Livingstone's present expedition into Central Africa has been partially broken up by painful misunderstandings, which, in justice to all parties concerned, must before long be fully investigated and made public. And the otherwise brilliant explorations of Burton and Speke have been marred and tarnished by the very unsatisfactory disputes and recriminations which these volumes disclose. We shall not at present enter upon them at all in detail. Captain Burton's quarrel with his masters of the East India Company is no more than might be expected when a man of high intellectual power was intrusted with a work requiring so much of independent action and unofficial vigour, and at the same time attached to the leading strings of a circumlocution department. His charges against his junior associate in the expedition, Capain Speke, become a much more serious affair. They are of the gravest character,

and cannot be fairly adjudicated upon until both parties have a fair hearing. Captain Speke is accused of unjust treatment towards Captain Burton, in anticipating him in his communications with the Geographical Society, as well as to the general public, through the pages of *Blackwood;* and what is far more serious, is charged with incompetency as an observer and untrustworthiness as a reporter of his travels. On the evidence adduced, it is impossible to pronounce a verdict. The strong personal *animus* shown by Captain Burton is sufficient to call for further and more convincing testimony before his accusations can be held valid. And, at all events, while "the migratory instincts" of the accuser have impelled him to voyage westward to explore the recesses of the new continent, and while the accused is conducting another expedition into the very regions previously travelled by them both, the public cannot do otherwise than suspend their judgment until the trial of the case is resumed in open court, and both parties alike have an impartial hearing. Passing from this very painful preliminary matter, we should like to rapidly review the brilliant pages which Captain Burton here presents to the public. The accounts of scenery and of native character are of the most graphic and vivid description; but our limited space this month forbids any attempt to present them even in the barest outline. We must content ourselves therefore now with only one brief extract, quoted simply as a specimen of the author's style. The traveller penetrating westward from Zanzibar arrives at "Unyamwezi, the far-famed Land of the Moon."

The sunset hour, in the "Land of the Moon," is replete with enjoyments. The sweet and balmy breeze floats in waves, like the draught of a fan; the sky is softly and serenely blue; the fleecy clouds, stationary in the upper firmament, are robed in purple and gold, and the beautiful blush, crimsoning the west, is reflected by all the features of earth. At this time, all is life. The vulture soars with silent flight high in the blue expanse; the small birds preen themselves for the night, and sing their evening hymns; the antelopes prepare to couch in the bush; the cattle and flocks frisk and gambol, whilst driven from their pastures; and the people busy themselves with the simple pleasures that end the day. Every evening there is a smoking party, which particularly attracts my attention. All the feminine part of the population, from wrinkled grandmother to the maiden scarcely in her teens, assemble together, and sitting in a circle upon dwarf stools and logs of wood, apply themselves to their long black-bowled pipes.

> Sæpe illæ long-cut vel short-cut flare tobacco
> Sunt solitæ pipos.

They smoke with an intense enjoyment, slowly and deeply inhaling the glorious weed, and exhaling clouds from their nostrils; at times they stop to cool the mouth with slices of raw manioc, or cobs of green maize roasted in the ashes; and often some earnest matter of local importance causes the pipes to be removed for a few minutes, and a clamour of tongues breaks the usual silence. The pipe also requires remark: the bowl is of imperfect material—the clay being half-baked—but the shape is perfect. The African tapering cone is far superior to the European

bowl: the former gives as much smoke as possible while the tobacco is fresh and untainted, and as little when it becomes hot and unpleasant; the latter acts on the contrary principle. Amongst the fair of Yombo, there were no less than three beauties—women who would be deemed beautiful in any part of the world. Their faces were purely Grecian; they had laughing eyes, their figures were models for an artist, with—

Turgide, brune e ritondette mamme,

like the "bending statue that delights the world" cast in bronze. The dress—a short kilt of calabash fibre, rather set off than concealed their charms, and though destitute of petticoat or crinoline, they were wholly unconscious of indecorum. It is a question that by no means can be positively answered in the affirmative, that real modesty is less in proportion to the absence of toilette. These "beautiful domestic animals" graciously smiled when in my best Kinyamwezi I did my devoir to the sex; and the present of a little tobacco always secured me a seat in the undress circle.

Flora Capensis; being a systematic Description of the Plants of the Cape Colony, Kaffraria, and Port Natal. By W. H. Harvey, M.D., and O. W. Sonder, Phil. D.—Vol. I. Ranunculaceæ to Connaraceæ.—Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.; and Cape Town: A. S. Robertson. 1859-60. 8*vo*, 12*s*.

The botanical world will hail with much pleasure and satisfaction the appearance of a work which, for many years past, has been a desideratum. Ever since the publication of Thunberg's valuable Flora, in 1823, South Africa has been explored by a number of intelligent scientific travellers, but the results of their labours, being concealed in periodicals, pamphlets, and the annals of learned societies of different nations, never became properly known.

Fortunately, the authors of the present work are placed in the position of availing themselves of the facilities which large scientific institutions afford, not only by being allowed to consult those scattered literary productions, but also by having access to the extensive botanical stores preserved in European collections. By these means, the examination of the herbaria of Thunberg, Bergius, Sparrmann, Jacquin, and other early and modern writers on South African botany, has fully enabled them to adjust the synonymy, correct errors, improve defective descriptions, remove doubts, and expunge hybrids and mere varieties from the list of genuine species.

In the preface to this volume, which is dedicated to his Excellency Sir George Grey, the authors express their views and intentions respecting the work in the following words:

In undertaking the Flora Capensis, the authors propose to furnish to the colonists in the British South African provinces a clear and concise descriptive catalogue of the vegetable productions of their adopted country. As the colonies have no very definite limits to the northward, neither have the authors been anxious to fix a boundary line to this Flora. Generally speaking, the Cape Flora is limited on the north by the Gariep, or Orange River, as its western extremity rather

flows through than bounds the peculiar desert flora of Namaqualand, and the Tugela merely limits the British colony of Natal, while the characteristic vegetation of Kafirland, of which Natal is a section, extends northwards at least to Delagoa Bay, gradually assuming the features of tropical African vegetation. Whilst, therefore, our Flora will be found tolerably complete for the old-established colonial districts, both of the western and eastern provinces, it presents little more than an outline sketch of the northern and north-eastern regions, and of the Natal colony; and still more imperfectly pourtrays the vegetation of Great Namaqualand, Bechuanaland, the Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal Republic, all lying beyond the Gariep.

The authors have diligently availed themselves of every accessible collection of plants from the last-named regions; but so few botanical travellers have yet explored them, save in some scattered spots, that their vegetation is as yet all but unknown. From what we know of the plants of Transvaal, especially of its mountains and high plateaux, that country promises to the botanist the richest harvest yet ungathered in South Africa; and the long range that divides Kaffraria from the western regions, while it limits the distribution of the greater portion of the subtropical types that mingle in the Cape Flora, probably still retains in its unexplored wilds multitudes of interesting plants. This we infer from the fact that almost every small package of specimens received from Natal, or the Transvaal district, contains not only new species, but new genera; and some of the latter are of so marked and isolated a character as to infer the existence in the same region of unknown types, that may better connect them with the genera or orders already known.

It is not intended at present to enter into details on the geographical distribution of South African plants, or the relations between the South African Flora and that of other countries having a nearly similar climate. Whilst the work is in progress, new collections of plants continue to be received, rendering it impossible to prepare a satisfactory geographical introduction, until the descriptive portion has been finished. At the conclusion of the work the authors propose to give a general introduction, which will embrace the geographical relations of the Flora, and include a summary of the labours of botanical explorers in South Africa, and of the various treatises that have been written on South African plants. It is scarcely possible to say definitely to what number of volumes the descriptive matter may extend. That it will require at least five volumes of the size of this first volume seems probable, and these can scarcely be completed in less than ten years. Within that time the authors anticipate from their numerous friends and correspondents in the colonies so much additional information on South African botany, that probably a considerable supplement may be needed to the earlier volumes. If their undertaking meet with approval after its completion equal to the encouragement with which they have already been favoured by the Colonial Government and by private individuals in the colony, they will have received the best and most grateful reward for their labours.

The authors desire here most prominently to record their deep sense of the confidence reposed in them, and the essential aid extended to their work by the Parliament of South Africa, which, on the proposal of the Governor-General, has, by a liberal grant of money (at the rate of £150 per volume), relieved them from much of the cost of publication, and at the same time has left the whole impression at their dis-

posal. Few works of the kind have a large sale, and without such patronage the present Flora could not be carried out. Nor has the Governor's thoughtful kindness been limited to obtaining the parliamentary grant. His Excellency, by a Government notice (No. 387, 1857) has invited contributions of dried specimens of plants from persons residing within the colonies, or the neighbouring free states, and has undertaken to forward the same, if sent to the Colonial Office, Cape Town, to the authors, free of expense. Already this notice has elicited the active co-operation of several obliging collectors of specimens, and furnished much valuable material for this work. The authors now earnestly solicit from their *still unknown friends*, collections, large or small, of specimens dried according to the plain directions which will be found at page xxiv of the *Intr. to Botany* that follows this preface, which collections shall be duly and thankfully acknowledged in future volumes. And, as they may serve to render the Flora more *complete* than it could otherwise be, the senders will be doubly rewarded; they will have the satisfaction of having forwarded the cause of science, and will reap the advantage promised to those that cast bread on the waters,—they will themselves gain information by imparting it to others.

After having paid their tribute of acknowledgment and thanks to those friends who, by contributing their mites, have endeavoured to add to the greater usefulness of the book, the authors proceed by giving a short but comprehensive outline of structural and systematic botany, compiled from Dr. Lindley's, Dr. A. Gray's, and Mr. Bentham's admirable works; and conclude with an index of technical terms, a table of the classes and sub-classes, and the succession of these orders which the volume contains.

Of the first sub-class of exogenous plants (Thalamifloræ), the volume comprises 41 orders, 164 genera, and 1,170 species, many of which are here for the first time described. Of the second sub-class (Calycifloræ) there are 6 orders, 30 genera, and 132 species; making a total of 47 orders, 194 genera, and 1,352 species. Amongst the genera alone, not less than 71 are peculiar to the South African Flora.

But what imparts a still higher value to the work is the circumstance that nearly all these numerous plants have been newly described from authentic specimens. These descriptions are sufficiently brief and expressive of the character of each individual genus or species; nay, the most striking features of each, to render them more conspicuous, are printed in *italics*. A copious index closes the whole.

The second volume, already commenced, and supposed to contain about eighteen hundred species, will embrace the following orders: Leguminosæ, Rosaceæ, Saxifrageæ, Hamamelideæ, Bruniaceæ, Crassulaceæ, Portulaceæ, Mesembryaceæ, Cactæ, Begoniaceæ, Cucurbitaceæ, Passifloraceæ, Loasaceæ, Onograriaceæ, Combretaceæ, Rhizophoreæ, Lythrieæ, Melastomaceæ, Olinia, Myrtaceæ, Umbelliferæ, Araliaceæ, Cornaceæ, Haloragæ, Balanophoreæ, and Loranthaceæ.

There can be no doubt that this Flora Capensis, or, rather *South African Flora*, when finished, will be the most important work on South

African Natural History ever published. When shall we have a similar one on South African Zoology?

Thesaurus Capensis: or Illustrations of the South African Flora; being Figures and brief Descriptions of South African Plants. By W. H. Harvey, M.D., &c. Parts II and III, tab. 26—75. Dublin and Cape Town: A. S. Robertson, 1860. 8*vo*. *Price 5s. each.*

In January last I took occasion to submit to the readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* a review of the first part of this illustrated work on South African plants, just then published by Professor Harvey.

The second and third part, each containing twenty-five sketches with descriptions, have since come to hand, and the fourth, completing the *first* volume, will speedily follow. Pursuing the plan once adopted and already explained, the author here presents the public again with the representations of a choice series of new or rare South African plants, the greater portion of which are natives of British Kaffraria, the Free States, and Natal. Not the least interesting among these are two species belonging to two old, long-established Linnæan genera; a very curious *Crotalaria* (*C. platysepala*, tab. 29), from beyond Lake N'Gami, remarkable for its strangely formed calyx, and a *Heath* from Kafirland and Natal (*Erica Alopecurus*, tab. 48), being the last known representative of this extensive tribe straggling into the sub-tropical regions north-east of the Cape colony.

The botanist will also meet here with the figures of *Rawsonia lucida* (tab. 31), and *Bowkeria triphylla* (tab. 37), previously alluded to.

L. Pappe, M.D.

TO PRINCE ALFRED.

Hail! Royal Son of her, whose name,
Breath'd in the furthest corners of the earth,
Doth call forth love of noblest worth,
Such love as love alone can claim.

Her noble acts of queenly grace
Tell of a royalty, which grows of thought
And woman's kindness; which has ever sought
To light with smiles her people's face.

And now this grace to us has come
In noble form, o'er thousand miles of sea;
Sweet proof that, though her people distant be,
She loves, as though they were of home.

Ambassador of her we love,
Tell her,—throughout the land what thou hast seen,
How hearts of all, as one, have been
In prayers for her to God above.

August, 1860. E. J. M

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM FOR JULY AND AUGUST.

The donations for the last two months have been so extensive, that I have reserved a portion of them to be commented on at greater length in another number of the *Magazine*. They are worthy of more than a simple notice, comprising some specimens quite new to the collection. I regret that a wounded hand prevented me from furnishing a report last month, but I believe all donations are noted in the present one.

J. McCarthy, Ceres.—A fine specimen of *Alcedo gigantea*, mounted for the collection.

Capt. Ch. Harison, Conservator of Forests.—A wild boar (*Sus larvatus*)—a fine male. We have a specimen already mounted, but Capt. H. has promised a female and young, which will be a great acquisition.

P. D. Martin, Simon's Town.—A baboon mounted, but in bad condition; a pelican in young plumage.

C. Watermeyer.—A pelican in full breeding plumage, mounted; a rheebok haas or a long-tailed hare (*Lepus saxatilis*), mounted.

W. Cairncross.—Two porcupines (*H. Cristata*).

The Trustees of Dessinian Collection.—A series of New Zealand weapons, &c., all more or less damaged. A trophy has been formed of several of these with others already in the collection.

M. Bishop, Cape Flats.—Several small *Rodentia* (mice, &c.); several of them being new, have been mounted.

R. Smith, Cape Flats.—Several snakes, alive and dead.

George Quinn, Worcester.—Purple heron (*Ardea purpurea*), not in good preservation; prepared for exchange.

Dr. Graf, Somerset West.—*Anas erythrorhyncha* in the flesh; prepared for exchange. A lot of coins not yet examined.

D. Russouw, Zwartland.—Two small birds belonging to the genus *Bradypterus*—Le Coriphée of Le Vaillant. These are very interesting; the bird is apparently not yet described, the *genus* only being guessed at by Mr. Swainson, in whose handwriting it appears on the museum copy of Le Vaillant's splendid work. Unfortunately, we have only succeeded in mounting one specimen; but this will suffice to identify Le Vaillant's bird.

S. J. Oertel, Graaff-Reinet.—Fine leopard skin, unfortunately without skull or bones. Having four Cape and two Indian specimens already mounted, I shall transmit this fine animal to Russia, to the Imperial Museum, the directors of which have written, offering some valuable animals in exchange for our Cape species.

Stephen W. Foulkes, Duinfontein, Caledon.—Skin of aardvark (*Orycteropus capensis*), reserved for exchange, and very acceptable. Skins of this animal are *always most acceptable* for foreign distribution.

— Coetze, Cape Town.—Indian parrot (*Palæornis torquatus*) shot in the oak walk, one of a pair, mounted.

H. Bowe, Namaqualand.—Cape squirrel (*Sciurus setosus*), reserved for exchange.

W. Long.—Several coins and tokens.

James Hewett.—A lot of coins.

— Ross.—Silver ornament from an ancient Chatelaine. This is a curious work of art, with raised figures on each side, well executed.

W. T. Smith.—Russian amulet in brass.

Some very fine birds have been received from Messrs. Arnot, of Colesberg, and O'Reilly, sr., of Graaff-Reinet; but I reserve them for a fuller report, as they contain many novelties of great interest.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR JULY, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers. Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min	Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, Inches Tension.	Wind. Hourly velocity	Direction.	Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
July	inches	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inches.	
1	30·060	53·38	52·24	57·5	48·2	51·1	92·0	29·683	3·1	WSW	0·173	9·6
2	29·830	53·04	49·62	57·0	49·0	46·3	79·0	29·515	10·3	NWbN	1·117	6·4
3	29·794	50·64	46·24	55·6	46·2	41·7	72·0	29·530	20·0	W½N	·280	9·1
4	29·871	48·93	45·25	52·0	47·1	41·3	75·3	29·611	14·8	W½S		6·8
5	30·070	48·84	47·22	54·8	45·0	45·5	85·4	29·766	4·0	SW	1·222	9·6
6	30·358	49·32	47·26	53·0	45·2	45·0	85·4	30·058	2·9	WbN	·037	6·2
7	30·341	50·32	47·44	56·3	44·8	44·5	81·0	30·047	6·5	NWbN		6·4
8	30·177	53·76	51·16	55·0	46·0	48·7	83·4	29·833	8·9	WNW	·880	9·2
9	30·288	53·46	49·16	59·0	48·7	45·0	73·6	29·988	7·5	SbW		1·2
10	30·217	51·16	48·02	53·8	44·8	44·9	79·4	29·918	5·2	SbW		5·1
11	30·188	54·18	52·08	61·3	47·2	50·1	86·8	29·825	4·0	S	·337	6·2
12	30·409	53·22	47·80	57·0	48·2	42·4	67·4	30·138	10·2	SbE		2·8
13	30·360	52·86	49·00	60·0	42·8	45·3	76·2	30·057	5·7	SW		0·1
14	30·235	54·22	50·88	60·3	42·7	47·7	79·0	29·903	3·6	SbE		0·0
15	30·104	54·98	49·50	67·4	43·8	44·5	70·6	29·809	6·0	SbW		0·2
16	30·085	55·32	52·28	63·0	52·0	49·5	81·2	29·731	11·0	NW		5·8
17	30·123	53·52	51·30	58·1	48·4	49·1	85·4	29·772	8·1	NW		4·8
18	30·150	53·02	50·22	56·7	48·3	47·5	81·6	29·821	11·2	NWbN		4·9
19	30·122	53·90	52·62	58·7	47·0	51·4	91·8	29·742	5·4	NW	·037	4·7
20	30·009	52·74	51·02	55·7	49·7	49·3	88·2	29·656	9·4	NWbW	·047	6·2
21	30·044	52·26	48·78	56·6	48·2	45·2	77·6	29·738	10·2	SSW	·268	7·0
22	30·233	50·08	45·80	55·0	42·0	41·3	72·2	29·973	11·0	SSW		2·4
23	30·069	52·64	46·98	59·0	45·2	41·4	64·8	29·807	4·8	SSW		2·7
24	30·146	57·60	51·84	63·3	53·0	46·7	68·6	29·825	11·8	SSW		0·1
25	29·955	60·86	50·80	68·0	48·4	42·2	51·4	29·685	7·0	SW		0·6
26	29·844	59·84	53·80	72·0	53·6	48·7	69·6	29.499	10·3	NW		4·8
27	29·970	56·48	53·78	60·4	53·8	51·3	82·8	29·592	13·8	NNW		9·6
28	30·122	55·94	54·20	60·0	52·7	52·6	88·8	29·725	6·5	NNW		8·2
29	30·109	55·06	52·02	60·0	47·8	49·2	81·2	29·759		W	·528	6·8
30	30·275	52·00	48·24	59·0	44·7	44·6	77·0	29·980		WbN		5·8
31	30·244	52·04	48·60	58·8	43·3	45·2	77·8	29·941	7·2	SSW		3·0
Mean,	30·123	53·41	49·84	59·0	47·3	46·4	78·4	29·804	8·5	WbS	Sum 4·926	5·0

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·119	30·148	30·107	30·110	30·137	30·465	29·660
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·816	29·831	29·781	29·785	29·815	30·196	29·322
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	49·75	53·14	57·96	54·22	51·99	69·3	44·4
,, Wet bulb.	',	47·48	49·69	52·19	50·53	49·40	57·3	43·0
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	84·8	78·5	68·2	77·7	83·0	98·	42·
Dew Point.	degrees	45·1	46·3	47·0	47·0	46·8	54·1	37·6

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED.

1860.

The pedant who said of Homer, "What does he prove?" spoke as if deputed by a respectable community of our fellow-creatures, called Practical Men. They demand a reason for our emotions, and have no great esteem for a joy that cannot give an account of itself. The presence of the Queen's second son, a lad of fifteen or thereabout, inspired universal gladness over all South Africa for several weeks. Private griefs and public discontents were left locked up with our other household gods—by the hearth, in the shop, or in the counting-house, while the human race, in person, crowded the streets and squares of cities, the roads and waysides in the country, to see a quiet, modest-looking young gentleman ride peaceably along on a pony. Shouts, spontaneous and natural as the sound of a long wave on a winding shore, rose from earth to sky as he advanced. There was a visible softening of features, a sort of melting of heart, as when a sentiment of tenderness takes by surprise. The voice said welcome, but the eye said more. It can be proved, if needful, that bearded men and beautiful women shed tears, for no reason they could think of but that they could not help it. Nature triumphed over self-esteem. It was as near an approach to childishness as we are often permitted to enjoy, in our mortal state,—after we have been turned into men and women for agricultural, commercial, and political services, to be rewarded, if we behave well, by restoration to perfect childhood. It proved that the kingdom of heaven is still within us, and that in due time we may again enjoy it, if we do not, like James the Second, endeavour to subvert our constitution, by breaking the original contract between sense and imagination, and, by the advice of arithmeticians and other wicked persons, violate the fundamental laws of love and fancy, thereby abdicating the government, and leaving the throne vacant for Mammon.

But what good came of it at last? The boy is a subject like ourselves, simply a midshipman, under tutors and guardians, lieutenants and captains. Of himself, he could do nothing, give nothing, promise nothing. Sir George Grey, who rode by his side, represents the QUEEN. Prince Alfred only reminds us of the MOTHER. In the grand old times, he would have stood behind Sir George's chair at banquets, with a platter in his hand and a towel over his arm. Yet so little given to refinements is true loyalty that the presence of Majesty itself could not have drawn to one point more fixedly the eyes of immense multitudes, from day to day, or satisfied their affections more genially, than did the young face of this child whom the Queen is known to love. When the people of the Cape, therefore, were presented to him, one by one,—when he cast the first rock into the sea as the commencement of the great work in Table Bay,—when he laid the first stone of the Sailors' Home,—when he opened the New Library and Museum in Cape Town,—fresh interest was awakened to these useful and ennobling undertakings, and public confidence and public liberality were more strongly directed to them. In his extensive tour from Port Elizabeth to Natal, accompanied by a Governor in whom colonists and natives equally confide, the same respect and the same affectionate regard to the Queen's son was expressed by every demonstration that could evince sincerity or make the intended impression lasting. The two British colonies, the Free State, the numerous dependent and independent tribes, by the voice of their chiefs and assembled people, uttered without concert, the same sentiment of profound veneration for the sovereign whom Divine Providence has made the chief representative and protector of human liberty, public morals, and domestic and personal virtue on earth. The Prince's visit was not the cause; it was only the first occasion on which this universal sentiment could be, as it were, simultaneously expressed in this part of the world. But the simultaneous expression of a sentiment that has been silently growing and maturing for years, gives it body and strength. For the first time these varied nations felt the influence of the same idea at the same moment, and became conscious of a relationship to each other by relationship to the same person—a bond of union of great efficacy in human affairs. Force may appear to govern the world; but force is only the servant of ideas. A universal idea is supreme power. Placing all our recent proceedings together in this light, we consider the visit of Prince Alfred as a great event, the first

that can be properly characterized as a South African event, the first occasion in which the whole populations of this vast region, from the Cape promontory to Natal, acknowledged the moral influence of one sentiment, and were ready to act in one cause. And what was that cause? It seems to us, recalling every expression by word or outward show, that the cause all had at heart, consciously or unconsciously, was the cultivation of peace and good-will. Peace between states, however diverse in manners, customs, language, and race, good-will and mutual regard between all classes of society in the separate states. The tendency of this sentiment to promote civilization, where it is still but in the germ or in the blade, to cherish and complete where it has approached the highest elevation yet known, is as clear as its power to accomplish this desire of all good men and lovers of their kind, is manifest from its nature as well as from the recorded course of human improvement. If the occasion we speak of did no more than bring to proof the fact that a moral union between elements so long hostile is possible, that they already yield to sympathy by a common attraction towards one example of great power and great purity made visible in a woman, a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a Queen. If this were all, the good that has come of it already satisfies the mind, the good that may naturally flow from it, grows larger and brighter, the more steadily we direct the light of experience on the future progress of our people. We permit this hope to settle, because the example brought before all eyes is that of a mortal creature like themselves, and, therefore, not beyond imitation. Every grace that sanctifies the throne of VICTORIA may be planted in every dwelling and brighten every hearth. All is natural; all is human. The greatness of the empire of which she is the head, takes nothing from the simplicity of the expression, but adds immensely to its effect. Her crown is the symbol of combined power in two hundred millions of mankind, a fifth part of the living race. From the centre to the utmost verge of this great dominion, liberty and lawful authority protect all the rights of man. No slave crouches beneath her sceptre. Nowhere may violence reap the harvest of industry; as much as human genius aided by Divine revelation has invented the means, as far as human strength is able to wield them, there is no wrong without a remedy. It is to this sublime mechanism of justice, singular in its magnitude and completeness on earth, that reason and feeling pour the full tribute of loyalty. In this sentiment the Sovereign sympathizes with the people, and is loyal to

the law that looks with equal firmness on the palace and the cottage, careful of weakness and jealous of power. To bring this exhibition of personal and regal dignity near the mind's eye, to secure its hold on memory by the warm colouring of private affection, is the real meaning and value of this Prince's visit. It was the Mother in the Son, the Queen in the Mother, and the empire of liberty and justice in the Queen, that swayed the multitudes not the less certainly that no such thoughts may have occurred at the moment.

The visit was well timed. The revolutions in our social policy had been fully accomplished. Sufficient experience had reconciled freedom and authority, race with race, and all conditions of life with each other. The genius of liberty was maturing its natural fruits. Great public works of manifest utility were in progress; the schools and churches everywhere manifested regard to the moral wants of our nature, and literature and the fine arts were taking their due place in the public mind. A period of profound peace had brought the tribes of the interior within the influences of law and religion with the fairest prospect we had yet seen of a permanent settlement on principles of justice and forbearance. As the presence of Queen Victoria's son will draw the attention of all the world for nine days to the Cape of Good Hope, of whose present state little could be known, we are glad we had such a picture to present to them. It is a strong contrast to what they have too long had to contemplate with pain, and differs as much from the Cape of Barrow and Bird as the England of Victoria from the England of the Plantagenets, or even of William the Conqueror. The reception accorded to the Prince, the same in spirit everywhere, was sufficiently varied to prove its independent and indigenous growth in every locality. It was, without a single exception, hearty and appropriate, from the blaze of the festal city and decorated ball rooms, to the farmer's fireside and fragile huts of the Kafir or Basutu. The story of this royal progress as given by the colonial Press,—itself the most characteristic feature to the thoughtful,—will bring the Cape more distinctly before the public mind in England and elsewhere than could any volumes of minute description. Endeavouring to look at it from that distant point of view, we feel that the impression will be highly favourable. Indirect evidence as to the real state of a country thus obtained is by far the most satisfactory and convincing. The witnesses as well as the actors are thrown off their guard, and reveal their own character, which is the

very thing we want to know. The impression on the mind of Prince Alfred is well known, but considering his youth, it is hardly a fit subject for discourse, at least, in this place. He will recall the warm-hearted welcome of South Africa with more and more emotion as the hard material with which manhood has to deal tells him that this world was not made for man but man for it. Man was originally placed in a garden to keep it and to dress it; he has now to labour in a field of thorns and briers. The Prince will be remembered here with real affection. He was happy in so kind a mentor as Sir George Grey, and his own demeanour on all occasions became his age, birth, and rank.

We say little on this occasion, because every one of our readers has already said ten times more to himself than we have room for, and we would not encroach on the proper field of newspapers that have done their own duty in this case to the admiration of all. We had nearly said, "of all hero worshipers," but this was no "hero-worship," whether that phrase means a superstition or a religion. Prince Alfred has a character to make, and simply reminded us of the Queen. The Queen, thank heaven, is not a heroine, but the pure and spotless representative of the grand idea we have formed of a mighty empire, the chosen abode of liberty. The people could thus give full play to their feelings without compromising self-respect. Their congratulations were expressions of friendship, not of prostration. It may be admitted, however, that in any government but that of England, the excellent qualities of the present sovereign might endanger liberty. For there is truth in what M. de la Bruyere has said that, "the commonalty are so blindly prepossessed in favour of the great, so naturally taken with their behaviour and looks, their voice, and manners, that *would they take it into their heads to be good*, this prepossession would grow to idolatry."

THE TABLE BAY BREAKWATER, AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE LABOUR MARKET.

Blue-book literature is proverbially dry and uninteresting, and requires no small determination of purpose in the reader to wade through a volume, should he not have in it some special interest to cheer him on his way. To this general rule, however, the last parliamentary session has afforded several exceptions; but none more remarkable than in the

elaborate reports issued on the breakwater. Mr. Coode's plan, so ably explained and supported by the evidence of Mr. Andrews, has not only made an interesting Blue-book, which is in itself no small achievement, but it has silenced all objections on the subject discussed, and set at rest a question which has more or less interested Cape society for half a century. Not that during that long period it has ever pressed heavily on their spirits; they have been content to regard it as an object having a very distant result, in which the present generation have but a reversionary interest. Our merchants, in days of yore, who should have headed the phalanx in its favour, as we are gratified to say their successors have done now, were content to let things remain as they were, inasmuch as they were not the immediate or principal losers, for any increased amount on insurance for extra risk in Table Bay was borne by that scattered, heterogeneous, and uncombined mass, who pay for all—the consumers. The direct losses fell on the insurance companies, principally in England; whilst connected with the wrecks there existed an under-current of profits, which was not without its influence. All sorts of stores so useful to our coasting trade—masts, yards, spars, cordage, sails, rigging, timber, provisions, and, in fact, every kind of ship's outfit, which comes out burthened with heavy freight and customs dues—were largely provided from wrecks, at a very low figure. It is true the feelings of society were shocked by the appalling loss of life in the wreck of the *Waterloo*, and humanity required that something should then be done. The establishment of a life-boat was the result, and we forthwith relapsed into our usual apathy, from which the loss of life in the wreck of the *Frances Spaight* could not arouse us. Even the failure of Colonel Michell's mission to England caused little or no regret in the public mind. This delay has not been without its benefits, and, on the whole, perhaps it is rather fortunate than otherwise that the breakwater had been deferred until the country had acquired representative institutions, which have by their inquisitorial committees and opposing deliberations, set forth its value in a much clearer light than could have been before available. Government and the public have had time to consider the question commercially, geographically, politically, economically, and, in fact, in almost every possible aspect. Yet there are several points in which it will affect more or less the social and industrial conditions of the community which have not met with consideration; and these we shall proceed now to notice.

In the evidence given before the committee, page 35, by the port-captain, he appears to labour under the impression that the change in the site of business will produce a change in the value of property, which will operate unfavourably. So far from this being the case, we believe that the reverse will be true. Whatever form the breakwater may take, and whether we have the docks or not, the quiet water created by its protection will render it both practicable and necessary to reclaim a large portion of land from the sea, by the erection of a line of quays or wharfs in comparatively deep water, from the Imhoff battery to the breakwater, at which coasting craft can lie and load or unload, and boats ship or land cargo with more ease and convenience than is now done at the jetties by boats alone. Whatever length of quays may be erected for this purpose, whether it be 1,000 feet or 5,000 feet, will be most valuable, and will probably realize £100 a foot frontage, when brought to the hammer, and, if so, we shall have 1,000 feet of frontage realizing £100,000; and on the ground spanned by every fifty feet of frontage, a merchant will erect stores worth probably £5,000. And, if so, then we shall have for every 1,000 feet of frontage £200,000 of additional capital, principally English, invested in Table Bay; and if the frontage is such as to allow us to multiply this number by five, then, if we mistake not the subject, this is a matter not beneath our consideration. We are under no apprehension about the change in the value of the property which may be vacated by the change in the site of business, because, if we go on peacefully and prosperously, before the breakwater is half finished we shall have such an increase to our population as will require all the room we have to give, and will compel us to push our city out to seaward as far as possible. A new city will spring up in the vicinity of the docks, the warehouses there will be occupied by our foreign imports and exports, and the parent city and its warehouses will be occupied by our colonial trade. And when the Wellington railway is extended down the Berg River, the rhenoster bush and mimosa will give place to crops of wheat, and the country bounded by the Zak and the Gariep will become one immense food factory; Zwartland and the Olifant's River will produce the raw material for bread, in quantity and fineness not exceeded by any on a similar area of the earth's surface; Tulbagh, Worcester, Piketberg and Clanwilliam, the Bokkevelds and Hantam, the Hardeveldt and Namaqualand, will send their contributions of fat cattle and sheep in good condition, by the shortening of the worst part of the

journey by five or six days' driving for as many hours' riding; and we shall want the warehouses and offices of the present site for an increased internal trade, and for storing our grain, stapling our wool, dressing our peltries, salting our meat, and preserving our fruit for exportation. So far, then, we have no misgivings in respect to the value of property. We will now consider the breakwater in regard to the effects it is likely to have on our labour supply—a subject always beset with considerable difficulties.

The great difficulty of the labour question in the Cape Colony has hitherto been the limited resources of the country in its undeveloped state, and the want of settled employment for a length of time in particular localities. Farming cannot afford occupation for labourers for more than one third of the year. The public works carried on in the country have been limited to road-making, principally by convict labour, and if not by convict labour, by free labour in the most objectionable form—day labour by fixed establishments; and therefore it gives no encouragement to skill or industry. Railroads it is obvious cannot supply the want any more than common roads, from the rapidity with which they require to be made. Moreover the class of men (the navvies) by whom they are constructed are quite unsuitable for industrious, thriving, and prolific colonists; they are the semi-wild and roving Arabs of the labouring classes of the age, excellent men for earthworks of any kind, but unfit for any other purpose. It is true it is not a very cheering prospect to have to rely on our public works for peopling the country with a labouring population, but such is the case to a considerable extent; and being so, it is pleasing to see them assuming a form most suitable to this end. The erection of a new prison, or the renovation and extension of an old one in every small town in the colony, will attract to each site mechanics for their construction,—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, and glaziers principally, where they will find a much better prospect of securing success in life than in the variable and sometimes overstocked labour market of Cape Town; and thus, aided very much by the construction of dams and reservoirs, if these are sufficiently extensive and of a permanent character, the germs of a labouring and mechanical class may be formed in our country towns.

But, to confine our remarks to the breakwater, and how it will conduce to this end. Its establishment will be extensive enough to receive any number of labourers, and a large number of the mechanics arriving at any one time as immigrants, —thus forming an immigration depôt on a large scale, from

which supplies for the country districts can be drafted as necessity may require. It would thus become a base of operations, at all times affording a ready supply, and being situated at the port of delivery, would very much reduce the expenses of the depôt, and enable us to economize the scanty means at our disposal for this all-important purpose. Care, however, must be taken not to fix the rate of wages so high as to induce men to remain in town in preference to going to the country, for it is in the country the true interest of the immigrant lies; there he will find the best means of settling and accumulating substance, and rearing a healthy and industrious family, away from the allurements of Cape Town and its canteens. His relative position in society will be much higher in the limited community of a country village; he will be free from the contact and contamination of semi-barbarous and Mohammedan vice, and filth, and degradation, accumulated in festering masses in the unventilated kennels, in the blind alleys and unwatered lanes of our ill-used and neglected city; whilst at the Government schools he will find the means of educating his children, away from the costly style of living and extravagant and inordinate expectations which a residence in the metropolis seems to entail on all of its citizens who can acquire means, either fair or unfair, to indulge in them. But when we have, by means, of our new prisons and our dams and reservoirs, and from our breakwater as a basis of supply, or by any other means, furnished our country towns with mechanics and an increased supply of labour, there is still a great want of mechanical assistance among the farmers, which those resident in towns can only supply in their own immediate vicinity. This deficiency is an obstacle to all improvement, and a drawback to the ordinary operations of farming. Hitherto we have been unable to meet the difficulty; immigration has not helped us to any appreciable extent, nor can it fully. The want can only be met by mechanics itinerating from farm to farm. The breakwater affords us, to a certain extent, the means of training a hitherto rather unprofitable class to supply this deficiency.

The most prominent idea of labour for the construction of a breakwater has ever been convict labour. From the plan of Colonel Michell, which contemplated bringing three hundred out from England, down to that of Mr. Coode, criminal labour and a staff of skilled workmen from England have ever been the mainstay of labour on which operations at the breakwater rest; and it is in the management and training of the class concentrated there that we expect to

find a partial remedy for the want above complained of. But before we can render our views at all intelligible, it is necessary that we should, as briefly as possible, explain one or two peculiar features that distinguish the collective criminalities of societies exhibiting different phases of civilization. The depraved and abandoned character of the nominally christian convictism of highly-civilized and wealthy communities renders it frequently untractable, and, in some cases, hardly susceptible of good impressions; and it is held in so detestable a light that its amalgamation with society after discharge is a very great and much-dreaded difficulty. Whilst the convictism of communities bordering on barbarous or semi-barbarous tribes, rendering obedience to laws which they understand but very imperfectly, will be much less heinous in its character, because many will be convicted for offences which, in their own minds, when compared with their own social system, are scarcely considered offences at all, certainly of no great moral turpitude, and indeed will in some instances be considered commendable, if not heroic, among their own tribes. Men so circumstanced will meet with no difficulty in amalgamating with society after discharge, and will be likely to be received with sympathy or applause.

However different may be the phases of criminality before conviction, the corrective principles of penal servitude must be of so general a character as to be applicable to all shades of crime, and it is only the different degrees of development given to the various parts that constitute the differences in systems. Our Cape plan differs from that followed in England, principally in its less perfect means of development, from the unsettled nature of its occupation and employment, and from the total absence of trades, or at least of any methodical plan of teaching trades. Much of this, there is no doubt, will be remedied at the breakwater. That trades are followed most successfully in England, by the convicts, we have evidence in detail in Colonel Jebb's reports to show; and, from another source, we learn that where trades are not known on conviction, means are taken to teach them; and that the introduction of the practice into our plan has the approbation and confidence of the Superintendent-General, we find from his last report, page 9, where he remarks that the nine boys received during the year have been handed over as servants to the different officers, "to save them as much as possible from contamination by the example and conversation of older and hardened criminals;" and he further suggests that a reformatory establishment should be connected with the prison, where the trades of shoemaking and

tailoring might be taught. We certainly hope to see this plan introduced and well tried in a mechanical branch at the Reformatory School of Industry for Convicts at the breakwater, for teaching trades to all the young,—by which we mean all under twenty-five years of age; and, we believe that such trades as blacksmiths, wheelwrights, carpenters, masons, coopers, tinsmiths, stonecutters, shoemakers, and tailors, and other handicrafts that minister directly to man's comforts, or are useful about a farm, may be taught, though not with any high perfection perhaps. We must be content with a low degree of skill when compared with that high order of things required in towns and cities. A barbarian that has learned to weld two pieces of iron together, or to repair a plough or any other implement, and render it fit for use, rude although it be, has ceased to be a barbarian, and possesses a power which, if well used, will make him a useful and valuable member of society. We do not agree in the generally assumed hopeless inaptitude of the native races to learn mechanical arts; it is an assumption which does not rest on proof; it is simply a case of Albus versus Ater, in which Albus is accuser, jury, and judge, in his own case.

Our sparse population, and the isolated state of our farms, is such that, except in the neighbourhood of towns, mechanical assistance is not to be got, and this want, for years to come, can only be supplied by tradesmen itinerating from farm to farm. European tradesmen are, from their habits, unsuitable for this. Moreover, they are too useful in the towns, and in compelling them to adopt such an itinerating life we should deprive them of their settled habits, and spoil them in the making. But all that population of various mixtures of race which forms the basis of our native working population, both urban and rural, and all the young of the border tribes who have been wanderers from their birth, are differently situated; and as many of them find a domicile at the convict stations, and after discharge find re-admittance into society without difficulty, the case is very different; and they are a suitable class of men on whom to try this very desirable practice. If success attend the effort, and there is no reason why it should not, it will tend to remove a great want and to increase the usefulness of a class of men whom we are apt to undervalue, and often unjustly consider an indolent and unprofitable race. That this want is a real and extensive one we know from our own experience. The importance attached to the workers in metal mentioned in the Sketch of Life in a South African Village in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for August is proof in point. We could

quote other cases, even much stronger, to the same effect. Now this want can only be met by itinerating mechanics, but it ought to be met by every means in our power, however small, which would conduce to this end; and we believe it may be met by the means here pointed out.

It is probable that most of the convicts who come from the border tribes return to their former localities on release, and it is all important that they should return freighted as far as possible with the fruits of civilization. It is manifest that elementary instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic is not the channel through which much useful information can be communicated to them, for we learn from the report of the superintendent-general that comparatively few can read (well as it is called), fewer still can write, and none know arithmetic. Nor is the case of those coming under the head of Hottentots, Bushmen, and free blacks so favourable as to afford a reasonable ground of assurance that knowledge can be communicated to any useful extent in this way. We do not mean that efforts should not be made to teach these all-important branches of knowledge. But what we do mean is, that of themselves they are insufficient, and from their uncongeniality to the barren atmosphere of the semi-barbaric mind, and the little immediate practical benefit they are to their possessor, they merely place him in an isolated and not very enviable position among his countrymen, and are likely soon to be forgotten, or remembered with no great affection, perhaps from a necessary association of ideas with somewhat of dislike. Great efforts are made to christianize and civilize heathen tribes, and well-managed penal servitude, with means and machinery more various in its character, aims at the same end with those that come under its management; its aim should be practical usefulness for the future more than for the present. We have not, however, much confidence in the professedly christian impressions produced on the minds of men whilst undergoing penal servitude. Very favourable accounts are given by Colonel Jebb, of the results of good teaching in some instances in England; but there is so much dissimilarity between the mind of the professedly christian convict and the mind of the semi-barbarian that like instrumentality can hardly be expected to produce like results; the heathen mind so circumstanced is in a very unfavourable position for being taught, and when taught for retaining its knowledge after discharge. Not, indeed, that we would presume to limit God's goodness. He can communicate the gifts of His grace alike to bond and free; but the genius of Christianity is free, and we have not more confi-

dence in Christianity taught in chains than we have in its propagation by the sword. If the young men of the native tribes who have reached the unhappy goal of convictism from a want of knowledge of industry can be taught handicrafts, even in a low degree, it will tend to expand their minds and render them more plastic, and the impressions made will be deeper and more durable, and so far increase their usefulness as to raise their position in society, whether barbarous or civilized, and in some measure tend to preserve them from that rapid and fatal decline which seems almost inevitably the result of their position.

The social effects of the breakwater on Cape Town we have not much space to discuss. We hope to see it the means of peopling our city with one hundred thousand inhabitants. The venerable parent city will extend her arms to the mountain, and her feet to the sea, calling on the rocks and the waves to give way, for the place is too strait for her. We shall have our east end and our west end distinct from the docks and the new city that will spring up on the race-course, in the midst of which we shall, of course, have Prince Alfred's-square. We shall have our new custom-house, and our present commercial rooms converted into a general post office. We shall have new scientific institutions of many kinds, a school of botany, and museum of practical geology, a zoological society, with extensive gardens, a new university, and a mechanics' institute, for the intellectual development of our working men. We shall have new philanthropic institutions, and a more active development of christian feelings and principles. Old habits and ideas, and modes of thought and action, and narrowness of feeling will pass away, and be replaced by those of a more liberal and cosmopolitan character; and when strangers come among us, seeking a settlement for life, instead of endeavouring to fray them away with a surly frown and a frigid pride, we shall welcome them with a gladsome countenance, as brethren and friends, future shareholders and co-partners in the fine climate and vigorous and fertile soil which a bounteous Providence has placed at our disposal, and only limited in its productive powers by the scarcity of hands to work it. Then we shall have new squares, new piazzas, new markets, new fountains, and new terraces on the mountain side; a new mansion-house for the future lord mayor and city aldermen, and a new commercial hall for our princely merchants, and new reservoirs for the preservation of the millions of gallons of water now running to waste, and our saltwater baths and our fresh, our yacht clubs, and our

boating clubs, and our swimming clubs, for the healthy development of the physical powers of our youths. We shall have new military defences, improved and extended in proportion to our increased importance, and a naval brigade of volunteers of our young men, embodied under our gallant port-captain, for the defence of Table Bay; and we shall have new banks and insurance offices, the firm and well-polished corner-stones of our commercial prosperity; and Strand-street and Waterkant will run right out to the west, and have names suitable to their new dignity, and on the elevated ground, at the point of the mountain, near the residence of our worthy ex-lord mayor, we shall have Grey-square, with our new Parliament-houses and our new Government-house, with a noble, well-planted vista leading down to the water's edge, whilst in the midst of the square, towering high over all—overlooking the breakwater and the two cities, will be the monument raised by the contributions of a generous and grateful people in honour of the master mind whose genius has given life, and cohesion, and vigour, and point to the whole. And then if we unite firmly, as one people, of one brotherhood, having a common interest, and do not mar our means by disunion and party spirit, we shall show that—

> "In everything we are sprung
> Of earth's first blood, and titles manifold;"

and the very stones of our streets may become a text-book, to guide and stimulate the progress of future generations. And when our children's children come to relate these things to their children, and to speak of the days of the good Queen Victoria, her memory will be endeared to their minds as the "Faery Queen" of the age who raised a palace of glass by a wave of her royal wand, and called the nations of the earth to enrich it with their contributions of art and beauty. But greater than even this, and the climax of all womanly dignity, they will tell of her character as a christian mother, training up her children, in accordance with apostolic precept, "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" they will speak of her virtuous daughters, as carrying blessings to generations of European nations yet unborn; of her gallant sons travelling to the ends of the earth to open up highways for the nations to pass over; and, as in the dim distance great transactions associate themselves with distinguished characters, they will tell in particular of her gallant sailor-boy, who came among us to build a breakwater, and thus to chain the furious sea-monster which had so long infested the Cabo Tormentoso and destroyed and devoured

the merchant ships,* and that he chained the monster of improvidence and want by building a sailors' home, and emancipated the genius of science and literature by the inauguration of a library and museum during his short stay on our shores. And they will tell that when, in after years, he took possession of his German principality, the Germans had cause to bless the day that they gave a virtuous and pious daughter to England, to receive her virtue and her piety back again many times multiplied in her descendants; and they will associate the name of this gallant young Prince with that of his great ancestor of a thousand years ago, and be proud to say truly of him what they could only say figuratively of the other—

Der Mann gehört uns an.

J. S. H.

SOUTH AFRICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

(A MONOGRAPH.)

VULTURES.

THE Raptorial order is one of great variety in South Africa, where it possesses not only species to the old world unknown, but even in some cases without analogy. As usual with rapacious birds, many, if not most of them, are of much restricted local range. Swainson in his *Birds of Western Africa*, only mentions one of the *Falconidæ*, named by Le Vaillant as belonging alike to Western and Southern Africa—the pretty little "Gabar"—although he names the "Chiequira" or rufous-breasted Falcon, as found in both occasionally. We agree with him, however, in thinking that there are several species of "Chiequira" in eastern parts as well as in Africa. "The only birds," he writes elsewhere, "common to the whole extent of the African continent, and whose migrations are extended to the middle of Europe, are, the European Bee-eater, the Golden Oriole, the common Roller, and the European Roller." To these he might have added the

* Mr. Ainsworth, in his travels in Asia Minor, states that at Heraclea, in the Euxine, there is a tradition that when a Greek colony first settled there for the purposes of commerce the port was infested by a furious sea-monster that destroyed and devoured the merchant ships which came to trade there, and that Hercules tamed the sea-monster and rendered him innocuous; that is, the storms of the Euxine were the sea-monster, which became tamed by building a breakwater and forming a haven. The ingenious Greeks in after ages connected the work with the great myth of the Helenic race. This is the first notice, either authentic or traditionary, which we remember to have read of a breakwater, and dates many centuries earlier than that attributed to Herod the Great.

Neophron Percnopteros, and we suspect some others, as, for instance, several of the waters snipe, &c., as also some of the *Hirundenidæ.* It is said that the *Numenius Phæopus* (Whimbril) is the same over the whole globe.

The Vultures—Vulturidæ.

Commencing with the first family of the order, are *— No. 1.—*Vultur Fulvus;* No. 2.—*Vultur Auricularis;* No. 3. —*Vultur Occipitalis;* No. 4.—*Vultur Gypœtus;* No. 5.— *Vultur Percnopteros—Carunculatus;* No. 6.—*Falco Vulturinus,* or *Aquila Vulturina*—Shaw's Zoology (Smith)—a connecting link between vultures and eagles.

Sir A. Smith, in his beautiful work on South African zoology, observes of the vultures that, "In the three vultures which occur in South Africa," &c., &c., as though there were but three. In a description, however, by him, of South African birds, published many years previously *(South African Quarterly Journal),* he gives the remainder, named above, excepting *Falco Vulturinus.* Of one named by Le Vaillant, the *Chasse-fiente,* he disposes by explaining that it is only the young of *Vultur Fulvus.* Le Vaillant was not sufficiently acquainted with the fact mentioned by the former that, with the vultures, " One law seems to prevail. The feathers in the young of all are narrow and pointed: in the adults they are short, broad, and rounded or semicircular at the points."—*Smith (rê Circus Swainsoni.)*

No. 1.— *Vultur Fulvus,* South Africa (Witte Asvogel of the Cape colonists); *Vultur Kolbii,* Latham, Indian Orn. Supp., vol. 2; *Le Chasse-fiente,* Le Vaillant, Ois. d'Afriq., vol. 1.

Smith states that he follows Temminck in taking the South African and the European *Vultur Fulvus* to be identical; but he seems to doubt whether he was right in so doing, because Temminck's description, which he gives, does not tally with his own of the South African bird. It is somewhat singular that if we examine Morris' description *(Morris' British Birds)* of the English *Vultur Fulvus,* we shall find it almost exactly answering to Smith's African

* It should be remarked that in this paper we are principally indebted to the researches of Dr. (now Sir) A. Smith, from whom we largely quote, together with Le Vaillant, comparing the two with such information as has been gleaned in the country where the birds are indigenous. The work of Sir Andrew Smith, to which we are mainly indebted, is the *South African Quarterly Journal,* now scarce and out of print, we believe, but at any rate scarce here.—Cape of Good Hope, October, 1860.

specimen, which establishes, as the English vulture is but migratory,* the identity of the European and African bird. "Having never," says Smith, "had an opportunity of comparing the African *Vultur Fulvus* with specimens of the *Vultur Fulvus* of Europe, I follow the example of Temminck in viewing them as identical. At the same time, however, it must be acknowledged that a variety of circumstances concur to create doubts as to justness of the conclusion, such as: in the Cape bird, the eyes in adult specimens are light-reddish or reddish-yellow; in those of Europe, according to Temminck, they are hazel; in ours the core is livid, in his it is flesh-coloured; in ours the extreme length rarely exceeds three feet eight inches, in his it usually measures four feet; in ours the centre of the breast is covered with short greyish-brown feathers, in his with white down; in ours the head is covered with a dirty dusky hair, in his with short white down," &c., &c. Morris writes of the European *Vultur Fulvus*, "That the iris is reddish, the cere bluish black, the length exactly that of Smith's, three feet eight inches, and the centre of the breast covered with dull white mixed with light brown." Upon the whole, probably, the identity of the European and African species is as much established as possible, always remembering that of all birds of prey, the vulture in its plumage is subject to the most marked changes at different periods of existence.

At one time the *Vultur Fulvus* was very common about the neighbourhood of Cape Town, it is now comparatively rare. The preserved specimen in the Cape Town Museum was obtained, we understand, in the shambles of Cape Town. *Le Chasse-fiente (Vultur Fulvus) fréquente aussi beacoup les bords de la mer, ou les habitans font porter toutes les vidanges des maisons.* It is said on undoubted authority that it may be seen at times on the road, at seven or eight miles' distance from Cape Town.

No. 2.—*Vultur Auricularis*, Daud (Zwart Asvogel of the Cape Colonists); *L'Ouricon*, Le Vaillant (plate 9, vol. 1).

"Bill strong, tip of upper mandible yellow, rest of that and the lower greenish-yellow or horn colour, cere bluish, eyes dark brown, skin of head and unfeathered portions of the neck vermillion or livid purple, with white variegations, head thinly covered with brownish white down and some black hairs, neck bare, or with a still more scanty covering of like materials, and on each side thereof a thin fold of loose skin,

* Only one specimen has been found in the United Kingdom, and that in Ireland.

extending downwards and forwards several inches below the ears, usually about one inch in breadth, and similar in colour to the head, throat and middle of breast covered with fine short black feathers, back of neck with a ruff of long narrow coarse brownish feathers, lower part of cervise, back, and shoulders, dark-brown, many of the feathers margined with a brighter tint, quills and tail black, latter of twelve feathers, under parts brownish black, feathers long narrow, somewhat curved and broadly edged with white towards their bases, narrowly with dirty white-brown elsewhere, thighs with a few brownish feathers on their outer sides, but their principal covering a fine reddish-brown down, legs and toes pale bluish, claws dark horn-coloured, inclined to black; length about three feet four inches or six inches, expanse of wings ten feet. In this species the back and shoulders are generally mottled by an intermixture of white feathers having the tips more or less semicircular, which circumstance, together with the other feathers, being to a certain extent pointed, renders it probable that the plumage of the mature bird is nearly all white, and that the specimen seen by Burchell was one of this species in that stage."—*Smith (S. A. Quarterly Journal.)*

In the young the plumage differs, and according to Smith, "the colour of the skin, neck, and auricles is less bright, and the latter are rather smaller;" the bird too is generally darker, and is without the ruff, but the quills and tail are of a less dense black than in aged specimens. The feathers of the belly are narrower and straighter, of a lighter tinge, and with the edges and tips of a dirty light-brownish white, the legs and toes are of a fainter green, and the claws are more horn-coloured.

Le Vaillant terms this a mountain vulture, whereas the *V. Fulvus* was to be seen in the flat lands. Whatever might have been the case formerly, it is certainly now anything but to be met with as Smith states, *throughout the whole of South Africa;* but in fact Le Vaillant positively states that he had never seen it in the neighbourhood of the Cape. He names the Grand Namaqua as its peculiar locality.

It may be observed that, according to Smith, "when young the auricles of this bird are rather smaller;" but Le Vaillant states that they scarcely exist then—*les conques de ses oreilles paroissent à peine*—a fact illustrated by his further remark, that at that time the bird may be mistaken for a young eagle. From this it may be doubted whether anything of the prolongation of Le Vaillant's plate is to be seen at all, at any rate during youth, since no one ever met with an eagle young or

old possessed of anything of the kind. The fact is, whether young or old, the auricular prolongation has been, we suspect, much mistaken, and we are borne out in this opinion by that of our friend, Mr. Edgar Layard, curator of the Cape museum, who holds with us that Le Vaillant's bird was an exceptional specimen. Mr. Layard tells us he has spoken to persons who have often shot them in Namaqualand and Beaufort West, and they never once observed anything approaching to the pendicles in the remotest degree; added to which, the specimen in the Cape Town museum is entirely devoid of auricles, and possesses no more than what Mr. Layard describes "as a wrinkle in the skin, not separate from it as an ear."

No. 3.—*Vultur Occipitalis*, Burchell.

Bill and feet flesh-coloured, bare part round the eyes white; sides of the colour of burnt umber. Top of the head covered with a white feathery wool, which at the back part is longer, and stands in a reversed position. Colour above, blackish-brown, but the thighs and under part of the body and neck are white, quill feathers and those of the tail black. The part of the neck which is bare, together with the base of the neck, white; the expanse of the wing is seven feet.—*Smith.*

This vulture seems to have escaped the observation of Le Vaillant, in whose work it should have appeared, instead of the Papa and Indian vultures. Two preserved specimens are in the Cape Town museum, from Kuruman.

No. 4.—*Gypætus Barbatus*, Cuv. (Arend and Lammervanger of the Cape colonists), Smith. *Vultur Lencocephalus*, Meyer.

Bill black, head and cervise dirty sallow white, circle round the eyes and space between them and bill covered with a deep black hair, as well as each side of lower mandible, at base also similar hair; under the bill, in the form of a large tuft pointing forwards; sides of two colours, namely yellow towards pupil, and fine red towards circumference; front and part of sides of head, behind eyes, as well as base of lower mandible, covered with a dense white down; rest of head and cervise dusky white, faintly tinged with rufous, back and shoulders dusky, inclining to black, the centres of the feathers more or less a crimson black, edges clear black, and shafts white. Primary and secondary quill feathers, together with tail, more or less greyish; throat, breast, belly, and thighs clear or dull rufous; toes somewhat grannulated and dusky black; length about three feet. The young differs in plumage. —*Temminck.*

P 2

Smith states of the African *Gypœtus* "that it is found, though scantily, in most parts of South Africa, and is seldom seen in company either with those of its own species or of any other genus. It frequently resorts to spots where carrion occurs, and feeds upon it, and it often also, according to the statements of the inhabitants, attacks and kills the smaller quadrupeds."

"More interesting," writes Van der Hoeven, "appears to be the difference which the African Lammervanger presents" (as compared with the European species) "in which the *Tarsi* are not destitute of feathers below."

Specimens of this bird, old and young, are in the Cape Town museum, from Graaff-Reinet and Beaufort West.

No. 5.—*Vultur Neophron*, Savigny; *Neophron Egyptiacus* (Pharaoh's Vulture,—Witte Kraai of the Cape colonists), Smith; *L'Ourigourap*, Le Vaillant (vol. i, plate 14); *Percnopteros—Query ne intensitive and osphraino to smell*, Morris.

Bill horn-coloured, cere, forehead, space round the eyes, cheeks, ears, chin, and part of the throat bare, and of a yellow or saffron colour, eyes light-reddish brown, plumage white, usually tinted with yellow; feathers of nape narrow, elongated, and pointed; primary quill feathers black, secondaries greyish-black, with outer vanes more or less margined with white; tail fan-shaped, and pure white; legs and toes dirty greenish white, inclined sometimes to reddish yellow, claws dark horn-coloured; length, from one foot ten to two feet two; expanse of wings about five feet. Female a little larger than the male, but of the same colour.—*Smith.*

"Wherever travellers have penetrated," adds Smith, "specimens of this bird have been met with, and though no where congregated in numbers, yet the individuals are so numerous that there is scarcely a farm-house in the colony or a kraal, or a temporary resting-place for travellers beyond it which are not once or oftener in the course of the day visited by one or more of them." We give this latter quotation by way of contrast to the present time, when the *Neophron* has become exceedingly scarce, owing to the use of strychnine by the African farmers, we are told. It has been only very recently that a specimen has found its way to the Cape Town museum. This was first seen at the Royal Observatory, shortly before the deserved knighthood of the Astronomer Royal, Sir T. Maclear, of which no doubt it was an omen; being alarmed, it flew to Somerset West, where it was shot.

Le Vaillant seems to have settled the point of this being the same species as Pharaoh's Vulture of the Nile, a bird known throughout the continent of Europe, and in two cases in England, as well as in the East, where it was honoured by the ancient Egyptians who figured it on their sarcophagi.

Neophron Carunculatus.—"This species" (Smith) "in most of its characters resembles the genuine *Neophron*, whilst in the want of feathers on the throat, it approaches the vulture."

No. 6.—*Falco Vulturinus*, Shaw's Zool.; *Aquila Vulturina* (Dassie-vanger and Berghaan of the Cape colonists), Smith; *Le Caffre*, Le Valliant's Ois. d'Afrique (vol. i).

Bill, blackish blue, verging here and there to a light horn colour; cere, deep yellow; eyes, reddish-brown, space between them and bill pretty thickly set with black bristles; back and tail coverts white; plumage elsewhere deep black; tarsi and toes, deep yellow; claws, black; length from bill to base of tail, seventeen inches; length of latter, twelve inches; expanse of wings, about seven feet.—*Smith.*

"This is one of the few birds," Smith proceeds, "which do not appear to have been quite correctly studied and observed by Le Vaillant. He states it as displaying certain characteristics of the vulture, though it doubtless exhibits in its formation and habits all the peculiarities of the genuine eagle, and he affirms that it feeds on carrion, but I have never observed it to resort to situations where such existed. As far as my experience goes, its food consists almost entirely of the dassie (*Hyrax Capensis*), and from that circumstance it is usually met with near the tops of mountains, either soaring about, or perched in positions from whence it can discover the little quadrupeds named, upon which it descends with a character clearly indicative of its affinity," &c., &c.

We place this bird amongst the vultures, solely, it must be admitted, on the authority of Le Vaillant, who considered it a connecting link between eagles and vultures—"*la nuance entre les aigles et les vautours;*" though, whilst many of Smith's strictures are correct, to others we do not accede. As regards its food, we have inquired of a gentleman* in whose custody we saw one some years back, which was afterwards sent to the late Lord Derby, and he tells us,—"I fed him as I feed all flesh-eating birds, with bullock's heart." Supposing the "Caffre" to be a constant feeder on carrion when at liberty, it is no more than the habit of the *Aquila Albicilla*, or white-tailed eagle, the Erne of Great Britain,

* Rev. J. Fry, of Charlie's Hope, Rondebosch (member of the London Zoological Society), a gentleman to whose exertions the introduction of the eland in England is mainly attributable.

which Macgillivray describes as a compound of the vulture, the hawk, the raven, and the larger gulls, and he adds its principal nutriment is derived not so much from the produce of its own industry as from carrion of all kinds. The Erne is frequently seen sweeping along the sides of mountains and hovering over the shores in search of dead sheep, fish, young birds, and such animals generally as are large enough to furnish a meal, weak enough to make no formidable opposition, or so heavy as to be incapable of very rapid or protracted flight."

We give this extract, inasmuch as it corresponds with the following anecdote of the *Falco Vulturinus* from Mr. Zeyher, the well-known botanist of the Cape, as communicated to us by the gentleman who possessed the specimen sent to the late Lord Derby. "Mr. Zeyher told me that he wounded a female klipspringer* on the Cedar Mountains; immediately he saw a black eagle swoop down upon him and strike eagle fashion. He killed him with his second ball."

As to the proper colour of the Caffre, which Smith says should be mixed with white on the back, but Le Vaillant describes as entirely black, except on certain parts of of the wings,—the former holds that Le Vaillant must have described from a stuffed specimen; but this was not so, for he says he had only "killed" two specimens, and therefore could not point out the difference between male and female. He says, moreover, that he had only met with the bird in Kaffraria, and that there it was sufficiently rare, "*Je n'ai rencontré ces oiseaux que dans le voisinage de la Caffrarie, où ils sont même assez rare.*" This is a singular fact, as the black eagle never has been rare in other parts of the Cape colony, where Smith stated it might be found "about all the mountainous ranges," and whence of late years several have been killed and sent to Cape Town, every specimen of which, as far as we can learn, had white colour on the back. We believe the true solution to be that there is a Kaffrarian bird, as described by Le Vaillant, totally distinct from tho black or blackish eagle named by Smith; and we find that this opinion is also held by Mr. Layard, whose authority may fairly be considered the best on the subject. "The black eagle with white on the back," Mr. Layard writes to us, "is the *Aquila Verreauxii* of Lesson" (see his Manual). "An *Aquila Vulturina*," he tersely adds, "you and I have not seen. Depend upon it Le Vaillant is right; he is accuracy itself."

M. Lesson appears to have been in error, like others, about his eagle, since he thus mentions him: "*Ce beaux rapace vit dans l'intérieur du Cap de Bonne Espéranee.*"

F. R. S.

* *Oreotragus Saltatus.*

THE SISTERS OF MADRID.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LA GITANA."

CHAPTER II.

Count Victor de Montholu was amongst the most favoured men of the French army. Nature had endowed him with a handsome person, superior talents, and indomitable courage. And as Fortune almost always favours such an individual, even when the mind may not possess unerring moral rectitude, he had risen by these high qualities speedily to rank and repute as a soldier, having, in the early stage of his career, attracted the notice of Napoleon's viceroy, the valorous but vain Murat, whom he accompanied to Madrid, and where his personal services (having been subsequently most useful to King Joseph) had led to his being retained by the latter in the capital.

It has often been remarked that although national dislikes prevail strongly between the people of different countries, owing generally to frequent wars having brought them into fatal collision, older prejudices, nevertheless, amongst civilized men do not extend to personal antipathies. Urbanity of disposition, suavity of temper, a courteous manner, and refined taste are characteristics which force individuals on our better feelings and esteem, so as to treat them not only with civility but with kindness, even in times of hostility and public wrong. Now Victor de Montholu was precisely such a person.

It must, moreover, be admitted that there is a natural *politesse* in all Frenchmen, but more especially in those who have moved in the upper circles of society, highly prepossessing. They may not be as sincere or as earnest as others in motives affecting the more sterling qualities of the heart, but they continue ever disposed to give animation to the scenes in which they take part, and await not for those stiff conventionalities which make Englishmen stare at each other for a formal introduction before proffering those common civilities which produce mutual good feeling, even amongst strangers.

Deadly as the struggle had been between the champions of freedom and their ruthless foes, a certain apprehension that any act of haughty and too repelling a demeanour towards De Montholu might be returned by some vindictive visitation, led the hidalgo to receive him with courteous

though distant civility; a reserve which had never been broken through by Don Francisco or his wife, but which younger minds cannot always implicitly follow up. With loveliness, therefore, as a talisman on the one hand to attract, and manly beauty, joined to fascination of manner, on the other to allure, it is not unreasonable or strange to suppose that youth, ever alive to those softer susceptibilities which Nature has implanted in the human heart, should have forgotten general wrongs amidst the dazzling rays of personal endowments.

Opportunity on events is like sunshine to plants,—it draws forth, invigorates, and ripens them into maturity. Thus, the circumstance of De Montholu being an inmate of the d'Avila palace made his constant presence there a matter of course. Hence, a knowledge of his tastes, pursuits, and accomplishments were frequently commented upon, whilst, as the time ran onwards, occasions for more social intercourse between him and the junior members of the hidalgo's family unavoidably took place. Now music is one of those powerful talismans which draws hearts together, as well as harps, in harmonious unison.

> Nature hath not, in all her quiver's choice,
> An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.*

This charm existed in the young count almost to perfection. At that stilly hour so congenial to warm sensibilities, when the bulbul is said to woo his favourite rose, and the balmy air diffuses its enamouring breath, would he steal near enough for his voice to be heard by the sisters, and pour forth in sweetly-thrilling tones, to the guitar's accompaniment, songs of impassioned love allied to chivalrous deeds, and which carry a fascination along with them, especially when listened to by a romantic imagination.

It was under this enchantment that the heart of the young Jacinta imbibed a gradual feeling of attachment for De Montholu, for the greatest fault the strongest prejudice could accuse him of was that of being one of a host sent to enslave the fair fields of Spain; but, as with that sweetest impersonation of all female tenderness, the impassioned Juliet, so powerfully had love's spell entwined itself around the maiden's heart that it became at last the sole dream of her existence. Oh, why is it that the love which lies hidden and silently feeding on the secret of its passion always beats the strongest? As if its very essence, pent within that confined sanctuary, increased in fervour the more closely

* Vide Don Juan, canto xv, stanza 13.

its truth has to be concealed; even as a condensed body of flame burns with the greatest intensity.

Such, alas, was Jacinta's position; who, knowing the impossibility of obtaining her parents' approbation to the count's suit, had listened to the voice of the charmer, and become captive to the spirit of love's incantations, without the hope of securing happiness.

The recent evacuation of Madrid by the French army had greatly increased Theresa's suspicions of the state of her sister's heart. Heretofore, although remarking that De Montholu's attentions were particularly directed towards Jacinta when their parents were not present, yet it was not until the effect produced upon her by the announcement of King Joseph's retreat from the capital (consequent on the victory of Salamanca) that Theresa became more strongly confirmed in her impressions regarding her sister's attachment. Jacinta's unusual silence, moreover, in regard to De Montholu, of late, struck the elder as another proof of her feelings, so different from that former light-heartedness and confidence reposed in her only constant companion,—an affectionate sister. Yet such is ever the course of those "who love, not wisely, but too well," leaving "concealment, like a worm i' the bud, to feed on the damask cheek." But war is a despot; his mandates are peremptory; the count was obliged to depart, and with him went Theresa's prayers that he might never return. She had even hoped to have prevented any farewell interview, convinced as she was of Don Francisco's aversion to any attachment between them, but the unfortunate occurrence of the severe illness of a near and dear relative, who had urged a visit, obliged her to comply, thereby giving Jacinta (who had excused herself from accompanying her sister) an opportunity of communicating with her lover, and which Theresa, on her return, felt assured must have taken place, having found Jacinta unusually dejected and in tears.

Alas for woman's love, when the feeling then nourished twines itself so closely round her heart as to become like the parasite, which clings so closely to the sapling as to exclude those elements which are necessary to give it its natural bloom and vigour.

It was amidst this train of recent circumstances, affecting some of the members of the d'Avila family, that Horace Vernon made their acquaintance. His appearance and manners, as stated before, had been so prepossessing as to require a few days only to place him more in the light of a friend than a guest amongst them. He had consequently

many opportunities in a short space of time of judging the characters of the sisters, and, as the mind ever flies to comparison as its test, an impression of the relative charms and disposition of the two was the natural turn of his reflections.

It is the province, however, of youth to be first affected by those sensations arising from the power of beauty. The sense of the eye is the one soonest influenced. It is the gold-finder, who, attracted by the sight of the treasure, has nevertheless to have it assayed before he can ascertain its true value. Such is the case with the *mental* as well as the *material* in nature; for as the absence of dross in that precious metal proves its purity, or any quantity establishes its alloy, so may the heart be tested in the scrutiny of human virtues or failings.

But Vernon was at that age when feeling will overpower reflection; and when he gazed on the sisters, whilst he could not but admit that the elder had most of the more amiable traits of womankind, there was in the other that undefinable yet captivating charm in her every look and movement which told on the heart. This was the more extraordinary in the young Englishman, inasmuch as he had remarked that her manner towards him was anything but flattering; faultlessly polite, but reserved. Now, there is nothing so mortifying to man's vanity as the rejection of his attentions when warm interest and admiration have prompted them. Of this Vernon was soon made sensible; the consequences being that far greater notice was bestowed on Donna Theresa, who, before the month had expired, seemed aware of his admiration.

Do not be surprised, good reader, at the circumstance. What so natural to a young heart? What more likely than that the soul, as an Æolian lyre, should respond to the breath of sympathy? For be it known that Vernon, when made acquainted with the hidalgo's intentions of devoting his daughter Theresa to the seclusion of a nunnery, felt deeply grieved at the idea of one so interesting being doomed to a conventual life, which drew forth, in her hearing, strong expressions of regret, and doubtlessly were the more remarked as he had allowed some looks of admiration to be noticeable.

These intentions on the part of Don Francisco had been revived of late, who, although possessing a strong mind, was not free from those religious sentiments so prevalent amongst Roman Catholics, and who, having determined that one of his children should embrace the calling of the sisterhood,

adhered to it with the usual pertinacity of the sect. The elder daughter had been the one selected whose destiny was considered irrevocable; a sudden and imperative reason could only alter this fiat.

It was now the end of September. A day of more than usual cheerfulness seemed to have been spent by the d'Avila family; and when evening came, and with it the hour allotted for their walk on the Prado, the party went forth, accompanied by Vernon, and increased by two or three of his brother officers who had made their acquaintance.

The promenade was particularly brilliant. Bands of music of two of the regiments enlivened the scene, and called forth a large assemblage of the population. It was evident that a more intimate knowledge of the British character had tended greatly to strengthen the good feelings of the inhabitants of Madrid towards the army which now occupied it, whilst the hopeful belief that the French Emperor, by withdrawing a large body of his troops from the Peninsula to prosecute his invasion of Russia, had so weakened his force in Spain as to make any chance of the re-possession of the capital, as affairs then stood, very improbable; but human calculations on coming events are not always correct.

Amidst this scene of joyful recreation which had extended nearly to the hour of midnight, just as friends were about to separate, there arose a sudden murmur, or sound as of an *emeûte*, which, borne along from the Calle d'Alcala, where the Minister of State's office was situated, was repeated from mouth to mouth, causing considerable sensation, and which was found at length to have arisen from the apprehension of a spy, on whose person a few letters addressed to individuals in the city were discovered.

Don Francisco, a true patriot at heart, had expressed his opinions very vehemently on hearing of the circumstance, but had scarcely reached his own door when a messenger came up, requesting his immediate attendance upon the minister of justice. Such a summons, and at that hour, created considerable excitement and alarm amongst them all, more especially to the hidalgo's wife and daughters. His compliance to the order being, however, necessitous, he left Vernon endeavouring to pacify them with the certainty that no circumstance appertaining to the recent arrest could have occasioned the summons.

At length, after nearly half an hour's anxiety on the part of the females, the hidalgo returned. There seemed to be a settled gloom on his countenance,—contraction in the brow and silence on the lip. He spoke not; but taking Donna

Juana by the hand, and motioning to his daughters to follow, quitted the apartment.

Strange were the conjectures which came across Vernon's thoughts as he retired to his room shortly after,—conjectures which, without containing any surmise that the Spanish nobleman had implicated himself by any political criminality, still kept his mind in such an unsettled state long after he had lain down to seek repose, as to make what little sleep he obtained towards morning fitful and unrefreshing.

CHAPTER III.

It was on the morrow after the occurrence of the spy's apprehension that Vernon, whose duties had occasioned his absence from his quarters until after midday, was visited, on his return, by an individual belonging to the hidalgo's household, who, amongst the richer class of families in Roman Catholic countries, more especially in Spain, constitutes an indispensable appendage to the establishment,—its chaplain or confessor. Such was Father Ignacius, who was the bearer of a message from his patron Don Francisco, to offer an apology for the previous night's abrupt retirement, in delivering whose excuses the good friar entered into some of the principal circumstances that had caused the hidalgo to be so wrathfully affected. This disclosure was to the effect that the Count de Montholu's sudden necessity for leaving Madrid, without having time or sufficient opportunity of expressing all his heart's desires to his lady-love, and the uncertainty of his return, had driven him to the incautious alternative of writing a letter to assure her of his lasting fidelity. This epistle had been intrusted, it appeared, without any superscription, to the spy in whose possession it was found, and which the Minister of Justice, on perusing, had satisfied himself, by the allusions it contained, could be intended for no other female than Donna Jacinta, for in Madrid, like every other place, such affairs of the heart were whispered abroad, and then, as doubtless now, had become one of those nice tit-bits of gossip in which all societies love to indulge. Fortunately, the letter did not contain one word which implied the slightest dereliction regarding politics in any member of the d'Avila family, but was so explicit as to the feelings of attachment subsisting between the count and the Spanish signora as to wring the father's pride to his heart's core.

These details having been brought to a close, Father Ignacius still continued a long disertation upon the neces-

sity of families keeping up close communion with the church by having one of their number at least devoted to some holy order, monasterial or conventual, which he ended with the confidential communication that Don Francisco, in their morning's deliberation, had deputed him to acquaint Jacinta with the father's determination that, instead of her sister Theresa, hitherto destined for a nunnery, she must prepare herself to take the veil.

In giving these explanations, the friar concluded by enlarging on the power and purity of the Roman Catholic Church, and upon the advantages and happiness it would entail on both daughters if they could be persuaded to join the sisterhood.

Vernon, who had been an attentive listener during Father Ignacius' narrative, became still more alive to his closing remarks, which appeared to have a double motive in them, the one being to impress him with the idea that obedience to whatever their clergy demanded was the first duty of a good Catholic, no matter at any sacrifice; the other, a desire to imply that any attentions bestowed on his elder daughter, beyond the ordinary civilities of society, would be distasteful to the hidalgo, who aroused to fearful apprehensions by his youngest child's imprudence, had sent a monitor to check any sentiment which might spring up and lead to similar results: thus, on reflection, after the departure of the friar, conscience which seldom errs in its applianees, brought home to the young man's heart a partial accusation that he had doubtlessly endeavoured to ingratiate himself with some assiduity into the good graces of the amiable Theresa.

Whether intentional or not, it happened, however, that for three days subsequent to Father Ignacius' communication, Vernon saw nothing of the d'Avila family, for the hidalgo's mansion being spacious, and one suit of apartments exclusively occupied by them, unless specially invited, accidental meetings were rare, and the late occurrence had evidently led to greater seclusion. It was not until the third afternoon, that having sauntered to the lower end of the garden, seating himself in a small alcove, ruminating on recent events which appeared to have alienated those friendly feelings hitherto manifested by the family, that he heard the approach of a light step, and looking up beheld Donna Theresa turning into the path which led to it. She was apparently unconscious of his being near, and had approached some steps in his direction, when on perceiving him, seemed as if she would have retired, but his immediate advance arrested the impulse, when Vernon accompanying his saluta-

tion with a faint smile, said, in a tone not unmixed with some sadness:

"Being unconscious of having given any cause, I scarcely think I can have offended Donna Theresa, or any of her family—will she allow me, then, to ask the question?"

"I feel no difficulty in answering you Captain Vernon," said the fair girl, timidly but graciously. "You could not most assuredly have displeased us in any way, but we have had much, alas, to create sorrow in us since last we met."

"I know it in part," faltered Vernon.

"And feel for us too, do you not?" looking up as she spoke with a mournful expression in her dark and moistened eyes.

"Could I requite all your family's kindness so poorly as not to do so, and show sympathy in your distress?"

"My father's pride has indeed experienced a severe shock, which has prevented him from enjoying the society of his friends for the last few days. His decision regarding my dear sister, which I think our worthy confessor has informed you of, has also affected his spirits deeply; but the decision he avows is final; she is to take the veil instead of myself."

"Which happily releases you," said the young man with an animated look.

"Do not say happily," she rejoined. "I have been destined to it from the cradle, the idea therefore has grown up with me; but were it ever so repulsive, I could not derive solace from the change, feeling that it has arisen from a beloved sister's misfortunes."

"Believe me, such was not my meaning," was his reply; "I judge more justly of your heart; allow me to add more favourably of one formed to make others happy, and not placed so as to be excluded from having the means of dispensing smiles and blessings around her."

"It should nevertheless not be forgotten that life has its difficulties to perform as well as its pleasures to indulge in. Our holy church tells us this. You may think my words overserious, perhaps, but the last three days, signor, has given me much to reflect upon; the distressing issue of my poor sister's attachment . . ." In naming the subject, the tender-hearted Theresa had to pause, overcome by her feelings, when Vernon, with cheering accents, hoping to relieve her, said, "There is often much to forgive in these matters, Donna Theresa, for is it not natural that where beauty and gentleness exist on the one hand, and truth and manliness on the other (both of which act as talismans), that human hearts should be mutually attracted towards each other? Do you not believe in such spells?"

"Women are poor disputants in such matters; at least, I confess to the weakness, especially as I might have to differ on the point," was the reply.

"I admit," said Vernon, "that men have an advantage there, but ever an ungenerous one, for whilst their sterner natures can argue the point coolly, your gentle sex alone ever feel and honour all that makes love lovely."

"I can scarcely interpret your meaning," she asked, when Vernon added, "Why, is not disinterestedness the natural impulse of a woman's heart where she truly loves? an abandonment of all considerations, even of self, for the sake of proving her affection?"

"Recent circumstances, alas, have gone far to prove your words," said the maiden. "I trust, however, that we are not all of us the weak beings you describe, as to surrender reason as well as affection to man's control."

This last remark, expressed with a certain degree of dignity, caused the young Englishman to pause ere he replied. It was true that he had ever looked upon love as the most powerful of nature's agencies in swaying the human heart; but not wishing to dissent from the fair Spaniard, and being in some measure put out of countenance in finding great self-possession where he expected to meet with yielding simplicity in her opinions, an intelligence far above that of most of her countrywomen, and a disposition not to be entrapped by flattery, his answer was, "Surely Father Ignacius must have schooled you diligently in knowledge, for it is seldom that female lips can play the philosopher so wisely?"

"Our worthy confessor has indeed been both a friend as well as teacher to me; alas, that *another* had not also profited more by his holy counsel."

"And do you not," said Vernon, "make some allowance for that sensibility of heart whose blossoms are admiration and esteem, which frequently bear a fruit that ripens into love."

The sole reply to this, accompanied with a sweet smile, affirmed, "I must plead being altogether a novice on these points; but here comes my kind pastor who will aid me in what is getting beyond my powers of argument."

It was evident that Vernon, fascinated himself, had endeavoured to draw on the young Donna to converse on the subject of love; his concluding remark, therefore, showed some slight pique when expressing, "Your beautiful land was ever deemed one of romance; and yet to suppose for a moment that one of its daughters possessed a nature uncongenial with its soft clime and sensitive race would be unjust."

Father Ignacius on his approach pereeived a blush on the maiden's cheek, but forebore to increase any confusion by asking questions as to the subject of their conversation, and addressing Vernon informed him of the desire of Don Franeiseo that he would join them at their supperhour as heretofore. There was only time for his expressions of pleasure, when the vesper chime summoned the two to prayers, leaving Vernon for the while to his own thoughts.

There is in many minds a method in their madness which cheats truth of its rights, by making the heart believe that the thought which directs and the feeling which impels lead unerringly to the goal of fortune and happiness. Everything, then, is clad by fancy with hues of gold, whilst the perfume of the rose fills the air, and intoxicates with its odour until the rod of the disenchanter Time is at last raised, our fairy structures swept away, and nothing left for Hope even to eateh at but the floating wreek of our improvident aspirations. Oh, it is ever thus that youth garlands the heart with bright dreams of the future, like sweet flowers filling a vase over which it luxuriates, until one by one the leaves fade away and lie scattered beneath it as the sad memorials of its past joys.

It was by some such refleetion as this, after his reeent interview with Donna Theresa, that the young Englishman was awakened from these hallucinations. He had been at first eaptivated with the fair Spaniard's amiable disposition and pleasing manner, in addition to her loveliness, and eame to the hasty conclusion that it would not be difficult to win her heart. He had now found that the gem was of the purest water, that the casket held nothing but what was a treasure in itself, and that if illusion had sent the moth to hover around the flame and seoreh its wing, it was he, and not the maiden, who was the symbol of the inseet to whieh woman has been so often unjustly eompared.

Time, however, wore on a little. The younger sister had never made her appearanee sinee the fatal diseovery of her secret attachment,—her hours and oeeupation, as Father Ignacius endeavoured to explain, being taken up in preparing for that abjurement of the world and its pleasures to whieh she was destined; but Don Franciseo inereased his kind attentions towards Vernon, whilst Theresa, who met him daily (taking eare, however, that it should never be alone), reeeived him with the same gentle, unembarrassed look as before, and so pleasing and faseinating was her manner that it more than ever eaptivated his heart.

It is strange how often in families the very opposite dispositions and tastes exist. A forcible example of this sort

now presented itself to Vernon's contemplation. "How is it possible," he would ask himself, "that whilst nature has made the one sister susceptible of the most tender sensations, even to imprudence, it has bestowed on the other the brilliancy of the diamond, but its hardness also?"

But circumstances of greater moment than the destinies of a few individuals now arose to absorb all minds. Reports had reached the capital that the French army was again advancing from Valencia, whilst the English (with their force divided,—the one half in besieging Burgos and the other around Madrid) were too weak to resist separately the concentrated mass of the Gallic legions. A retreat was whispered, and the act of placing mines to destroy the bastions of the Retiro awakened the inhabitants once more to the most gloomy prognostications.

It was now quite the end of October. For several days heavy firing had been heard in the direction of Aranjuez, and the retrograding columns of the allied troops made the Spaniard scowl darkly from beneath his *sombrero*. This fatal announcement burst forth at daybreak on the 29th. A loud explosion roused the inhabitants from their slumbers, and the cry of "Los Francheses—Los Francheses" rung from the lips of a distressed people, for the blowing up of the Retiro was thought at first to be the assault of the foe telling Madrid the tale of returning thraldom.

The intended event was previously known to Vernon, and caused him many gloomy reflections, for he knew Don Francisco's hatred of the foe, and the anguish it would cause him, more especially as the French count's return would add anxiety to his other miseries. He had felt deeply the fatherly kindness of the hidalgo, and contemplated with poignant regret "a farewell" to one whose image he had allowed love to engrave with devoted thoughts on his heart; and yet, with all his sensibility, Vernon was a true soldier, and felt it was now his turn to be the philosopher also.

Evening was now advancing. The British Light Division had just left the city, and attendant on its retirement, a duty of hurrying out all stragglers had devolved on him, as a staff officer. This had been accomplished to the best of his exertions, when he rode to the Calle San Jeronimo, and entering the d'Avila mansion, found all the family mournfully assembled. There arose from all an expression of relief on his appearance, like the cry of hope when dangers surround, thinking he might be the bearer of some favourable news, but it vanished as speedily when he announced to them—"I come, dear friends, to bid you farewell—time does not admit of more;" in saying which he clasped the hidalgo's two hands

in his own, bidding all adieu in turn. Theresa was the last,—in doing which he breathed forth in an undertone, and with much tenderness, the words "*La esperanza nunca sernuere*," and hurried from the apartment.

A few minutes after, a horseman rode with speed through the Segovia gate. His hurried egress showed some cause for haste, but it was not "the coming of the foe." It was his own thoughts he flew from. His form was borne along virtually on his charger, but it was clear he had mentally left his heart behind.

ROYAL OBSERVATORY, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

HISTORY OF ITS FOUNDATION AND ESTABLISHMENT.

"At a meeting of the commissioners, appointed by Act of Parliament, for more effectually discovering the longitude at sea, held at the Admiralty on the 3rd of February, 1820—Present: Lord Viscount Melville (First Lord of the Admiralty), the Right Honourable Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. (President of the Royal Society), John Wilson Croker, Esq., John Barrow, Esq. (Secretaries to the Admiralty), Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., Robert Woodhouse, Esq., John Pond, Esq. (Astronomer Royal), Rev. Dr. Robertson (Savilian Professor of Astronomy), S. P. Rigaud, Esq. (Savilian Professor of Geometry), Very Rev. Dean Milner (Lucasian Professor), Rev. W. Lax (Lowndian Professor), Dr. Wollaston, Captain Kater, and Major-General Mudge,—Mr. Gilbert proposed that the board should take into consideration the propriety of the establishment of an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, which, he observed, was likely to be highly conducive to the improvement of astronomy. The motion was seconded by Sir Joseph Banks, who gave it as his opinion that nothing could more essentially promote the glory of this country than to be foremost in such an undertaking. The committee of instruments and proposals (with the addition of Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Gilbert, and Mr. Pond) was desired to draw up a statement of the most eligible plan for such an observatory, with an estimate of the probable expense."

At the meeting held on the 6th of April, 1820, the following report was brought up from the committee:

"Admiralty, 17th February, 1820.

"The committee resolved that, since a considerable time will be required for the establishment of a complete

observatory at the Cape, on account of the difficulties arising from the abundance of sand in most parts of the country, and from other local circumstances, the committee therefore recommend the appointment of an astronomer at the Cape, as soon as a proper person can be found, and that he be sent out with portable instruments, in order to enable the committee to form a better judgment of the arrangements that will be required; but that, in the meantime, the principal instruments be ordered to be put in hand for the observatory, on the same scale as those at Greenwich, and, as much as possible, on the same construction."

At the meeting of April 27, 1820, the following report of the committee was presented:

"Thursday, April 20, 1820.

"The following estimates were received from Messrs. Troughton, Dollond, and Jones, for the instruments required at the observatory to be established at the Cape of Good Hope:

Mr. Troughton	A 25-feet zenith micrometer	£700 0 0
Mr. Dollond...	A 10-feet transit.....	500 0 0
	A Newtonian 7-feet telescope, 9 inches aperture	210 0 0
	2 46-inch achromatics, with various improved micrometers and extensive fields of view	315 0 0
Mr. Jones	A 6-feet mural circle	787 10 0
	Total	£2,512 10 0

"The whole to be completed in two years, and a part of the payment to commence as the work goes on."*

These minutes were communicated by Dr. Young, secretary of the Board of Longitude, to Mr. Barrow, secretary of the Board of Admiralty, by letter dated July 22, 1820. The Board of Admiralty expressed in their minute their entire concurrence in the proposal, and proceeded to make the requisite communications to the Treasury and the Colonial Office.

On the 9th of October, 1820, Mr. Goulburn, secretary of the Colonial Office, addressed a letter to Mr. Croker,

* Of this catalogue the transit instrument, the mural circle, *one* 46-inch achromatic (excellent for its dimensions), and a very second-rate 5-feet telescope reached the Cape. The last had been used at Winter Harbour as one of Captain Parry's train of instruments. The zenith micrometer was not made: it was to have been the type of one at Greenwich, which failed in the object for which it was designed.

secretary of the Admiralty, stating that Earl Bathurst, His Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, fully concurring in the view which the Board of Admiralty had taken of the expediency of erecting an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, had, in compliance with their lordships' recommendation, instructed the Governor of the Cape to allot a suitable piece of ground for the purpose, at the expense of the Colonial Government, and in such a situation as the astronomer whom their lordships might send out might think fit and eligible; and, moreover, to lend every possible assistance towards carrying into effect the object in view.

On the 20th of October, 1820, the Observatory was founded and established by the following Order in Council:

"At the Court at Carlton-house, the 20th October, 1820. Present: The King's Most Excellent Majesty in Council.

"Whereas there was this day read at the board a memorial from the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, dated the 16th of this instant, in the words following, namely:

"'The Board of Longitude having resolved that it would be highly conducive to the improvement of practical astronomy and navigation that a permanent observatory should be established at the Cape of Good Hope, which would afford a series of comparative observations made under circumstances the most favourable for correcting the unavoidable imperfections depending on the instruments employed and on the materials surrounding them, by a countervailing tendency to equal and opposite errors; and the Board of Longitude having on these grounds most earnestly recommended to us the establishment of such an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope; and represented to us by their secretary's letter of the 22nd July last, that the instruments which would be required would cost, according to the best estimate they can form, about £2,300, besides the expense of the building itself, which cannot be estimated in this country; and that they would propose that the establishment should consist of the persons with the salaries following, namely: One astronomer, £600 per annum; one assistant, £250 do.; one labourer, £100 do.:

"'We beg leave, with all humility, to represent to your Majesty that we concur with the Board of Longitude in the expediency of erecting an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope; and that the establishment of persons with the salaries proposed appears to us to be necessary and proper; and we, therefore, most humbly propose to your Majesty

that your Majesty would be graciously pleased, by your order in council, to authorize us to cause an observatory to be erected at the Cape of Good Hope accordingly, and to direct that the establishment thereof shall consist of the persons with the salaries proposed by the Board of Longitude, the said salaries to be placed on the ordinary estimate of the navy.

"'And we further, with all humility, represent to your Majesty that Mr. Lushington has acquainted us by his letter of the 9th of August last, that the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury concur in the expediency of the measure, and in the propriety of granting salaries of the amount above mentioned as an inducement to men of science to accept the situations proposed to be established.'

"His Majesty having taken the said memorial into consideration was pleased, by and with the advice of his Privy Council, to approve of what is therein proposed; and doth hereby authorize the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to cause an observatory to be erected at the Cape of Good Hope, and to order that the establishment thereof should consist of the persons with the salaries therein mentioned, as proposed by the Board of Longitude; the said salaries to be placed on the ordinary estimate of the navy.

"JAS. BULLER."

The Rev. Fearon Fallows, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, was appointed to the office of astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, by the Admiralty minute of the 26th of October, 1820.

Mr. Fayrer was appointed first assistant to Mr. Fallows in the following month. The general plan of the observatory was settled about the same time by Mr. Fallows and Mr. Rennie (whom the Admiralty had consulted in the quality of engineer). The oversights committed on that occasion will be referred to presently.

On the 5th of February, 1821, Dr. Young transmitted to Mr. Barrow the draft of instructions for the astronomer at the Cape observatory, which (as was stated in the letter) had been drawn up by the committee of the Board of Longitude appointed for the purpose. They are as follows:

"Instructions for the astronomer at the Cape observatory.

"1. In the choice of the situation for the observatory, he is to bear in mind the necessity of avoiding the sandy dust which pervades many parts of the colony; and the advantage of having a bright star within a minute or two of the zenith, if possible.

"2. Before the completion of the observatory, he is to employ himself in making an approximate catalogue of the southern stars with the portable transit instrument and equatorial, which have been provided for him; and to take measures for determining the latitude of La Caille's observatory.

"3. When the observatory is completed, and the instruments are fixed, he is to make his observations as much as possible of the same kind and in the same manner as the Greenwich observations have been usually made; to employ the same stars where it can be done conveniently; and to draw up the register in the same form; in order that the whole may constitute two corresponding series, capable of comparison in all their parts.

"4. He is to pay particular attention to the re-discovery of the comet of 1819, according to the places calculated by Professor Encke for 1822.

"5. He is to neglect no opportunity of making any observations capable of improving the theory of refraction.

"6. He is to send to the secretary of the Board of Longitude every six months, a correct copy of all his observations prepared for publication." [In order that the same may be transmitted to our secretary.]"

The Board of Admiralty approved of these instructions, and directed that they should be sent, with the addition of the last clause, to Mr. Fallows.

At a meeting of the Board of Longitude on the 1st of February 1821, "Mr. Rennie's sketch of the observatory at the Cape was approved, and it was resolved that he should be desired to prepare a plan in detail."

The Board of Admiralty gave instructions through the Navy Board, to take proper steps for building the observatory, but to delay active measures until the site should be selected and approved.

On the 1st of January, 1821, Mr. Fallows married Miss Mary Anne Hervey, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. A. Hervey, vicar of Bridkirk, and embarked with her, and his assistant Mr. Fayrer, in the *Sappho*, troop-ship, on the 4th of May following.* Dr. Andrew Smith, the well-known naturalist, was also a passenger on board the *Sappho*, which vessel arrived at the Cape on the 12th of August.

Shortly after his arrival, Mr. Fallows proceeded to carry out his instructions. He rented the house No. 14, Kloof-street, of Mr. Arend Josias van Breda, and erected a

* The Admiralty order for embarkation on board the *Sappho*, is dated April 7, 1821.

temporary wooden observatory in the garden attached to it. The observatory was formed out of one of the huts of the settlers of 1820: the letter applying for the hut is dated September 29, 1821. In the middle of May, 1822, he removed with his observatory to a house near Concordia Gardens, belonging to Mr. Muller, now the property of Mr. Philip Stigant. [Here he was close to the spot where Messrs. Mason and Dixon, and afterwards Messrs. Wales and Bayley, the astronomers who accompanied Captain Cook on the two voyages when that distinguished navigator touched at the Cape, made their observations.] His instruments consisted of the 20-inch transit instrument before mentioned, an altitude and azimuth circle (supposed to have been the first circular instrument armed with micrometer microscopes that the celebrated instrument-maker, Ramsden, constructed), and an old clock, No. 159, by Robert Molyneux. With these instruments he constructed the catalogue of two hundred and seventy-three southern stars, published in the philosophical transactions of the year 1824.

[In connection with this catalogue, the circumstances of the instruments in September, 1860, may be noted. The 20-inch transit-instrument is in the store-room of the Royal Observatory, after having done good service on the Zwartland base-line in the years 1840-1841. The altitude and azimuth instrument, which was a rickety affair, its telescope about a foot in length only, was sent to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, about the year 1848, and from the latter was handed over to the Greenwich naval schools. The clock, which, by letter dated December 12, 1821, Mr. Fallows complained of, and requested a better one, was placed in the hands of Mr. Dredge, a watchmaker of Cape Town, without avail. In the year 1834, its gridiron pendulum was replaced by a mercurial pendulum, still without avail. In April, 1860, Mr. Spolander fitted it for carrying an electric pendulum, and substituted a "pin-wheel escapement" for the "dead-beat" escapement. Thus armed, it is mounted in the equatorial-room, ninety yards from the transit-clock, beating in coincidence with the latter, under the lash of a galvanic battery, as a punishment on the one hand, and requital on the other, for thirty-nine years of bad conduct at the Cape.]

The personal assistance available to Mr. Fallows in his astronomical labours while he resided in Cape Town was as follows:

Shortly after taking up his abode in Kloof-street, he appointed the Rev. Mr. Scully to the office of second

assistant, which appointment the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty confirmed under date April 8, 1822, stating that Mr. Scully's salary would be £100 per annum, under the head Labourer, in conformity with his Majesty's order in council, "provided he be a person in all respects fit for the situation."

Relative qualifications for astronomical pursuits in connection with collateral circumstances soon rendered it necessary that the first and second assistants should change places. In May, 1822, by an understood arrangement, the first assistant resigned, and Mr. Scully succeeded him, he taking the office of second assistant or labourer. This arrangement was sanctioned by their lordships on the 20th of November, 1822.

On the 17th July, 1824, it became the imperative duty of Mr. Fallows to dismiss Mr. Scully, which their lordships confirmed on the 5th of October following, and informed Mr. Fallows that an assistant-astronomer would be sent to him from England. Accordingly they appointed Captain Ronald on the 1st of December, 1824; but that gentleman did not reach the Cape until the latter end of 1826. Thus it appears that during the first three years Mr. Fallows had only one assistant who could make astronomical observations, and no such qualified assistant during the two years following.

But observations with such instruments were secondary in importance to the first duty of his mission, namely, the selection of a proper site for and the erection of the Royal Observatory: accordingly, he commenced the search immediately after he landed at the Cape, referring to the Cape Survey Department for the necessary information respecting unappropriated land. He visited Blaauwberg, Tigerberg, the Lion's Rump, and other prominent undulations, keeping in mind the first article of his instructions. His choice was in favour of Tigerberg, which he mentioned in a general report to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, of which there is no copy in the records at the Observatory; but its contents may be gathered from a minute of the Board of Longitude, a copy of which, signed by Dr. Young, was transmitted to Mr. Fallows by the secretary of the Admiralty, and is as follows:

"At a meeting held at the Admiralty, 3rd January, 1822, Mr. Fallows' report to the Admiralty of his proceedings at the Cape of Good Hope was laid before the committee, and it was agreed,—

"'(1) That as far as can be judged by persons unacquainted with the country, the situation of Tiger Hill

appears the best adapted for the building of an observatory; and that it be recommended to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to afford him such means as he may find necessary for diminishing the economical inconveniences of that situation.

"'(2) That the re-measurement of La Caille's arc, with the objections which Mr. Fallows has pointed out to the accuracy of the direction of the plumb-line at its extremities, does not appear to the committee to be particularly desirable at present: and that the instruments required for conducting the operation with perfect accuracy could probably not be completed in less than four or five months at least; but that at a future time it would be highly desirable that a more extended arc of the meridian should be measured near the Cape; and they beg leave to suggest that if the Board of Longitude at large concur in this opinion, a zenith-sector and a theodolite, with proper chains and other apparatus for measuring a base, should be added to the list of instruments already ordered.

"'(3) Mr. Fallows being in want of a good reflecting telescope, Captain Kater is requested to make inquiry respecting one which is said to be in the possession of Sir Henry Englefield, and which may probably be obtained. It was also resolved that inquiry be made respecting a telescope of Sir Wm. Herschel, belonging to the observatory at Glasgow.'"

A few weeks after the report had been forwarded to England, the late Deputy Surveyor-General, Mr. Hertzog, accompanied Mr. Fallows to Tigerberg, as Government surveyor, for the purpose of having the site pointed out to him. He explained to Mr. Fallows the climatic circumstance of the locality, of which the latter had no knowledge, and the self-evident difficulties that would surround a residence there; and on learning the conditions required, he offered to show him a piece of Government-ground within four miles of Cape Town, which was perfectly free from drifting-sand. On their way back they struck out of the wagon-track, and stopped at the present site of the Observatory.

On the 8th of March, 1822, Mr. Fallows wrote to the Admiralty, intimating his positive abandonment of Tigerberg, and that he had fixed on a spot between Liesbeek River and Zwarte River. There is no copy of this letter at the Observatory: the originals in reply exist, and are as follows:

"Admiralty Office, 6th July, 1822.

"Rev. Fearson Fallows, Cape of Good Hope.

"Sir,—I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to send you herewith a copy of a letter

from Dr. Young, secretary to the Board of Longitude, communicating to their lordships the approbation of that board of your reasons for abandoning your intention of fixing the observatory to be erected at the Cape of Good Hope on Tiger Hill; also, that such of the instruments mentioned in your letter of the 21st of March as are considered by the board to be absolutely and immediately necessary have been ordered."

"I am, &c.,

"JOHN BARROW."

REPORT OF THE BOARD OF LONGITUDE.

"Admiralty, 4th July, 1822.

"J. W. CROKER, Esq.

"SIR,—I am directed to inform you with reference to Mr. Fallows' letter of the 8th of March last, addressed to Mr. Barrow, that the committee of the Board of Longitude has agreed, at a meeting held this day, to approve entirely of Mr. Fallows' reasons for abandoning his former intention of fixing on Tiger Hill for the site of the observatory to be erected at the Cape, in favour of a spot more exempt from the inconvenience of fogs and less remote from town.

"With respect to Mr. Fallows' letter of 21st March, I have ordered such of the instruments mentioned by Mr. Fallows as the committee has thought absolutely and immediately necessary; and the rest remain still under their consideration.

"I have, &c.,

"THOS. YOUNG, M.D.,
Secretary to the Board of Longitude."

The site having been approved of by their lordships, the following warrant was issued "by the Principal Officers and Commissioners of His Majesty's Navy:"

"To the respective Officers of his Majesty's Yard,
Cape of Good Hope.

"With reference to our letter of the 29th of March, 1821, to Commissioner Sir Jazzael Brenton, for suspending the building of an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope until a site should have been fixed on by the astronomer, we acquaint you that the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have signified to us, by Mr. Barrow's letter of the 13th instant, that the situation being now determined on, the

observatory is to be built by contract, if a contractor can be found at the Cape who is equal to the undertaking, or at any rate as economically as is consistent with the substantial execution of the works, and we direct and require you to act accordingly; observing that plans in detail for your guidance in the execution of the work are now preparing, and will be sent to you when completed.

"For which this shall be your warrant. Dated at the Navy Office, 21st November, 1822.

"R. SEPPINGS.
"H. LEGGE.
"R. G. MIDDLETON."

Thus far, things had gone on with fair speed. The Secretary of State for the Colonial Department had instructed the Governor of the Cape to allot a suitable piece of ground for the Observatory, at the expense of the Colonial Government, in such a situation as the astronomer might think fit and eligible. The situation had been selected, and a warrant to proceed with the building had been sent out, and the promised plans were daily expected from England.

In April, 1820, his Excellency the Governor was requested to grant the land. On the 24th of that month Mr. Fallows was informed by Colonel Bird that the Government surveyor, Mr. Knobel, had been desired to go with Mr. Fallows to measure off what was wanted. On the 15th of October, 1824, Mr. Fallows received the following communication from the Colonial Office:

"Colonial Office, October 12, 1824.

"Rev. Mr. FALLOWS, &c., &c., &c.

"SIR,—I am directed by his Excellency the Governor to acquaint you that the landdrost of the Cape district has reported to him that the ground you have fixed upon for the erection of the Royal Observatory is, for the greater part, the private property of Mr. C. Mostert, and therefore not at the disposal of Government, unless Government cedes to the proprietor other land rent free, by which the revenue will suffer a loss of eighty rixdollars per annum; and I am to request that you will be pleased to state to me, for his Excellency's information, whether you consider the spot in question the only eligible one for the object you have in view.

"I have, &c.,

"P. G. BRINK."

To this broadside in defence of the colonial chest Mr. Fallows sent the following reply:

"Cape Town, October 16, 1824.

"P. G. Brink, Esq.

"Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, and in answer beg to state that the ground in question was fixed upon by me upwards of two years ago as the most eligible site for the erection of the Royal Observatory. Every other spot which I visited had some local disadvantages attending it. The site thus fixed upon as the most eligible was reported as such to the Admiralty, and approved of, and, in consequence, orders have been received by the Naval Officer at Simon's Town, pursuant to his Majesty's Orders in Council, to further the erection of the building on the arrival of the plans.

"I should feel highly gratified if his Excellency will have the goodness to order some arrangement to be made with the owner of the site, to prevent delay when the plans come to hand.

"I have, &c.,

"Fearon Fallows."

Accordingly, the arrangement was made, as appears by the following letter; not, however, without another effort in favour of the revenue:

"Colonial Office, October 26, 1824.

"Rev. F. Fallows.

"Sir,—I am directed by his Excellency the Governor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th [16th?] instant, on the subject of the ground you have fixed upon in the Cape district, for the erection of the Royal Observatory, and to acquaint you, in reply, that as you state that the spot you have selected is the most eligible one for the purpose for which it is intended, his Excellency has given instructions to Mr. Stoll to carry the proposed arrangement into effect.

"I have, &c.,

"P. G. Brink."

It may be proper to explain that when Mr. Hertzog led Mr. Fallows to the place which was adopted, he was under the impression that the whole of the north-end of the ridge and nearly the whole of the swampy delta defined by the Liesbeck and Zwart Rivers was Government, namely, unappropriated ground. On investigation, however, all on the ridge was claimed by Mr. Mostert, excepting a lozenge-shaped area of about two and three quarter acres on the

north face of the ridge. Mr. van Sehoor moreover supposed he had a lien about the north face of the ridge, exclusive of a piece in the low delta, termed "Vansehoor's Quitrent." The surveys and examination of titles, set on foot by Mr. Fallows, then and afterwards led to a ludierous discovery. Van Sehoor's *homestall* was found to be Government-ground, and he was threatened with ejectment if he refused to compromise by exchanging for the quitrent piece. He agreed to do so, asserting that he was robbed by the Observatory. The fact was, he had purchased the homestall from one who had no right to sell it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOTANICAL GEOGRAPHY; AND DISTRIBUTION OF SOUTH AFRICAN PLANTS.

BY THE COLONIAL BOTANIST.

THIS branch of vegetable philosophy, although it highly attracts the attention of modern botanists, was nearly unknown, or, at least, disregarded by older naturalists, nay by *Linnæus* himself; for in the earlier days of the science, when but a limited number of plants had been described, it quite sufficed to record along with the descriptions the places where such plants had been found, no one anticipating that these brief notes would one day become the nucleus of a separate doctrine. Yet even at that time, facts touching on geographical botany were incidentally observed, though then but little understood. The celebrated *Tournefort*, whilst travelling in Armenia, in 1700, was much struck at finding in his ascent of Mount Ararat, that with the increasing elevation above the level of the sea, vegetation altered its character, and that these changes corresponded with what he had seen in higher latitudes; and *Adanson*, another distinguished French botanist, remarked, during his stay upon the coast of Senegal, that umbel-bearing plants seldom or never occur in the tropical zone.

But, about the latter half of last century, geographical researches, combined with commercial enterprise, opened at once vast fields for speculations of all kinds; and Cook's voyages round the world, tended not only to immortalize the name of that great navigator, but contributed to a degree hitherto unprecedented towards the advancement of scientific investigation. A fresh stimulus was given thereby to the study of natural science, and to the botanical branch in

particular, by the labours of Sir Joseph Banks, the two Forsters, Sparrmann, and Dr. Solander, the discoverer's friends and associates.

The material obtained and stored up by these and other expeditions to the remotest parts of the known world, soon increased to an enormous extent. Strange forms, unlike those previously seen, and for the first time introduced into the botanical gardens, changed the conceptions formerly cherished, and proved beyond doubt that different lands have particular floras, and most plants peculiar habitations.

Yet, it was not the rapid accumulation of so many novelties alone, that led to serious reflections on the spontaneous distribution of plants. Artificial arrangements till then prevailing, yielded to a more rational method, the natural system, which by the establishment of families or natural groups, threw light upon the affinities, structure, and distribution of vegetables.

It would be interesting and of the greatest importance to botanical geography were we acquainted with the actual number of species that inhabit the globe. With a desire of gaining this object, conjectures and presumptive calculations have from time to time been made by several writers, but none of them has yet been found satisfactory, owing to the constant additions furnished by recent discoveries. Nor can we expect to arrive at any estimate approaching truth, until all countries are thoroughly explored. How little, for instance, do we know of the floras of Central America, Central Asia, China, Japan, Madagascar, the Sunda Islands, &c.; and how great may be the amount of information likely to accrue from the expeditions into the interior of our continent, so auspiciously entered upon under *Dr. Livingstone's* able directions.

In illustration of what I have said, allow me to add that the whole number of plants described in the times of *Linnæus*, amounted to little more than 8,000 species; while *Sprengel*, in 1827, enumerated 36,000. *Steudel's* Nomenclator of 1840 contains already 6,722 genera and 78,005 species of flower-bearing plants, while *Lindley*, in 1846, gives a grand total of 82,606 species,—56,444 of which are exogenous, 13,684 endogenous, and 12,480 cryptogamous. Yet even these figures, high as they appear, have since been greatly surpassed by *A. van Humboldt* (1849), who estimates the whole number of existing phanerogamia at 160,000, and by *Alphonse de Candolle* who, in his "Geographie Botanique Raisonnée" (1855) suggests 250,000 as the more probable sum.

In spite of these prodigious numbers, no species is known to be of universal occurrence, though a great many of those of the lowest classes are widely spread. We know, however, that natural bodies of imperfect construction have a far wider geographical range than those that lay claim to higher grades of organization; and that, in accordance with this rule, microscopic animalcules start into being, in all zones, as soon as the requirements for their evolution combine; and that mushrooms, algæ, lichens, and even mosses appear wherever conditions propitious to their procreation exist.

Higher and more perfect vegetables, on the contrary, are less generally dispersed by nature, and often even restrained within narrow limits, which they but rarely overstep, though several may vegetate in the most distant lands, if circumstances favour their growth.

To inquire into the causes, and determine the conditions which confine plants to particular zones and soils, is the aim of botanical geography. One might expect to gain information on these points by examining the anatomical structure of plants, but here we meet with the utmost simplicity. The vegetable cell, singly or modified as woody and vascular tissue, constitutes the whole body of the plant, and of this texture all vegetables, whatever be their mode of life or their conditions, partake. For this reason, no clue explaining the distribution of vegetation on mere structural grounds can be obtained.

This being the case, we have to advert our attention to those external physical circumstances which are known to exercise a powerful influence on vegetable existence. These are of different nature, and embrace such as are either perceptible to our observation, or such as depend entirely on secret natural laws, of which we see the effect without comprehending the cause. Atmospheric pressure and electricity are of the latter description.

If a plant peculiar to the torrid zone thrives well in our hot-houses whenever artificial heat corresponding to that of its native place is provided for it, we discover the immediate cause why this plant can only flourish under the tropical sun, and will perish in the proximity of the poles. If we carry a marsh plant from its natural station into our garden, we see that it will only live in ground similar to that from which it was removed, yet the very laws which restrict certain vegetables to the equatorial or polar regions, or to particular soils, are just as inexplicable to us as are the causes by virtue of which whole vegetable tribes predominate in certain countries, or are limited to small and narrowly-defined tracts of territory.

The external physical agents which exercise the greatest influence on vegetable life and development are temperature, light, moisture, and soil, and these combined, everywhere, in certain proportions, create the different climates. Heat and light, in particular, play the most prominent parts in the distribution of plants, and these again depend on geographical latitudes and elevation above the surface of the sea.

If from the cold north, the region of lichens and insignificant mosses, we proceed towards the line, passing through the different zones, between these two principal points we observe, along with a gradual increase of temperature, a total change of vegetation; and the same phenomenon presents itself in an inverted ratio if, from the level plain, we rise up into the air, when, with a gradual decrease of heat at every stage of elevation, plants become more and more crippled and scanty, until we reach the region of eternal snow, where vegetation wholly disappears.

We might infer, from these facts, that the distribution of warmth over the globe is attributable to the position of the globe in relation to the sun; and, at first sight, this notion seems plausible enough, since that great luminary is in reality the main source of heat upon earth. We should consider, however, that, under such considerations, temperature ought to decrease regularly with the increasing latitude,—a circumstance by no means borne out by actual observation. It cannot be denied, it is true, that the temperature under the line corresponds pretty nearly with geographical latitude, but in retiring from the torrid to the temperate zone we meet with many deviations; and we should keep in mind that winds, mountain ranges, moisture, and the vicinity of the sea tend to modify climates and the amount of heat to a considerable degree.

The celebrated *A. von Humboldt,* who—after having spent several years in the equinoctial regions of South America, there to learn the various phenomena of nature, and who had made botanical geography his favourite study—first conceived the idea of connecting, by lines drawn on a map, all places on earth which have the same mean annual temperature. These lines he called *isothermal,* or lines of equal heat; and he ascertained that though the inflexions of these lines recede from the parallels of latitude, yet the limits of vegetation cling closer to them than the latter.

But isothermal lines, while they give the mean yearly temperature only, and fail to indicate the precise climatical conditions of the countries through which they pass, are less instructive to the botanical geographer than they had been

expected to be; for the distribution of warmth is found so differently divided between the several seasons in places under the same lines, that plants are known to thrive well in one locality, while they languish or die in another.

Led by these circumstances, von Humboldt subsequently drew within the circle of his investigations the distribution of heat within the seasons, since it is obvious that vegetation is often more essentially regulated by this than by the mean temperature or amount of annual heat which it receives. The mean summer and winter temperatures are now indicated in this manner, and the places which agree in these relations are connected in the same way by *isotheral* lines, or lines of equal summer heat, and *isotheimenal*, or lines of equal winter cold.

In conjunction with heat, the effect of light upon vegetation, and its distribution, requires our attention. This agent, like the former, is unequally and irregularly allotted to the various portions of the globe, owing to the position of the different zones in relation to the sun. In the torrid zone, where we meet with nights and days of equal duration, the rays of the sun are almost perpendicular to the earth's surface; but if we proceed to the higher latitudes, gradual changes take place in the separate seasons, causing a disproportion of days and nights, which subjects them to a longer absence of light during one part of the year, and its longer presence during another. This phenomenon finds its explanation in the fact, that, with the gradually increasing distance from the equatorial line, the rays of the sun take a more and more oblique direction, and become weaker at every stage towards the poles, where this irregularity and weakness reach their point of culmination.

The influence of light upon the vegetative processes of plants, is sufficiently known. No vegetable, with the exception of some subterraneous species of the lowest orders, can grow, or continue to exist, without the genial aid of light, which, acting as a stimulant, excites the energy of the plant to such a degree, that all its secretions are readily performed. Vegetables, kept in darkness for some length of time, become exhausted and discoloured, the green matter or *chlorophyll* ceases to be formed, and respiration gets thoroughly impaired. The secret sympathy existing between plants and light becomes very manifest also in the spontaneous bending of branches and leaves towards the light, and in the so-called *sleep of plants*, a curious apparition, particularly perceptible in the leguminous tribe.

A discrepancy in the analogy between the dispersion of warmth and light, respectively, refers to elevation of soil. Heat, we have seen, diminishes as we ascend into the atmosphere—light, on the reverse, becomes stronger and brighter the farther we retire from the plain, the highest mountain peaks enjoying the greatest length of day, and being the longest illuminated. Though the influence of light in regard to the geographical arrangement of plants is not so striking as that produced by the diffusion of warmth, yet there are circumstances enough to prove its efficacy. Many plants will flourish only when in the full enjoyment of solar light, while others, shunning the glare, require shady localities; we also observe, that the character of vegetation generally, depends considerably on the greater or lesser degree of light to which plants are exposed, and that those which grow on the southern declivities of mountains differ from those on the opposite side. Alpine plants, renowned for the largeness and elegance of their blossoms, receive the greater, sea weeds the least, light—under the same degrees of latitude.

Humidity is, next to heat, the most powerful agent in the distribution of vegetation, the universal, indispensable feeding substance of plants, and in the meantime the medium through which the various unorganic nutritious substances of the soil become dissolved and prepared for vegetable digestion. Water, where it exists, converts sandy deserts into luxuriant fields, and even the richest soils remain barren and desolate where it is absent. Humidity presents itself to vegetation in three different ways, which stand in relation with the stations of plants. Mosses, as well as the gaudy Epiphytes of tropical forests, with their soft and spongy aerial roots depending from the branches of trees, imbibe water in a vapourous state from the warm and moist atmosphere; water and marsh plants will only thrive when surrounded by fluid water, or at least with their roots immersed in it, and the great majority of plants extract their food from the soil which contains the moisture to be absorbed into them by means of their rootlets.

That most plants are naturally affected by the conditions of the media or soils in which they grow, is an undeniable fact; but this influence upon the dispersion of vegetables is neither so great nor so universal as is commonly thought. Every soil, capable of bearing plants, becomes clothed with some kind of verdure, if the two principal conditions of vegetable growth, heat and water, are not deficient, for there only, where these are wanting—as on the icy poles, or in the parched sands of the desert—sterility prevails.

Very few plants, upon the whole, are characteristic of special ingredients obtained from soils, and it can be maintained that all plants contain in their ashes the same constituent parts, though in very different proportions. On a soil, made up entirely of one kind of earth only, such as sand or lime, no plant whatever will grow, but every soil, which nourishes plants, contains also in its composition all the materials required by all plants; whilst merely the predominance of certain unorganic substances in the soil favours the growth of peculiar kinds. It is, in consequence of this, that the greater part of plants which live at the sea side, and abound in soda, do not thrive anywhere else, except near salt-lakes or salt-pans, in the interior of the country, where they find the same salts; and that grasses, which require flint for the formation of their straw, grow best in soils rich in silicious matter.

This occurrence of plants within a certain medium or under particular geological circumstances, is one of the principal features in botanical geography, since it confines vegetables to such localities or stations as are best adapted to their organization or manner of growth. We therefore find similar plants in similar soils completely separated from each other, provided the climates be not of an entirely different nature.

But, great as are the effects of temperature, humidity, and soil, they do not sufficiently explain all the phenomena connected with the spontaneous distribution of vegetables. Some of these have a very extended area, and occur in both hemispheres, while others are limited to particular countries, or even sequestrated localities. The heath tribe extends from the extreme end of South Africa (where it attains its maximum) to that of Norway, merely overleaping the tropical zones; while under the same parallel of latitude, the same climate, and similar condition of soil, no species of heath has ever been found in the New World. Other kindred plants replace them there, which at least form part of the same order; but if we look to the flora of New Holland, we do not meet, under corresponding conditions, with a single ericaceous plant, though an allied but entirely different family, that of *Epacrideæ* fills its place. No wild roses are found south of the Equator, though roses are known to thrive exceedingly well in the temperate zones of both hemispheres. The clove tree is confined to the Spice Islands, the tea shrub to an isolated nook of Eastern Asia, and the cinchona-bark trees to certain mountainous regions of the northern half of South America, as if there existed

upon earth no other spots in which the same conditions of temperature and soil concur. The curious *Disa longicornis*, and the beautiful *Disa grandiflora* grow nowhere else within the limits of the South African flora, except on the top of Table Mountain, and the famous cedar of Lebanon is restricted to one particular place.

There are other circumstances, too, which prove that climates and soils are not the only and absolute conditions in the geographical arrangement of vegetation. The thorn-apple (*Datura Stramonium*), originally an American plant, has found its way over a large portion of the globe, and is at present naturalized in many countries; several Cape plants grow wild now in the island of St. Helena, and other African species have spread over various parts of the East Indies.

Another interesting though equally inconceivable circumstance connected with the geography of vegetation, refers to the so-called *social plants*, or species of one single genus, which cover large spaces of ground with countless individual specimens, to the exclusion of other vegetables. Such gregarious plants are found in all zones, and more or less in all soils, and impart a rather monotonous and often melancholy physiognomy to the landscape of the country which they infest. Most grasses and marsh-plants, the European furze and heath, as well as the fir-trees of the north, are instances of this kind, to which we may add our own rhinoceros-bush (*Elytropappus Rhinocerotis*), a shrub which, as every one knows, occupies immense tracts of waste lands in the western districts of the Cape colony. The presence of plants of this description, while it shows the great tenacity of life in the species, indicates in the mean time the same nature in the soil of which they have taken possession.

Little as we are capable of accounting for all these facts, yet if we compare the entire mass of vegetation upon earth with the various regions of the globe, we find that most of these are characterized by the predominance of certain vegetable forms, or the exclusive occurrence of particular families. This observation has induced botanists to establish a number of geographical regions of plants, which have been named in honour of such men as rendered themselves meritorious by the investigation of the several regions. In this manner the region of palms is dedicated to *von Martius*, that of *Cinchoneæ* to *A. von Humboldt*, &c.

If from the general remarks just made we turn to the geographical arrangement of the vegetation of South Africa, we become astonished at the extraordinary variety of forms

its flora presents. Situated in the warm temperate zone of the southern hemisphere, and bordering at its north and east extremities on the tropic of Capricorn, it partakes in some degree of the peculiarities of several climates, a circumstance which of necessity must exert a decided influence upon the character and distribution of its vegetable productions. Nowhere else upon the whole surface of the earth do we meet with a country exhibiting in the same manner such a combination of orders or families of plants so dissimilar to each other and usually so widely separated by different latitudes. Hence the richness of the South African flora, which, while it includes representatives both of the tropical and cold temperate zones within a limited space, displays that almost incredible variety of indigenous vegetation for which it is so justly renowned.

The probable number of South African species of plants has been estimated by *Harvey* in 1838, at 1,086 genera, and 8,500 species; but *Drege*, who during his travels never penetrated into the interior any farther than fifty geographical miles inland from the coast, has actually collected 1,008 genera, and 7,092 species. If, then, we take into account all the discoveries made since 1834, and consider that the vast territories of the Free States, Kaffraria, Natal, and the countries beyond the Gariep are all but explored, we may readily expect a much larger amount, which in all likelihood cannot fall short of at least 18,000 species.

This great number of plants is variously dispersed through the different provinces, every one of which may be said to have its peculiar flora, since the majority of South African plants are confined to narrow limits. It thus happens that the vegetation of Caledon differs as much from that of the Cape district as it does from that of George, each possessing species and even genera of their own.

A still greater and more marked difference in the distribution of orders, genera, and species, presents itself, if from the extreme west we advance towards the east, when along with gradual climatical changes vegetation gains an altered character, until at Natal it assumes tropical forms.

The very narrow local extent to which South African plants are generally confined, accounts for the paucity of social species amongst them. With the exception of the rhinoceros-bush, already spoken of, there are only a few of similar habit, the most remarkable of which are the palmiet-rush *(Juncus Serratus)*, which covers the bottoms of our shallow streams, the common sugar-bush and silver-tree, some heaths, *Bruniaceæ*, *Thymeleæ*, several aloes, &c.

The family which predominates over all others in South Africa, is that of the *Compositæ*. It constitutes the sixth part of the whole number of its flora, is nearly equally distributed through all provinces, and amounts to 182 genera and 1,593 species. Many of the former, and the greatest part of the latter, are quite peculiar to the land, and not a few of them, such as the everlasting-flower, the *gazanias, othonnas, arctotides,* and others, gladden the eye by the brilliancy of their hues, and the grace and variety of their forms.

Next to them, the leguminous tribe occupies, in as far as numbers are concerned, the second rank in our flora, comprising between 500 to 600 species, two-thirds of which belong exclusively to the Western Province; it forms about the thirteenth part of the whole of South African vegetation. *Indigofera, Psoralea,* and *Aspalathus,* are the prominent and most numerously represented South African genera of this order.

The third great natural family to be noticed in this place, refers to *gramineæ*, or grasses. This tribe is pretty equally distributed between the two principal divisions; but the species occurring in the Eastern Province and Natal, partake of a more social character than those of the west. Grasses form about the one-and-twentieth part of South African vegetation, and embrace 95 genera, with 359 species. It is remarkable that only six of the genera are truly South African, while the remainder are scattered wide and far over various portions of the globe.

None, however, of the three orders named exert so great an influence upon the flora as to bestow distinctive physiognomical features to the country. This is effected by plants limited in their range of dispersion, but which, within certain bounds, surpass all others in originality of form, variety, and luxuriance of growth.

The most prominent amongst these are the *Proteaceæ*, so named in allusion to the diversity their genera present. This group, as distinguished by its forms, as remarkable for its geographical limits, consists of small trees or bushes, with evergreen, stiff, simple, or divided leaves and flowers, which are spiked, panicled, or more frequently clustered in heads. Their favourite stations are dry, stony, exposed places, mountain slopes, or sandy localities, and their number amounts to 11 genera and 288 species. The majority of these inhabit the Western Province exclusively; some, however, such as *P. grandiflora, mellifera,* and several others, are more widely dispersed, and a few are restricted within the precincts of the Eastern division alone.

After *Proteaceæ*, the numerous heaths, which cover vast tracts of uncultivated land, attract our attention. This large genus contains shrubs, with rigid, linear, entire leaves; and its species are equally interesting for the variety of the forms of their flowers and for the brilliancy of their tints. The total number of South African heaths, hitherto known, amounts to 410 species, two-thirds of which are peculiar to the western parts of the colony; towards the east they sensibly decrease, and reach their limit at Natal, the high mountains of which produce one solitary representative of this extensive and beautiful genus.* Not less characteristic for the Cape flora are *Mesembryaceæ* and the genus *Stapelia*. The former, more familiarly known as the Fig Marygold tribe, includes herbs and shrubs with fleshy, variously-shaped opposite leaves, and usually large, solitary, terminal, or corymbose flowers of almost every colour. De Candolle describes 307 species as belonging to the South African flora, but many more are likely to exist. *Stapeliæ*, of which 111 species are already known, possess succulent, leafless, angular, and often warty stems, much like those of some cacti or euphorbius. Their mostly large but lurid blossoms, when expanded and exposed to the rays of the sun, emit a most offensive nauseous smell, resembling that of putrid animal matter, whence their vernacular name of *carrion flowers* has been derived. Both have their principal stations in dry, rocky, situations, and particularly in the wide plains of the karroo, where they occur in such abundance as to give a particular character to the vegetation of those solitary wastes.

Predominant are, in some parts of the Western division, in addition to the orders just named, the Buchu family, or *Diosmeæ*, known for their strong peculiar odour; the Wood Sorrel tribe, or *Oxalideæ*, which, during winter, adorn our hills and fields with a profusion of delicate, conspicuous flowers; the many *Pelargonia*, with their fragrant foliage and showy corollas; and last, though not least, the group of *Restiaceæ*, or Rope Grasses, useful alike as a barrier to the shifting sand, and as material for many purposes of domestic economy. *Terebinthaceæ*, *Irideæ*, and *Asphodeleæ*, less restricted in their range, are pretty regularly distributed through all parts of the colony.

Leaving this zone, and approaching the East, we feel surprised at the change which takes place in the nature of

* *Erica Alopecurus.—Harv.*

vegetation. Already, in the border district of George, this alteration begins with verdant hills, fertile lawns, and aboriginal forests, rich in excellent timber, yet the farther we move, Proteaceæ, Ericas, and Restiaceæ become rarer in proportion, and make room for families which gradually merge into the sub-tropical flora of Natal. Grassy pastures, admirably adapted for the breeding of sheep, alternate with impenetrable masses of arborescent, evergreen, often succulent, shrubs, once the cherished haunts of herds of elephants and other huge herbivorous beasts; and almost everywhere the gigantic *Euphorbia canariensis*, with its fluted, pillar-like, prickly stem, is seen along with thorny *Acacias*, the *Speckboom* (*Portulacaria afra*), tall, handsome aloes, and a profusion of fleshy plants in the greatest variety. These, in conjunction with the splendid *Strelitzia regina* and *juncea*, the beautiful *Tecoma capensis*, the curious elephant's-foot,* and the palm-like *Lycadeæ*, or Kafir bread-trees, the modern representatives of an extinct antidiluvian tribe, are forms which, to a certain degree, express the character of the vegetation of the Eastern Province. The most prominent and numerous vegetable orders found in those regions comprise, besides grasses and compositæ: *Malvaceæ*, *Capparideæ*, *Celastrineæ*, *Sarindaceæ*, *Acanthaceæ*, *Ardepiadeæ*, *Euphorbiaceæ*, *Amaryllideæ*, &c., many of which spread towards Natal, where they are joined by the still more tropical types of *Rhizophoreæ*, *Anonaceæ*, *Sterculiaceæ*, *Malpighiaceæ*, *Connaraceæ*, and Palms.

On many occasions has a parallel been drawn between the vegetation of South Africa and that of New Holland, countries situated in the same latitudes and possessing similar climates. In some respects the analogy is a striking one, since several large and characteristic orders, such as *Protcaceæ*, *Diosmeæ*, *Restiaceæ*, *Asphodeleæ*, &c., are found in both, in nearly equal proportions, and since both agree in the rarity or total absence of *Cinciferæ*, *Ranunculaceæ*, *Rosaceæ*, *Umbelliferæ*, &c., which mark the vegetation of the corresponding temperate zones in the northern hemisphere. But *Compositæ*, which as we have seen are so abundant in this part of the world as to contribute the sixth part of the entire flora, are far less numerous in Australia, where in their turn *Leguminosæ* prevail. Other families, such as *Casuarineæ*, *Stylideæ*, and *Epacrideæ*, proper to Australia, are entirely wanting in South Africa, though the Epacris tribe is

* *Testudinaria Elephantiper.*

replaced in the latter by the closely allied family of heaths. *Myrtaceæ*, or myrtles, also, which in New Holland predominate by the mass of species and individuals of *Eucalyptus*, *Melanca*, *Metrosidaros*, &c., have but a few South African representatives; and peculiar, too, is to Australia that very remarkable section of the vast genus *Acacia*, the many species of which are distinguished by flattened and expanded petioler, in place of ordinary leaves.

In compensation for these New Holland orders, South Africa produces its heaths, *Stapelias*, *Bruniaceæ*, *Penæaceæ*, *Stelbineas*, and aloes, which do not occur in all Australia, while, in the meantime, plants belonging to the extensive families of *Irideæ*, *Geraniaceæ*, *Mesembryaceæ*, and *Crassulaceæ* are there, but sparingly found.

In the above short review of the laws which regulate the natural distribution of vegetation over the earth's surface, I have abstained from alluding to the various casual circumstances which, at times, assist in the propagation of plants. Seeds are often conveyed by streams, rivers, and the ocean waves, into remote lands, where they germinate and multiply, if the climate is not hostile to their development. Through the agency of the winds, light, minute seeds, or such as are furnished with downy or wing-like appendages, are wafted to distances which they could not have reached by themselves. Birds, feeding on berries, are instrumental in the migration of plants, by dropping the kernels which have passed through their bodies unhurt; while several plants, the seed-pods of which are armed with hooked prickles, are carried far away, merely by attaching themselves to animals, to the feathery, hairy, or woolly skins of which they pertinaciously cling. An instance of this kind of accidental propagation is afforded by the Bur Weed, or *Xanthium spinosum*, a European herb, the sudden appearance and rapid spreading of which forms a just cause of apprehension to the wool-farmers in the Albany district.

More, however, than by any of these means has the dispersion of numerous plants been effected by the aid of the proud lord of the creation, Man, who, for purposes of use or ornament, transfers seeds, indigenous to the most distant regions, to his native soil, understanding how to sow, to cultivate, and acclimatize them with fostering care. But a matter so important as the artificial distribution and cultivation of plants upon the earth constitutes a chapter of its own, worthy to become the topic of a separate paper.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. XIX.

SIR THOMAS MACLEAR, F.R.S.

Sir Thomas Maclear, son of James and Mary Maclear, is a native of the county of Tyrone, north of Ireland. In the year 1811, he became the pupil of Thomas McGrath, M.D., a maternal uncle, residing in Biggleswade, in the county of Bedford, a gentleman who had locked up his diploma in favour of amassing a fortune in general practice. In the year 1814, he entered the classes at Guy's and St. Thomas' Hospitals, the leading medical school in London at that period, owing to the extent of the hospitals and the celebrity of the teachers. Babbington, Marcet, James Curry, and William Allen filled the chairs of chemistry, medicine, and natural philosophy; Astley Cooper, Henry Cline, and and Benjamin Travers, the chairs of anatomy, surgery, and physiology.

In the year 1816, he was elected house-surgeon to the Bedford Infirmary, where he had an open field for the pursuits which were most congenial to his taste, namely, chemistry, electricity, and astronomy. Here many musket-barrels were sacrificed at the shrine of Potassium, when two-hundred-plate batteries could not be commanded. His chemical pursuits, however, were brought to a close by a dangerous accident he encountered when operating on chloride of azote. In 1823 he resigned the appointment to enter into partnership with his uncle. In 1825 he entered into a life-partnership with Mary, third daughter of Sheed Pearse, of Bedford, in the resolution to adhere to the practice of his profession only. But the clocks of the place, like the clocks of Cape Town, in days of yore, could not be depended upon. Some remedy was needed; accordingly a piece of tin, with a small hole in it, was fixed to his dressing-room window, for noting the disappearance of stars behind an opposite chimney: this let in the small end of the wedge. Next, a neighbouring clergyman wanted a sun-dial for his grounds, but the watchmaker could not proceed without the angular numbers, which were supplied to him by Mr. Maclear. Evening observations became more frequent; the sextant was set aside for a repeating circle, and thus the wedge crept on slowly until it received a blow which sent it home and scattered the "resolution" to the winds.



It was the meeting with Captain Smythe, a gentleman of rare abilities as a practical astronomer, hydrographer, antiquarian, and historian, one whose fame has spread far and wide. Sheed Pearse wrote as follows: "Captain Smythe, a naval officer, has come to reside in the Crescent, where he is building an observatory. He is to dine with me on ——. Will you drive over to meet him?" The meeting took place, the visits to Bedford became more frequent, and ere long a small observatory, containing a 30-inch transit instrument* and an astronomical clock, was established in Biggleswade. Afterwards a dome was added to cover the Wollaston-telescope, which had been bequeathed by Dr. Wollaston to the Astronomical Society, and lent by the society to Mr. Maclear.

Through Captain Smythe he became acquainted with the leading astronomers of the day; and of those who visited the Bedford observatory, many paid a call at the more humble temple in Biggleswade.

From 1826 to 1833, Mr. Maclear's study of mathematics and astronomy was unremitting. In the year 1828, he was elected a Fellow of the Astronomical Society; and in the year 1831, a Fellow of the Royal Society. On the 25th of July, 1831, the office of Astronomer at the Cape became vacant by the death of the Rev. Fearon Fallows. The appointment was offered to Mr. Thomas Henderson, an amateur astronomer of well known ability. Mr. Maclear was sounded through Captain Smythe, to ascertain if he would accept the office if Mr. Henderson should decline it. Mr. Henderson accepted the office, but in consequence of his health failing, and of certain local difficulties which he could not overcome, he resigned on the 27th May, 1833.

Captain Beaufort, afterwards Sir Francis Beaufort, again sounded Mr. Maclear through Capt. Smythe, and unreservedly placed in his possession Mr. Henderson's description of the local difficulties to be encountered by the inhabitants of the observatory, and an offer to use his influence with the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty for a grant of money to remove them as far as practicable. A painful struggle how to decide ensued in the mind of Mr. Maclear, owing to the determined opposition and discouragement of Dr. McGrath, on the one hand, and the encouragement of Mrs. Maclear and Sir George McGrath on the other. To the latter was

* The fate of that transit instrument was a watery grave in the river Euphrates, where it went down with the other instruments during the hurricane that wrecked Colonel Cherney's expedition.

added the prospect of enjoying for some years the society and friendship of Sir John Herschel, who was then preparing for his voyage to the Cape. At length Mr. Maclear was officially appointed on the 11th July, 1833, embarked, on the 25th October, and reached Table Bay on the 4th of January, 1834.

The *Mount-Stewart Elphinstone*, with Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Sir John Herschel on board, arrived on the 15th of the same month.

The grievances of the Observatory, complained of by Mr. Henderson, were in part well founded, inasmuch as ludicrous omissions had been committed in the domestic arrangements, which had been crimped and squeezed in favour of exhibiting four architectural fronts to a public building. No out-offices were provided. The access was circuitous, and difficult in the winter season, owing to no bridge having been built over the Liesbeek nearer than Cloete's, at Rondebosch Church. The building stood in an open field, which partly belonged to a neighbouring farmer, whose ground reached to within thirty yards on one side, and who could have seriously injured the observatory by erecting buildings on his own ground. On the other hand the meridian rooms were excellent, and furnished with instruments on the scale of those at Greenwich. There was no equatorial instrument.

The Admiralty was not to blame for the several defects above alluded to, as the plan of the building had been left to a celebrated architect jointly with an astronomer.

Captain Beaufort, true to his promise, obtained a grant of £500 in addition to £150 authorized previously, and never ceased to support, during twenty years, the several schemes, which combined have remedied in part the original defects of the building, and secured it against the exterior disadvantages it laboured under.

From the date of Mr. Maclear's appointment, up to the present time, his life has been one of unwearied devotion to the duties of his high and important office, and its best history will be found in that of the observatory itself, in another portion of this number. His devotion, combined with his love of science and his great abilities, procured for him recently the honour of knighthood at the hands of Her Majesty,—an honour which could not have been more worthily bestowed.

Sir Thomas Maclear is the father of several children. One of his sons is in the navy, and another is striving to emulate the career of his distinguished father in the observatory.

REPORT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

I PROMISED to recur to some donations received last month, and I have much pleasure in doing so in the present report.

Those particularly alluded to were, first, a collection of birds from the Mooi River, Free State, presented by Mr. David Arnot, jun., and secondly, a series forwarded by Mr. J. R. O'Reilly, sen., from Graaff-Reinet.

The Mooi River collection contains nearly sixty examples, many of them quite new to the Museum, and of much interest, as illustrating the great geographical range of some species. Among them is a gigantic heron, *Ardea goliath* of Rüppell, and a pair of Bustards (Koorhaans), *Otis nuba* of the same author, both found by him in Northern Africa! These are noble additions to our collection, which now contains ten species of bustards from South Africa alone, besides the European species. The next to be noted is the beautiful *Lamprotornis Bullockii* of Smith, a large, shining green Spreo, with a long graduated tail. This is a very gorgeous bird,—both examples sent have come up well, and we have received a third from Mr. Green, from Damaraland, through the kindness of Mr. Latham, in a collection to be noticed hereafter. Then follow several specimens of a beautiful bee-eater, *Merops Bullockoides*, Smith; a new white Egrett, two new, minute Francolins, and a new red-wing Spreo. Besides these may be enumerated, fine specimens of *Ibis calva* and *Ibis religiosa* (female, we had only the male previously), a pair of long-tailed Shrikes, which I cannot yet identify, but which I have also received from Damaraland. In fact, this is one of the most valuable additions we have received for a long time.

Mr. O'Reilly's collection contains thirty specimens, of which five are entirely new to us, nor can I yet identify them. It is much to be regretted that, up to the present time, no attempt has been made to catalogue the birds of this country; some of the commonest birds have not been identified, and the student of South African birds has to grope his way through endless pages of numberless books to find each bird that comes before him. I have been carefully cataloguing during the last six years, and have a list of names, amounting to nearly nine hundred, of birds, said to be natives of South Africa. Say one third of these are synonyms, and we get a remainder of six hundred, which perhaps is a near approach to the number of species actually inhabiting the portion of South Africa south of the tropic.

I have made several attempts to induce naturalists in England, who have the command of books and extensive collections, to join with me in making a descriptive catalogue: hitherto without success. I, however, hope that my last application may be more fortunate. I expect an answer next month.

The greatest addition, however, that we have ever received at once to our South African collection is now to be noticed. Mr. Andersson, the well-known explorer, has, in the most generous manner, permitted me to select from the beautiful collection made during his last perilous journey any specimens which I required, and of which he had duplicates. The Museum has thus acquired one hundred and twenty-eight specimens, all new, to its shelves, comprising birds and animals of all orders.

One of the most remarkable is a Night Jar (*Caprimulgus*), with a feather in each wing, elongated to the extent of two feet. By the time this sheet is in the hands of the reader, one if not more of these singular birds will be mounted, and will be found worthy of a special visit to the Museum. Then there is a large wattle-headed duck (*Theskidiornis regia*), which in its migrations reaches India, and a whistling Teal, of which I procured specimens in Madagascar!

In return for Mr. Andersson's liberal donation, I have had much pleasure in adding to his collection many of the birds of this portion of the colony, and from the eastward, which he had not found along the west coast.

Mr. Sherman—A specimen of the pink Cockatoo, *C. Leadbeterii*. This was a caged bird, which died in confinement, was *buried*, and exhumed at my request. It did not reach my hands for four days after death, and was in a most miserable condition, covered with castor oil and dirt! After being washed with soap and water, and dried in plaster of Paris, it was mounted, and now is a very respectable addition to the Museum. I mention this to show to the possessors of rare Cage birds what *may* be done with dead and apparently useless specimens, and to beg that many birds that are now thrown away may be sent to us.

J. Reid, junior—*Ardea minuta*, shot near the Observatory, male, mounted.

F. Green, Damaraland, through Mr. Latham.—Several birds, mostly new to us, among them two Parrots and a Roller, which deserve especial notice. Also, two Hornbills (*Buceros erythrorhyncha* and *B. hastatus*), both new to us. In fact, our acquisitions in South African species has been larger during the last two months than in any similar period since the foundation of the Museum.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham—A large number of *Coleoptera* and *Lepidoptera* from Damaraland, comprising many novelties in each family.

Mr. D. Russouw (Zwartland)—Four small birds, two of them not before in the Museum.

W. H. Auret, Victoria West—A Meteorite which fell in that division. A beautiful specimen.

Dr. Dyer, ship *Royal Charter*—A fine Petrel, from the southern ocean, new to us, mounted.

In the miscellaneous department some extremely interesting specimens of porcelain are exhibiting, through the kindness of Judge Watermeyer. There are, first, an old chocolate or coffee-pot, of red Japanese stoneware, mounted in silver. The lid is formed of a Kylin. This specimen has been for nearly two hundred years at the Cape. Second, sundry pieces of curious "transparent" China, forming portions of a breakfast set. These pieces are of the middle of last century.

Mr. P. D. Martin, of Simon's Town, has presented a very fine specimen of a brass spur. Several spurs are now in the Museum, and the question has arisen whether they are not of old Dutch manufacture, instead of, as commonly supposed, South American origin. If the latter, it is a curious fact that so many have turned up here, as if a cargo had been imported in days of yore.

E. L. Layard, Curator.

South African Museum, 30th September, 1860.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Our ordinary Literary Review is crowded out, this month, by a press of other matter; but we cannot refrain from making a few remarks on the great literary event of the past month,—the inauguration of the new Library and Museum building. Our Public Library is the glory of South Africa: it is unequalled by any other colonial collection, and is probably the finest one in the southern hemisphere. It has long been a subject of regret that it should be crowded into a building which has not space enough to hold the books, and which is, in many respects, unsuitable for a place of study. Everyone will rejoice, therefore, to see our Library removed to the new and handsome building erected for it in the Government Gardens, where there will be ample room for its volumes, and where students can read in quiet and comfort.

This building was worthily opened by his Royal Highness Prince Alfred; and the occasion was seized by the Governor, Sir George Grey, to deliver an address which is deserving of perusal and of patient study,—being both practical in its suggestions and philosophical in its tone and reflections. Nor was the reply of the Attorney-General less admirable for its eloquent and enthusiastic exposition of public sentiment on such an occasion. It seems to us that it would be well to reprint, in a cheap and compact form, these two speeches, so that everyone who takes an interest in literature may preserve them as memorials of the most memorable and gratifying literary ceremony yet witnessed in the colony,—the inauguration of the Library and Museum building.

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR AUGUST, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Far.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy Sky, in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Hourly velocity	Direction.		
Aug.	inches	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	miles.		inches.	
1	30·057	57·04	50·70	66·7	46·7	45·08	66·4	29·754	5·8	SSW		0 1
2	29·969	60·20	54·12	74·0	55·0	49·02	69·2	29·619	7·6	NW		6·2
3	29·947	56·58	54·10	59·6	53·8	51·84	84·6	29·561	15·7	NNW	0 433	10·0
4	30 001	55·22	53·16	59·0	50·3	51·22	86·8	29·623	11·0	NW	·113	7·3
5	30·168	53·32	51·34	59·4	45·3	49·42	86·8	29·813	3·8	WbN	·010	4·6
6	30·366	54·78	50·66	59·4	51·3	46·74	75·0	30·045	9·5	S		4·3
7	30·312	54·34	50·48	59·0	47·7	46·80	76·4	29·991	12·8	SbE		0·0
8	30·166	55·50	53·20	65·7	45·0	51·12	86·2	29·789	4·6	SbW		2·1
9	30·204	58·28	55·28	60·0	51·7	52·58	81·6	29·807	18·7	S		0·9
10	30·278	60·40	55·00	62·3	53·5	50·32	70·0	29·912	19·2	S		0·1
11	30·273	62·42	57·14	71·0	56·0	52·76	71·6	29·874	10·7	S		0·1
12	30·229	62·22	57·14	68·0	51·8	52·86	72·0	29·828	14·8	S		0·0
13	30·217	64·10	57·64	71·3	59·2	52·32	66·0	29·823	16·6	S		0·1
14	30·201	63·04	55·64	72·0	50·3	49·52	62·4	29·846	8·9	SbE		0·0
15	30·111	64·48	55·48	77·0	56·0	48·26	57·2	29·772	4·4	SW		0·3
16	30·144	64·06	55·06	78·0	53·0	47·90	58·0	29·810	4·6	WbN		0·3
17	30·116	66·32	56·42	78·7	54·3	48·76	55·6	29·769	6·5	SSW		1·8
18	30·101	67·86	57·80	79·2	59·2	49·98	54·8	29·736	8·7	SbE		3·5
19	30·085	64·66	58·22	78·0	54·3	53·12	68·2	29·680	6·3	SbW		5·2
20	29·940	62·90	57·60	77·0	53·2	53·38	73·2	29·531	7·3	SbE		0·8
21	30·884	60·40	56·00	75·0	54·0	52·54	79·0	29·487	6·5	SSW		6·7
22	30·001	60·90	57·24	67·0	57·2	54·10	79·2	29·581	8·1	W		9·6
23	30·120	59·60	57·66	67·6	54·8	56·02	88·8	29·670	3·7	WNW	·017	5·1
24	30·045	65·32	59·52	71·0	55·4	54·84	69·6	29·612	8·4	SbE		2·4
25	29·977	65·88	59·24	79·8	57·8	54·26	69·6	29·555	6·2	SW		6·8
26	30·086	58·24	55·86	63·0	51·6	53·74	85·6	29·672	3·7	SW		8·8
27	29·948	62·76	58·16	67·0	59·0	54·32	74·6	29·525	11·5	SW		6·2
28	30·043	57·12	54·22	60·7	50·8	51·56	82·2	29·657	9·4	NWbN	·160	7·0
29	30·077	58·84	56·76	64·0	55·7	54·96	87·4	29·644	12·5	NW		8·4
30	30·121	58·92	55·96	63·4	53·7	53·32	82·2	29·712	4·0	SSW	·190	8·4
31	29 991	57·84	54·06	65·0	49·2	50·68	77·6	29·621	4·8	SWbS		4·6
Mean,	30·103	60·44	55·51	68·4	53·1	51·40	74·1	29·720	8·9	SW	Sum 0·923	3·9

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

		5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°.	inches	30·089	30·126	30·096	30·089	30·112	30·422	29·829
,, Press. of dry air,	,,	29·730	29·732	29·702	29·698	29·738	30·089	29·416
Thermom.—Dry bulb.	degrees	55·21	60·11	66·99	61·74	58·14	79·1	45·7
,, Wet bulb.	',	52·32	55·83	55·64	56·47	54·25	63·5	44·8
Humidity of the air.	p. cent.	82·9	76·6	61·6	72·0	77·6	98·	33·
Dew Point.	degrees	49·7	52·3	52·2	52·0	50·8	59·1	40·9

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE
CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE METEOROLOGICAL COMMITTEE.

We presume that few of the readers of this Magazine will have failed to learn, before this date, that a meteorological committee has been appointed by the Governor, for the purpose of organizing a series of simultaneous and systematic observations throughout the colony, in order to obtain data on which to found measures of practical "utility."

This we look upon as but the first step—the first footfall of a giant now in its infancy, which, if properly nursed and tended, will, in the course of time, perhaps not in our generation, repay its nursing mother fifty-fold into her bosom.

Let us, at the outset, endeavour to obtain an idea of the task to which the committee have to apply themselves, and then glance at the assistance which the public can render them, and the results which we hope may be obtained.

But first—a short history of how this has come about.

During the session of Parliament for 1859 a sum of £300 was voted for the purchase of meteorological instruments, upon the representation of Sir Thomas Maclear, the Astronomer Royal, who, being then in England, was commissioned by the Government to lay out a portion of the sum thus voted in the requisite instruments, the remainder being retained, to be expended in necessary details (such as printing, conveyance, &c.), in the colony.

The instruments selected by Sir Thomas consist of standard barometers, mountain barometers, dry bulb, wet bulb, maximum, minimum, and solar radiation thermometers, and rain gauges; all of which are now in the Observatory, have been tested and compared with the instruments there, and are ready for distribution.

In the spring of this year Mr. Fletcher, the Government surveyor, selected to survey the Olifant's River, in an able report on the districts of Clanwilliam and Calvinia, laid before Parliament, and which we commend to the attention of those who are anxious to develop the resources of the colony, pointed out the facility with which artificial irrigation could be made available, and yet with what greater facility, from want of the requisite knowledge, large sums of money

could be thrown away upon dams, &c., without any adequate return. He showed that, at some points, abundance of rain fell annually, while, at others, but a small quantity was precipitated, and thus, while at one place it would be right to construct extensive reservoirs, to retain the fertilizing showers that now run off the land in unproductive, and *frequently most destructive*, torrents, at another, a minimum expenditure on a small dam would suffice.

Upon this report Sir Thomas Maclear again pressed the attention of the Government to the advisableness of setting in motion the machinery for collecting trustworthy data, and the formation of the present committee is the result.

It must not, however, be supposed that these are the sole motives which have urged the Government to move in the matter.

It has been steadily dawning upon men's minds that the southern portion of this continent is gradually becoming more and more desiccated. Rivers which, in the time of Burchell, Barrow, Le Vaillant, and other older travellers, were foaming torrents, impassable for days, are now—what? sandy ravines, where not a drop of water is to be found, winter or summer, from year's end to year's end!

At this moment we write over the bed of a mountain torrent, whose former existence is unknown to most inhabitants of Cape Town, but whose course was laid bare when the foundations of this building were dug, and indicated by the successive layers of alluvial deposit, sand, and pebbles and clay which were cut through. Where are these once-flowing streams? We shall hereafter endeavour to show to what we consider their disappearance is in a great measure owing: we must now return to the committee and their task.

To accumulate reliable data upon climatology, the prevailing winds, the fall of rain, the amount of humidity in the atmosphere, to register and preserve these and similar records, and to render them available in inquiries as to the origin and spread of those dire and devastating plagues, the *oïdium*, the lung-sickness, and the horse-sickness, which now speed over the country, armed with ten-fold terror, from the very fact of our ignorance as to their origin; to point out the most suitable localities for reservoirs; to assist the farmer to discern the face of the sky, and to read therein, as far as is permitted to mortal ken: these will form part of their duties. The committee will have to weigh well, not only the merits of the various applicants for these instruments, but also the advantages of the localities in which the applicants reside, as the sets of instruments at their disposal are very limited, and persons should not, therefore, feel

themselves slighted because their present offers should happen to be declined for a season.

As to the assistance which the public can render to the committee, of course the most essential is that of correct observation. If the committee can command a good staff of observers, well diffused throughout the colony, of so much the greater value will be the data furnished. There are many persons whose avocations compel them to be at home during the hours selected for observation, and who could well spare the few moments required to read off and register the instruments. This is an easy matter to learn, and can be acquired and performed by ladies as well as the sterner sex; in fact, at this moment one set is constantly watched by the wife of one of the observers. We trust, therefore, that the volunteers for this service may be many and earnest; *many*, to enable the committee to make a good selection; *earnest*, to fulfil the duty which they take upon themselves.

One of the principal results to which we look forward with more than ordinary interest is the establishment of an artificial system of irrigation by means of reservoirs.

We cannot boast of an extensive acquaintance with the colony; our limited purse and official position have alike precluded extended excursions, but, as far as we have been around Cape Town, the Knysna, and Port Elizabeth, but particularly the first-named, we do not see any reason why a large extent of country now lying waste should not be rendered available for cultivation by means of reservoirs judiciously placed among the undulating hills which form a marked feature in the landscape.

For several years we have been accustomed to witness the most wonderful results from artificial irrigation, and, having felt fully convinced of the necessity of Government taking a leading part in, if not the entire management of, any measure of this nature, we have not ceased to express our opinion to this effect.

In Ceylon the system was once maintained upon a gigantic scale, and the land in consequence supported a dense population. But war and change of dynasty interrupted the system; the tanks, no longer kept in repair, burst their weakened embankments; the fertilizing element, no longer restrained till the parched ground should need its grateful freshness, wandered at will into its old courses, or spent itself in unavailing torrents. The now heated, hardened soil no longer waved with the golden grain, and village after village became deserted, and the jungle and the wild beast again took possession of lands which had once supported busy colonies of men, and *Ceylon became dependent on India for its grain!!*

The hunter, while roaming over the northern, north-eastern, and western portions of Ceylon, constantly stumbles upon such scenes of decay and desolation; and we have often stood and moralized under the shade of gigantic trees springing from the summit of the *bund* (embankment) of lonely tanks, now, alas, in ruins, but from which a scanty stream still flowed, in sufficient quantity to irrigate a few acres and maintain a few families of a once-flourishing village,—another year of unchecked decay, even this scant supply would be stopped, and man would leave the spot to the dappled deer and the timid wild duck.

That the people appreciated the value of these tanks, which, unaided, they could not keep up, and their gratitude to the kings who constructed them, may be gathered—says Sir Emerson Tennent in his admirable work on Ceylon—from "the grateful remembrance in which the people still hold the memory of the king by whom these enormous reservoirs (Minery, and some other artificial lakes) were formed, [in] that they not only forgot his apostacy, but, by a grateful apotheosis, have exalted him to the rank of a god."

"It is impossible," he proceeds, in another place, "to overestimate the importance of this system of water cultivation in a country like the north of Ceylon, subject to periodical droughts. From physical and geological causes, the mode of cultivation in that section of the island differs essentially from that practised in the southern division; and whilst in the latter the frequency of the rains and abundance of rivers afford a copious supply of water, the rest of the country is mainly dependent upon artificial irrigation, and on the quantity of rain collected in tanks, or of water diverted from streams and directed into reservoirs."

To give the reader who has not access to the invaluable work from which we quote, an idea of the size and importance of these artificial reservoirs, we may state that one tank, which we have personally visited, though we again quote Sir Emerson Tennent, "the 'Kalaweva' was forty miles in circumference, with an embankment twelve miles in extent, and the spill-water (of hewn granite) ineffectual for the purpose designed, is one of the most stupendous monuments of misapplied human labour." This is an instance of money being thrown away, which, we think, would startle our friend Mr. Fletcher!

We understand that under the late energetic and talented Governor, Sir Henry Ward, the Government took up the idea of repairing some of these tanks. In India, artificial irrigation occupies much of the attention of the "powers that be," as an essential to the prosperity of the country:

we trust that the beginning now made at the Cape will not be unproductive.

Closely connected with this subject (irrigation), is the planting of trees. We hold that one of the principal causes of the increasing drought of this country, is the pernicious system of veldt-burning, which for centuries has been carried on by the wandering pastoral tribes that have roamed over the land, and which has been imitated by the little less stationary boer, with equal or even more deadly effect. Year after year the land is denuded of its bush; the seedlings of such trees as might chance to grow are cut off; the soil is left open to the scorching rays of the sun, and shrinks into deep cracks and fissures, which drain off all moisture; no wide-spreading trees catch the passing mist or the morning exhalations, and by their million filter leaves return the moisture to the gaping earth; bare and unprotected, the soil is exposed to the pitiless glare of the burning sun.

Consult any work on physical science, and see if our estimate of the value of trees is not a correct one—consult any work on the climate of the United States, and see what effect the clearing of the forests has had upon it. Even in the few years that have elapsed since the northern and eastern portions of Ceylon have been partially planted with cocoanut-trees, a marked difference is evident in the character of the thunder-storms. This is attributed, and we think with excellent reason, to the innumerable leaflets of the trees, whose points serve as conductors and dissipate the electricity.

A remark was once made to us on the difference between the produce of the native cocoanut gardens and the plantations of the Europeans. Our questioner, a shrewd observer, continued, "Where do you look for shells?" "In the native gardens, of course." "True," he replied, "and yet one is never irrigated, the other steadily so, at a great expense! Why? Because the undergrowth of the one is carefully cleared, and the sun and air dry the land too quickly; the other is kept what we call *dirty*, and is always as moist as the most ardent irrigator could require"

These veldt fires often extend up the sides of the hills, and consume the timber trees where most required, *i.e.*, on the mountains, where they should play a most important part in extracting and retaining the moisture from the passing clouds.

The axe too of the woodman, day by day, and year by year, thins the number of our trees, but never do we hear of the ranger of the forests planting a stick to replace them.

Thank goodness, this subject too is beginning to attract attention, and the rumble of the chariot wheels of the goddess ADVANCE is heard. Our friend the Colonial Botanist is up and stirring; a wise and enlightened Parliament will not, *cannot*, let a subject of such importance pass by. We must begin in this matter to look beyond our day; *we* shall not probably see the fruit of our labours, but our children or children's children will *assuredly*, and bless the day of small beginnings.

S. A. M., October 24, 1860. E. L. L.

THE SISTERS OF MADRID.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LA GITANA."

CHAPTER IV.

TIME, the mighty charioteer of human events, is often necessitated to take his travellers over many a rough road and inhospitable tract ere he brings them to the end of their journey,—be it for weal or for woe. The world is his stage, the elements his steeds, and every living creature an itinerant passenger. He may carry some mortals where they seem surrounded the while by gorgeous scenes and lustrous images,—where the mind gets bewildered amidst the golden pageantry of passing visions,—whilst hallucinated Reason fancies itself the magician who has exorcised such things and guided Fate's chariot-wheels,—not heeding that Time has been all along sitting silently by their side, invisibly urging, but more frequently mocking the puppets he is bearing onwards, until at length the carriage stops, the journey is at an end, and the traveller trembles on suddenly beholding before him a yawning grave; it may be for himself, or only for his hopes and happiness, his schemes or his ambition, still there it yawns,—solemn, subduing, and irrevocable.

Fearfully do the annals of history for the month of November, 1812, record the facts for this reflection. Baffled in his insatiable thirst for universal dominion, and bound in by the icy invincible grasp of a sudden and severe winter, the conqueror, hitherto, of many nations, was doomed to behold the first destructive storm-cloud, which spread its blackened pall

around as the dark prestige of his falling fortunes;—and yet, unappeased in his course, still were his death-shafts, like the destroying angel's, hurled on every side, while he urged his relative, the mock king of the proud Spaniard's heritage, to hold on in his domineering sway over that freedom-seeking country.

It was at this exact period, whilst tens of thousands of living creatures were becoming hourly victims to the mighty Thor, who, with his icy sceptre struck down a warrior at every blow, that the French army, after having regained possession of Madrid and followed up the cautious and well-timed retreat of the British troops as far as the frontiers of Portugal, returned to occupy the capital, where King Joseph re-established his head-quarters; amongst whom Victor de Montholu was again numbered.

The disastrous termination of the bright expectations of a month or two before threw additional gloom over the Spanish hidalgo and most of his family, making him stern and irritable, and doubly determined to crush any hopes or desires in his youngest daughter to renew her intercourse and unite herself with the gallant Frenchman. The consequence was an immediate notification by Father Ignacius to the abbess of the convent of St. Francisco el Grandé, that Donna Jacinta should at once enter into her novitiate, and, at the expiration of the fixed period of pupilage, become one of the sisterhood.

Amongst the females of the grandee's household, not the least in consequence, was Madre Josepha, or as she was familiarly called, "Pepita," to which the epithet of *cara* or *carissima* was most frequently prefixed. She had resided in the family ever since the hidalgo's marriage with Donna Juana. Their children had had no other nurse or companion from their infancy to womanhood, so that it cannot be wondered at, if she was as fondly attached to the two damsels as they were to her.

It so happened, however (for nature is at times capricious and strange in its tastes), that Jacinta had been her especial favourite, and that like Juliet's nurse she had petted and spoiled this child of her foster-care, to which indulgence might be attributed the marked difference between the mild Theresa's subdued dispositions and the other's more excitable and impassioned temperament; nor can it be doubted that whilst these indulgences first kindled that spirit of self-will which ultimately led her to disregard and act in opposition to parental authority, the mind of the sweet Theresa had been intuitively schooled into docility and forbearance, by

being a witness of the ill-judged kindness shown to her sister.

This hold on the affection of Pepita had led to her being Jacinta's *confidante* in her plighted love to De Montholu, whilst an overweening attachment induced her to be the bearer also of many of their secret communications; and thus it is full often in the world that our frail hearts become, through mistaken fondness, the agencies by which many a foolish, if not fatal, destiny has been confirmed.

Upon De Montholu's return to Madrid, his first endeavours were exerted to ascertain all that had taken place during his absence, and to see, if possible, his lady-love again; but having received, on his immediate arrival, a message from Don Francisco forbidding his visits, and expressing a hope that the count would not, by the aid of military and despotic power, force a residence in his mansion again (otherwise the King would be appealed to), the answer returned was couched in the mildest and most gentlemanly terms, stating that his intentions had been honourable, his means ample, and expectations considerable, regretting at the same time that mere national prejudices should be the blight to his hopes and bar to his happiness. But Don Francisco, as before stated, was inexorable, whilst the knowledge that Jacinta's youthful heart was doomed to be the tenant of a gloomy convent-cell caused the young count the utmost despondency and grief.

Matters had thus remained until the end of April, during which space of time, notwithstanding all his most strenuous attempts, De Montholu had failed to gain an interview or get any communication conveyed to his lovely mistress. He had heard that another month would complete the term of her novitiate, when the fiat of ecclesiastical power would shut out the world for ever from her, and the light of hope from his heart. He had also learnt that parental tyranny had alone effected compliance in the daughter's breast, and that Donna Theresa, as the eldest, had claimed the sisterhood as her birthright; but was such truly the case? Oh, he would have given worlds, if in his power, to have ascertained this simple fact—what will a lover not give in his despair?

Do not suppose, fair reader, that De Montholu was fickle or insincere in his feelings. Necessity, in consequence of the father's enmity to the French, had first induced him to ingratiate himself by stealth in the fair maiden's affections; but now that the secret of his attachment had transpired, an open avowal, and the spirit of the most ardent love impelled his desires; but the appeal proved unavailing, and the faint

ray of hope which still flickered around his heart was lurid and comfortless.

But hark, again the loud trumpet blast of war drowns for awhile the strain of personal lamentation. Napoleon had thrown the last gauntlet of his usurped rights in daring defiance before the warriors of the north. Spain must be partly drained of his legions to ensure a chance of success, for the Berezina and Dnieper have been dyed with the blood and choked with the bodies of his discomfited and sacrificed bands, and Germany must now be the battle-field for retrieving his lost fortunes.

Such were the events which obliged the leaders of the French armies throughout the Peninsula to diminish their force, evacuate Madrid, and take up a position nearer the Pyrennean frontier, in order to have a line of retreat secure in case of any sudden reverse, for England's renowned chieftain had refreshed and recruited his warrior host, and woe to those who had to encounter the onset of the lion.

Preparations were now being made daily for King Joseph's departure from the capital, the ostensible reasons given being the opening of a brilliant campaign which was to compel the British army to fly to their ships and evacuate the Peninsula; but the impressment and assembly of every description of vehicle in and around Madrid, and the contemplated removal of every valuable article of plate, painting, and furniture, evidently foretold that a return to it was very doubtful.

Amidst all the individuals employed in forwarding these arrangements, if there was one more deeply pained than another, it was De Montholu. The weather having been unusually boisterous and gloomy, he had spent two days in directing such preparations, and on the evening of the latter went out about dusk, bending his steps towards the Puerto, when on arriving there, and in sight of Don Francisco's mansion, he stood still for a while, pondering on his love in despair. He had scarcely halted, however, when his attention was drawn to an elderly female, as her gait announced, closely wrapped in her woollen mantilla, passing near him. An accidental thought led him to suppose it might be Madré Josepha, who had often in his difficulties acted a friendly part before in being the bearer of a love-message; and he was not disappointed in his surmise.

On making himself known, he took the duenna by the arm, leading her to a retired part of the Puerto, where he poured forth his feelings in words of the warmest solicitude for his lovely Jacinta, gathering from the replies of the old nurse that her young mistress's dislike to a convent was as

strong as ever, and the melancholy and tears in which she constantly found her, convinced Josepha that the cause for this weight of sorrow could only be the anguish of hopeless love for himself. De Montholu became still more urgent and persuasive in his requests, on hearing this account, so soothing to a lover's feeling in knowing he is still beloved, making the old Madré promise, on parting from her, that she would inform Donna Jacinta of their having met, and of all he had expressed, and return on the following night to tell him the result.

True as the coming of Hesperus when twilight descends, did the young count wait near the fountain of the Puerto, for her who was to be the bearer of the tidings of his doom, and who, faithful to her word, shortly made her appearance. Unspeakable was his delight when she informed him that on the ensuing night he was to come to a certain door, which opened from the small garden of the mansion into a narrow and secluded street running in its rear, and there await its opening, which would be his signal to approach. The overjoyed count would have asked a thousand more questions, but the duenna bade him be satisfied, as further delay might cause her absence to be noticed, and with a hurried *á Dios* departed.

Since his return to Madrid, De Montholu had occupied apartments in the royal palace, to be nearer to his court duties. On the morning after the interview just related, he had scarcely risen an hour, when he received a summons to attend on the King. Such mandates having been frequent of late, owing to the preparations for the ensuing campaign, he did not contemplate any immediate change, when he was told—to his great dismay, that he had been selected to repair in a day or two to Burgos, to make the necessary arrangements in that city for the monarch's residence there. This announcement seemed at first quite a death-blow to his hopes. On retiring, however, from the King's presence, a project struck him, which, if agreed to by her who was to grant him an interview that evening, might be turned to the means of ensuring his dearest wishes.

Doubly long and tedious did the hours of that day seem, until the church-bells of the city chimed eight, when he repaired to the appointed spot, his suspense, as soon as it was dark, being relieved by observing the door near to which he had stationed himself very cautiously unclosed. All was profound darkness within, owing to the thick foliage overhead; but even in that obscurity he could not be mistaken, as with an outstretched arm he encircled the trembling form of the fair maiden, who leant on him for support.

The meeting of lovers—after a long separation and under feelings of devoted affection yet great perplexity, is ever heart-stirring, partaking of what may be termed pleasurable pain, yet so convinced was De Montholu of her strong and unaltered attachment, that after receiving more than once a tender avowal of it from her own lips, he was induced to name the project on which he had meditated all day—her flight with him to Burgos, and an immediate private marriage.

And was this proposal assentingly received? Did the gentle being now nestled in the tranquillity of home, pledge her destiny to him, who, though true in heart, was urging her to fly to distant scenes of trial and strife,—perhaps of bloodshed? Alas, woe-stricken at the idea of a convent's gloomy prison, which an inexorable parent's will was about to enforce, she only saw a release from the appalling bondage, and whether for weal or for woe, gave her fate up to his disposal and entreaties.

> Alas, for woman's nature! 'tis at best
> But a weak, fragile, yet a lovely thing;
> A snow-wreath, brightening a volcano's crest,
> Whence none can know what from beneath may spring;
> A wild flower blooming o'er a torrent's breast
> Which some unlooked-for sudden blast may fling
> Into the gulph below; a radiant form
> At noon, ere night the plaything of a storm.

It was now the first of May, of that month redolent with spring flowers, and glowing with the fresh tints of that beauteous season, when amidst green boughs and expanding buds the birds of the forest mate with each other and chaunt their wild notes to the generous air which woos all things with its soft sweet breath, and nature charmed into renovated life returns its call by smiles teeming with loveliness.

Shortly after day-break, when a cloudless and rising sun commenced pouring forth its beams to illumine the splendid scene of mountain and forest around, a calezza guarded by about a dozen horsemen, was seen ascending the road which led over the Guadarama Pass. One individual only was seated in it, that its speed in having so light a weight might be accelerated. Amongst the horsemen, one of the number —by his close position and frequent inclination of the head towards the carriage, uttering occasional words in a low tone —seemed to be more deeply interested in its inmate, whose muffled form precluded recognition, nor was it until they had reached the village of Las Rosas, some leagues distant from the capital, that a halt was made, and this individual

alighted. A tremulous step, observable as she entered the Posada, and a faint expression of exhaustion, rendered it necessary to give her something reviving, when on the hood being thrown back it disclosed the sweet though saddened features of Jacinta d'Avila.

The paternal halls, which had known her infant smiles and youthful joys—the relatives and friends of her early affections—the social ties of an endearing and happy home,—all had been deserted and forsaken for the one being who possessed a talisman to allure her thought and soul to his fortunes; while, on the other hand, with what feelings of anguish and misery did the light of that Spring morning, so beauteous in its brilliancy, and otherwise so cheering in its balmy breath, break in upon the hearts of the hidalgo and his household, when the appalling truth of his daughter's flight with an enemy to his country's liberties rang its mournful knell on his afflicted heart.

Old Josepha was sent for and severely questioned, for to her alone was attributed the means and aid of having effected her young mistress's escape. So cautiously, however, had the plan been devised, that nothing but the strongest suspicions (yet amounting almost to a certainty that she alone must have been the accomplice) could ever be brought home to her. It was sufficiently believed, nevertheless, to cover her with lasting disgrace, and cause her being banished from the family for ever, although the gentle Theresa did all in her power to assuage her father's incensed feelings, amiably impelled by long and cherished remembrances of the past, and the desolation which would surround her by the sudden removal of two dear and familiar faces, and from the interchange of kind words and affectionate regards; but all was unavailing, the sentence had gone forth, and a reprieve was hopeless.

The individual of the household who expressed the least surprise on the disastrous event was Father Ignacius; but it was evident amidst his ominous silence, that he brooded deeply and sorrowfully over the subject. The day subsequent to the elopement, he absented himself immediately after the noonday meal, and, on his return in two or three hours, appeared to await Don Francisco's presence from his siesta with some impatience. On seeing his patron and friend, he made the proposal of following the fugitive maiden—with the hope of persuading her to return, saying that he had already seen the Minister of Justice on the subject, who offered to obtain him a passport signed by the French General, having also informed him that a convoy, under a large escort,

was to start for Burgos on the following day, by accompanying which, a greater degree of safety would be ensured to his person. The worthy friar took care, however, in suggesting his purpose, not to touch on the corregidor's further observations, which were to the effect that he conceived the journey would be useless, and any application to the court equally so, as the whole business would be considered of a private nature, and no notice or interference could consequently ensue.

Patiently as the hidalgo appeared to listen to the friar's proposition, his pride had received a blow he could not forgive. His brow darkened as the thunder-cloud when he was about to reply, which being observed by the holy man, and anticipated as some doom-denouncing sentence, perhaps a curse, he endeavoured suddenly to arrest it, by pleading, in the words of sacred writ, "for the lost lamb to be again received into the fold;" but this only drew from the stern grief-stricken parent the rash monosyllable "Never!"—Was it ever recalled?

Father Ignacius, notwithstanding the sharp rebuff he met with (being secretly urged by Donna Juanna and the amiable Theresa to the undertaking), departed on the following morning, when, after a toilsome journey of several days and many jeers from the soldiery at the appearance of himself and his mule, he arrived without hindrance or accident at Burgos, where the few monks still inhabiting the monastery of Miraflores received him with every kindness. But the arrival of the royal *cortège* on the same day, and the crowded state of the city from the vast number of troops, increased his difficulties in every way. Day by day were his inquiries doomed to be futile, until a fortnight had elapsed, and although catching an occasional glimpse of De Montholu as he rode rapidly along, it occurred without being able to accost him, whilst every application at the royal residence with the view of obtaining information or an interview met with an insolent and evasive answer of absence or occupation. One circumstance, however, threw a momentary gleam of sunshine over the worthy friar's heart—he was assured of Jacinta's actual marriage with the count. The abbot of Miraflores had gained this intelligence for him. She had not then been dishonoured in the hasty abandonment of her family and had espoused one of her own faith. The last consideration soothed down the friar's feelings, which otherwise would have been the more bitter. How strange it is that the forms or prejudices of the world will often gild the most wilful error with the smile of compassion, or palliate

a glaring fault with the prayer of forgiveness, solely from the impulse of some doctrinal opinion or delusive bigotry, when no other would admit of or effect any extenuation.

But a cloud was now to arise and destroy the cheering anticipations hitherto indulged in. Our life is made up of cares and disappointments, and hope itself dies in the heart quite as often as it realizes its desires, even as the fairest blossom perishes ere the fruit is matured on its stem. Such was the destiny of the good friar. News had arrived that the advance of the British army in great force threatened the right flank of the French position, abutting on the Ebro. A retrograde movement was the consequence, which necessarily occasioned the sudden removal of the King and his retinue to Vittoria.

Father Ignacius had come into the city earlier than usual, unconscious of this change about to take place, and having bent his steps towards the King's residence, observed several carriages standing in front of it. A minute or two after his arrival on the spot, the numerous guards around were desired to stand to their arms, when forth came a retinue from the mansion. King Joseph was the first to take his seat in one of the vehicles, being followed by several ladies, who successively entered the others. One of the last, handed down by an officer (whom he recognized as De Montholu), raised her veil as she descended the steps; the effect was electrical on the worthy friar, who with an exclamation endeavoured to move forwards through the crowd and speak to her, for it was Jacinta d'Avila. But the guards who surrounded the carriages repulsed him with coarse invectives, nay, almost with blows, and he was doomed to behold the royal *cortège* start on its journey with tears in his eyes and feelings almost heart-breaking with paternal affection for the fair fugitive.

BUCK-HUNTING IN THE KAROO.

Hurrah for the chase! Where were Englishmen ever known to congregate that the "view halloo" was not heard ringing over hill and dale, and waking the hitherto silent echoes in their dreamy fastnesses, making them shout, for the first time since the world began, the cheery "Tally-ho!" of the British hunter. "There they go," I once heard a grumbling old party say at a paper hunt, "there the fools go, breaking their necks in pursuit of literature, and never getting any wiser." It is needless to say that the old gentleman was a great deal too much of the Falstaff cut to ride

himself. John Bull is an extraordinary fellow, for although he *will* hunt, he won't do so after the manner pursued by the natives of the countries he happens to be a sojourner in. No, not he: he must have horses and hounds, pink and tops, like his forefathers, and then, away he tears, in the real old style, over any sort of country, whether it be the rocky slopes of Gibraltar, the jungly plains of India, or the scorching flats of the Cape. What a jolly description of a hunt that was in the *Cape Argus* the other day (I mean the one in the Prince's supplement), even a blank day could not damp the writer's ardour. Never mind, "*Vive le sport*," as our Gallic neighbours would say, and that the Cape hounds may soon have such a run as to make amends for all their former blanks is, I am sure, the hearty wish of all who think the promoters of hunting under difficulties deserve a reward.

Anyone who reads the *Cape Monthly Magazine* must have seen a capital article which appeared some months ago on "Fox-hunting at the Cape." I hope to prove that the Cape flats are not the only happy hunting-grounds in the colony, and that Reynard is not the only quarry fit to provide "the sport of kings." It was the abovementioned article that made me fancy that an account of buck-hunting might be amusing to some of the readers of the same *Magazine*.

A short time ago a hunt was formed at Graaff-Reinet. The whole district teemed with bucks and hares—a better country for riding over could not be found; there was, therefore, nothing to desire, but a pack of hounds to hunt with. This was a defect soon remedied; for on the 9th March, 1860, the "Graaff-Reinet Buck-hound Club" first sprung into existence, and for a week after, the "knights of the thimble" were almost driven to distraction by the multitudinous demands for "hunting-toggery" of all descriptions. Foxhounds were only suitable for a few parts of the adjacent country; they were also too expensive for a newly-formed club in a town where few could devote much time to hunting. At first, it was intended to have two packs, a small one of six couple of foxhounds, and one consisting of eight couple of greyhounds; but on account of the expense, the idea of having foxhounds was for the time given up, and a greyhound pack only was formed. The gentlemen of the town and district came forward like true sportsmen, lent their best dogs, and a capital pack was soon established.

Although many of my readers know, as well as I do, what sport it is to course the springbok kids, still I am sure many

hundreds more of them never saw a springbok in their lives. I will endeavour to draw a rough sketch of the animal, and though I cannot boast the knowledge of a Cuvier or a Buffon, I hope my readers will be able to form an idea of the creature from my description—I simply try to draw him as I have seen him on his native flats, a picture of life and beauty. I do not think many will contradict me when I say that the springbok is one of the most beautiful antelopes in South Africa. He stands somewhat higher than a domestic goat; his body is not larger, but his legs are much longer; the general colour of the hair is a yellowish-brown, with a white belly and a white blaze on the forehead; there is a dark-brown streak on each side of the body, and a ridge of long white hair on the back, which he has the power of raising at pleasure, until he appears to have a bushy-tail thrown over his back; the head is rather a sheepish one, and is not so graceful as that of the duiker, steinbuck, or bush-buck; and it is surmounted by a beautiful pair of spiral horns, about twelve inches long and curved inwards. The habits of the springboks are gregarious; they go in vast herds, numbering thousands. I have seen them singly, but never far from the herds, with the exception of one place, and that was a farm near Graaff-Reinet, on which a pair of bucks lived for some months, at a distance of about sixteen miles from any of their species.

I think a springbok leaping and dancing about on the boundless plains which he frequents, is one of the most beautiful sights in nature, and I know of none that gives a better idea of freedom. It always puzzles me to imagine how he bounds in such light agility and with hair all on end, making him look almost as large again as he really is. He jumps about three feet high, then down he comes as gingerly as an acrobat; the moment he touches *terra firma* up he goes again as if he had alighted on a spring-board. He seems to keep his legs quite stiff and straight, as if they had nothing whatever to do with his mode of progression, although at each bound he covers about fifteen feet of ground. I never see a springbok without thinking of the song which tells of a German baron with an unpronounceable name, who had such a wonderfully springy pair of dancing-pumps made, that when he tried their powers they sent him bang through his own roof, descending again only to be shot up higher with the increased impetus, which saltatory occupation he keeps up to the present day, according to the legend. There are very few dogs that can catch a full-grown springbok: those that can are either very good ones or very bad ones.

This seems an absurdity; but the fact is, the good dogs catch by their speed and endurance, while the latter attain the same end by cunning. The dogs that catch the boks are in most instances mongrel greyhound, who being bred on farms on which there are herds of bucks, get wily, and take short cuts and turns. They thus out-manœuvre the springbok, who nearly always runs in a circle, and when once determined to go in a certain direction, keeps it in spite of everything.

Now, having given my readers, I hope, an idea of the springbok, I will try and give one of the hunting. The meet generally takes place at the kennel, the day before that fixed for the hunt. Then we proceed to the flats, which are about fourteen miles from town. Arrived at the first pool of water, we find our cart, containing our hunting ménage. A curious study is that same cart; it has very much the appearance of the caravan of a "cheap-jack," being hung around with kettles and gridirons, bags of oats, a bell-tent, &c. Peeping out of the chaos, here and there, may be seen the head of some favourite hound, who being more remarkable for speed than endurance, is allowed, like "Sweet Peggy," to sit upon a truss of hay. Our horses being off-saddled, and tied to the cart-wheels, we proceed to erect our tent, which after coming down once or twice with a run, and nearly smothering the unfortunate individual who is holding the pole inside, is at last pronounced, with feeling of extreme satisfaction, to be fit for habitation.

Then begin the preparations for supper, which preparations are extremely simple. They consist for the most part of withdrawing sundry cold fowls from the recesses of divers baskets, after which a clean newspaper is spread on the knees of the operator, who, holding the legs of said fowls in one hand, artistically amputates them with the other, and then hands over the mutilated bipeds for the discussion of his friends. Some are busy drawing corks, which duty they perform without the aid of a corkscrew, the blade of a hunting-knife performing the office of that instrument; others are engaged in burning their fingers and broiling *carbonatjes*; and all are as jolly and hungry as hunters. The feeding having come to an end, for even a hunter's appetite is appeasable, it is found time to make the beds, or more properly speaking, the lairs, in which the chasseurs intend to spend the night. "Tom, where's the candle?" shouts one. "Confound you, Tom, do you think we can find our blankets in the dark?" shrieks another. Tom, our "factotum," comes up, looking remarkably uncomfortable, and in answer to our inquiries regarding the missing candle, replies, "Why,

gentlemen, I laid the candle down for a minute, and afore I could say Jack Robinson, that Scotch hound, Sterling, snapped it up, and swallowed it like a Roossian." Amid a roar of laughter, Tom rushes off to put more bush on the fire, by the bright blaze of which we make our sleeping arrangements; this important operation being over, we return to the fire, and sing and spin yarns until it is time to turn in.

At daybreak all are stirring, the horses are saddled, the dogs are got together, and after a cup of coffee (the best thing in the world to work on), every man jumps into his saddle, the master of the hounds gives a shout, and the hounds, wild with delight, leap and gambol around his horse, and off we start. You must not suppose, fair reader, that we Graaff-Reinetters turn out *en sauvage*, or in the South African sense of the term, in tan moleskin or mimosa stained cord. No, not a bit of it. There are lots of green coats, a very fair sprinkling of scarlet ones, all in caps and tops, and only wanting a sporting parson, in black, to make the thing complete. I forgot to say that the meet I am describing is supposed to take place about the end of August. The game we have come to hunt are the young springboks, who are at that time about a month or six weeks old, and run at a tremendous pace. We are not long before we turn up a "youngster," and away we tear. The pace is so fast, and the time so short, that there is not much to describe in a run like this. Suffice it to say that the ground is flat and extends for miles, it is full of wolf and meercat holes, while in some places it is covered with clumps of prickly vegetation, called "Noors-thorns," which make sad havock with the legs of the horses and dogs. When I say, moreover, that the kid leads us a chase of four or five miles over country like this, and that there are sometimes eight or ten kills in a day, I think I may safely repeat the words of the sporting writer in the *Argus*, and say, "That hunting at the Cape is as much a test of horsemanship, courage, and endurance, as in Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, or the Vale of Whitehorse."

H. H.

A STRAY LITERATURE.

As one who, wandering over the European continent, comes unexpectedly upon some Swiss châlet or German dorf, hid away in a corner, never visited by tourist or stranger, still maintaining its ancient, odd simplicity, and preserving per-

chance some touching antique customs; or, traversing the wide steppes of Russia, reaches a quaint old Muscovite hamlet, thousands of versts from civilization, where the Mouziks or peasants are strange, semi-savage animals, and the pretty Katinkas and Paulinas muffle and distort their charms with queer and barbarous habiliments and habits: we say, as one who meets something strange or novel, communicates it to his fellow-men by pen or pencil, without reference to its intrinsic value or beauty, but merely that it may chance to interest or amuse,—so we, having come across a strange stray literature, have thought to draw attention to it from the same motive.

We had an opportunity, some years ago, when in the mother country, of making a small collection of this literature, of which the medium of circulation is at once costly and unique—bank-notes! Strange as it may appear, only in one country is this medium used—Scotland. Other countries have similar bank-notes,—similar in value (chiefly £1), in texture, and in universality of circulation; but in none of them are these documents made use of for scribbling "perpetrations" on, either in verse or prose. In America, we are informed, writing on a note makes it valueless, but in Ireland, France, &c., no such restrictions prevail, and the only reason we have ever heard assigned for the singularity of Scotland in this respect, was by a jocular friend, who believed Scotchmen knew the value of *paper* too well *waste it.*

We are surprised that no one has noticed this before; as it is not a mere local habit, but a custom of extensive prevalence, and a means of "publication" used by many, from the national poet Burns to the meanest poetaster. And consequently, the character of the productions vary, from the bard's fierce strains to the miserable doggerel that one sees on a tithe of the whole notes in circulation.

> "This came to me in time of need:
> But left again with railway speed."

Some of the shorter and lighter pieces we propose to quote as examples—but they will probably not give a fair idea of the *quality* of this literature, taken as a whole; as the small collection we have was only made from curiosity and as chance threw specimens in our way. Most of these productions, whether in rhyme or prose, contain allusions to the document on which they are written, as the following:

> "'Tis sweet to hear a maiden sigh
> Her soul into thine ear,
> 'Tis sweet to see her dark bright eye
> Swim with the joyous tear.

Oh! sweet to list her whisper thee
That she will share thy lot—
But sweeter a thousand times to me
Is the sight of—*a ten-pound note!*"

Many of the pieces in verse are parodies: some of them rather elaborately worked out, as the following on Hood's "Gold, Gold, Gold!"

"Bank-note! Bank-note! Bank-note!
Although thy contents we know by rote,
Their charms surpassed by no anecdote
Or *jeu-d'esprit* by Joe Miller wrote,
How useful thou art to purchase a vote!
Over ragged sins what a capital coat!
Poisonous poverty's antidote.
On thee and thy friends modern misers gloat
Instead of Gold, as in times remote.
'Good or bad'—Tom Hood to quote—
'How widely thy agencies vary
To save—to ruin—to bless—to curse,'
Just as it happens who owns the purse
That holds thee—a gambler, roué, or worse,
Or a Nightingale at Scutari."

From the last line we concluded it to have been recently written when we saw it; as the Crimean war was but lately over.

An enthusiastic junior clerk, anxious to promote the prosperity of the institution where he was employed, seems to have perpetrated the next one we come to. Though he appears to have been rather hardpressed for "feet" wherewith to "fulfil his measures," being driven to another language, and a scarcely excusable interpolation to eke out rhythm and numbers, sooth to say, he has sufficient precedent "'mong many mightier men." We have seen two copies, both very neatly penned in the same handwriting on Bank of Scotland one-pound notes.

"I know a *bank* where good notes may be found:
More worthy notes are no where to be seen.
Their very rustle conjures up the sound
Of ringing gold and silver's sparkling sheen.

"'Tis there I love to write (with jetty ink)
Whiling the tedious hours with busy hand
And flying pen, while list'ning to the chink
Of cash, which there is toss'd about like sand.

"Now to this bank, if you'll take my advice,
Your *cash and custom* you will quickly hand.
If you'll turn o'er you'll find out in a trice,
Son nom cela—the Bank of Scot(tish)land."

The following is a more ambitious strain, of better composition, and, apparently, in imitation of the style of a

living poet. (On the back of a £5 British Linen Company Bank-note.)

"Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

"Hark! on the morning's breezes upward borne,
The chimes from churches in the stately city near,
Commingling with the many sounds of morn—
Fish-wives' wild cry and crow of chantieleer.

"Those chimes, with all their dear associations,
Stir up lost memories in the *waters* of the brain,
Like one of Gough's new *Temperance* orations,—
Making old Topers lick their lips again.

"The soul has many, many varied ranges,
And their transitions, like those bells, are often strange,
For instance—these *soft notes* and tinkling changes
Suggest bank-*notes* and *ringing change*.

"And so, when bells, amid their noisy clamour,
Weighing *many pounds*, detached, descend and grind
To *dust* the ringer—thus oft falls the *hammer*
Of ruin on the man who *heavy* kites has signed!

"A Bank Clerk."

We had marked another, better than the foregoing, for quotation, but, on revisal, it appears too long for insertion here. We shall therefore briefly notice its subject and style. It is headed with the following mottoes:

"A chiel's amang ye takin' *notes*."—*Burns.*
"Many unkouth *notys* new."—*Warton.*
"Wood *notes* wild."—*Rogers (sic.)*
"Well accordynge to her *notys*."—*T. Warton.*

The writer proposes to sing of a theme never yet *noted*; namely, *notes*. He then proceeds to elaborate, intertwist, and punningly play upon his subject—all sorts of *notes*, musical, literary, and scientific, young ladies' notes, vocalists' notes, travellers' notes, promissory notes, and bank notes, and ends by making a regular "Gordian *knot*" of the whole. It was written in a small, cramped law hand—double columns. But there are some more serious contributions to those "circulating" libraries—chiefly in prose, and religious, sanitary, political, and other subjects are occasionally touched upon. One little bit we copied from a £1 note which had been anonymously sent to the secretary of a charitable institution in Edinburgh. It was as follows:

"Go, little messenger of Peace! and with thy companions, on wings of love enter the abodes of misery, bearing light and happiness; carrying relief to the sick artizan, whose pains are increased by the agony of seeing a starving wife and family around his pallet; cheering the hearts of the isolated widow or the neglected fatherless; curing diseases, purifying homes, and preparing the way for the glad tidings of great joy."

This is but a trifle, but it shows the spirit of the unknown giver,—probably poor himself; and we are glad to think there are many like minded, not only in our fatherland, but in its dependencies and colonies.

On a valuable note the following was written:

"O rag! Couldst thou but know what thoughts and feelings, strange and various, oft scarcely owned, thou hast excited! couldst thou read the hearts of those among whom thou hast passed; here a *philosopher*, coldly deeming thee a fluttering exponent of false value; there a *political economist*, wondering at thy power, thou mighty multiplier of currencies —symbol of vast value—saver* of yearly millions! Haply there has gazed on thee one with fell eye, knowing that he could do murder to get thee or thy worth; and some have touched thee, owners of far greater wealth than thou or thy fellows can represent. One, of *faith*, pure, high, and holy, to be exchanged anon for unimaginable wealth of joy and happiness; another, of melting charity, a good Samaritan,—musing that, had he thy equivalent of gold and silver, he would secretly scatter thy radiant representatives over the dark realms of misery and want,

Where hopeless Anguish pours her moan,
And lonely Want retires to die!

Other departments of literature are represented here also, but graver subjects are not within the purpose of this paper. We observed riddles, puzzles, &c., occasionally, but met with none of any value. One specimen will suffice:

"My *first* is where the wild thyme grows,
The nodding violet and sweet primrose;
A temple consecrate to Mammon.
My *second's* in the thrill of happy bird,
Or human voices joined in grand accord;
War's clarion harsh by youth first heard;
Or squeal of 'uncured gammon.'
My *whole first* from my *first* aye issues forth,
Where values close are reckoned,
Oft is exchanged, at arbitrary worth,
For 'mouthfuls' of my *second*."

The answer, we need scarcely say, was the paper on which it was scribbled,—a City of Glasgow *bank-note*.

These are a few of the productions, and this the means by which some of the fledglings of literature and others make known their compositions north of the Tweed. We shall conclude our brief notice with Robert Burns' lines written on a Bank of Scotland note (date 1st March, 1780), apparently at the time when he contemplated leaving his native land in consequence of the unfavourable manner in which the parents of "Bonnie Jean" first received his proposals for her hand. The note came into the hands of

Vide Parliamentary examinations on failure of Western Bank of Scotland.

Mr. James F. Garcie, banker in Dumfries, who recognized the poet's handwriting, and preserved it as a curiosity. Allan Cunningham says, "The lines exhibit the strong marks of the poet's vigorous pen, and are evidently an extempore effusion of his characteristic feelings."

"Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
For lack o' thee I scrimpt my glass.
I see the children of affliction
Unaided thro' thy curst restriction.
I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
Amid his hopeless victim's spoil,
And for thy potence vainly wished
To crush the villain in the dust.
For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
Never, perhaps, to greet auld Scotland more!—R. B."

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE NEST.

(From the French of Soüvestre.)

Come to this cluster of bushes blossom-drest,
Look!—on this trembling twig is hung a little nest;
See the branches bending o'er it lovingly.
The little ones, half-hidden in their mossy velvet bed,
Gently sleep. Oh, come,—thy voice is soft, and soft thy tread,
And will scarce disturb their watcher's reverie.

Shelteringly her wings their mother spreadeth, then
Her heavy eye aye shuts, then quickly opes again,
For with slumber her deep love strives wearily.
She sleeps at last,—see how restful her repose!
Yet nothing she has got but a nest beneath a rose,
And her share of our sunshine free.

Superfluous space there's none in her narrow home,
For her tranquil family there is barely room;
But all her day is cloudless, and her slumber it is sound.
'Tis enough,—she stays not here to bide the wintry storm,
Her tiny nestling darlings can keep each other warm,
And her wing covers all around.

Yet we, mortals, too: we, pilgrims like that bird,
Found mighty palaces as Death's first call is heard.
Pleasures now unheeded amid schemes of future joy.
We work for wider range,—to greater heights aspire,
And beg for broader fields,—ah! do we so much require
To live for one brief day,—and die!

Σ.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF ANIMALS.*

Among the recent additions to our Library, this work by Agassiz claims a position of great interest. It is a separate edition of the introduction to his great work entitled *Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*, which he proposed to the American people to publish among them by subscription. This work will be a very expensive one, reaching to probably ten or twelve vols. 4to, with numerous plates, yet the number of copies at once subscribed for was such as to put the undertaking beyond all risk of failure for want of funds. Such has not generally been the case with works of the same order either in America or elsewhere; but the character of the subjects with which Agassiz is known to deal, and the eminence which he has secured as a writer and among the American people as a lecturer also, invest of necessity such a work with the highest degree of interest. Of the style of this portion of it, he speaks in these terms: "The community to which it is addressed has different wants from those of the reading public in Europe. There is not a class of learned men here, distinct from the other cultivated members of the community. On the contrary, so general is the desire for knowledge, that I expect to see my book read by operatives, by fishermen, by farmers, quite as extensively as by the students in our colleges or by the learned professions; and it is but proper that I should endeavour to make myself understood by them all." That the style of this work should be suited to the classes to which he alludes indicates that education has had a very wide and influential effect upon them. There are not many chapters in the book, the clear understanding of which does not require somewhat extensive instruction, observation, or reading.

The work consists of two chapters, each of which may be considered as an independent treatise. The second chapter is pre-eminently scientific. To read the work profitably the second should, on a re-perusal, be well studied before again engaging with the first part, inasmuch as it contains definitions of many terms, the author's apprehension of which we ought to take along with us in our study of the first part. This first chapter of the two is the more philosophic, and constitutes a strong development of evidence in favour of natural religion; demolishing the theory of pantheism, or that it can be a possibility to sane thinking that our organic world could be without an intelligent Creator.

* Essay on Classification, &c., by Louis Agassiz. London, 1859.

The second, or more purely scientific portion of the work attempts two things: first, it expounds and renders more definite Cuvier's idea that all the varieties of animal nature in the present, or during past ages, are constructed according to *four* distinct types or modes of structure; so that the animal world consists of *four* "branches" and no more. These plans of structure remaining discernible in all the constituent species of these four branches, whatever may be their individual modifications of the common form or plan, determine that the animal kingdom consists, and has at all times consisted, of four groups, independent of each other as to site, and never transiting one into the other, notwithstanding their multiplied connections and relations as to place and function in nature. This position therefore thrusts aside the idea of nature forming a uniformly progressive series of creatures from the lowest to the highest; and jostles off from the ground of debate the possibility of a self-originating development as the cause of the varieties of animal life. The second object of this second chapter is to determine on scientific principles what the subordinate groups comprised in these four "branches" of the animal kingdom ought to be. This is a discussion possessing great value, though all the conclusions are not made out with equal clearness. We must refer for it to the book itself, as being more especially of interest to the technical student.

The four plans of structure so elucidated are, in the first place, the Radiate, in which all organs have in their position a reference only to a centre and a circumference; such as we observe in sea-stars, medusæ, and sea anemones, in which in the characteristic forms there is no reference to an axis, or to a right side and left side. In the second place, the Molluscous, such as oysters, conchs, snails, &c., in which there is a right side and a left side, and the fleshy body of which may be symbolized by an oval, with its opposite edges bent *down*, so as to form a tube. In the third place, the Articulate, symbolically represented by an oval, with its opposite edges bent *upwards*, so as to form a tube, inclosing all its organs, and having, like the last, an external axis. In the fourth place, the Vertebrate, which may, in a similar mode, be symbolized by two such ovals, one with edges bent *downwards*, inclosing the nutritive organs, and the other with edges bent *upwards*, so as to inclose the brain and spinal nerve or main sensitive organs, having therefore an internal axis. It may however be assumed that as far as our knowledge at present serves to decide such matters, these forms do not exhaust all which nature presents, but that there is a fifth "branch" presented

by Owen and others, as the amorphous, indefinite, or sponge plan of structure. This Agassiz rejects, when viewed only as stalked or parasitic, on the ground that this is a characteristic of which examples are found in all the other great "branches" of animal nature. But this circumstance is not irreconcilable with the existence of an independent sessile form, of which the others present types analogically, in correspondence with certain great and influential laws which do not hitherto appear to have met with due attention. In respect, however, to the character of these laws, it does not much matter whether these sessile forms be considered as possessing an independent prototype in the sponge group, or whether it and the others be, all of them, adaptations of the four acknowledged "branches" to different positions in the world.

We may go beyond the plans merely, which are found in nature, when considered simply as phenomena or facts, and may inquire if there be no deeper-seated, as it were, or in time, antecedent phenomena, as principles by which the nature and distribution of these forms have been determined, so that they are not matters of accident or due to anything else than to the plan of Divine intelligence, wherein the mutual relations of all things, organic and inorganic, were included, so that with the *parsimony of causes*, which ranks as the characteristic of the highest intelligence, there should be sustained in nature the continuous and indefinite multiplicity of effects presented in the organic life of our world, throughout all its eras of duration, to be continued in the production of generation after generation, notwithstanding that the organizable material is definite, and in some instances comparatively scanty in amount. The antecedent phenomena, determining in the Divine plan the character of organized forms, are found in the nature of this organizable material, and the nature of the external world, or of its elements, in connection with which they were to live.

The nature of organizable material influences structure in this respect among others, that carbonic acid and lime are diffused in the waters, and can be appropriated from them by aquatic forms. Thus have these forms served to build up chalk, limestone, or marble, in permanent cliffs and mountains. Terrestrial forms again appropriate oxygen and phosphorus, with other ingredients supplied by the elements with which they deal, to be rapidly returned to these elements again. Such diverse functions towards the constituents of the world render differences of structure a requisite in organized nature.

It is in the positions especially which they had to occupy, as offering different physical conditions, that we find the constraining influences to meet which the great forms of nature were contrived. In the character of the ocean there is a power of support, a power of movement, and diffused throughout it there is a profusion of sustenance for animal life, rendering organs for such purposes unnecessary. To appropriate this nutriment we have the floating Radiate form. The surface of the ground as a position presents the laws of equilibrium and of movement to influence a plan of structure suitable for it. For rest on it there must be three points of support, for agility and ease in movement there is required a fourth, with flexible connections between them. We therefore have for this region in nature the Vertebrate or normally quadruped form—as exemplified in the mouse, lion, or elephant, in which form, as the functions are incomparably more varied, the organization is complex in a far higher degree. Between these two positions there is a region of variation, of vast destroying or compensating movements, of the ceaseless energy of disintegrating forces, where tricklings, inundations, and currents from land or sea deposit their contents, or exhaust their strength; this is the restless boundary between land and sea on the ocean's brink, reefs, and shoals where power of movement is scarcely needed, but hard or tough external defences are indispensable. Here we have the shelly or leathery cased Mollusc, with slight nervous developments, and all its organs encased in one receptacle. This is the truly amphibious position, with its corresponding plan of structure—in the common acceptation of the term. Above the surface of the earth there is another region of conflict and disturbance of an amphibious character also, in the earth's atmosphere, resting on the surface, as the sea does on its shores. Here therefore are required powers of movement and of external defence; and inasmuch as feeding and flying are the results of different forms of organization, here we have these functions performed by variations of model in different stages of life, in the same animal. Take, for example, the egg, grub, pupa, and imago of the beetle or butterfly. The fifth form, as being a matter of dispute, we need not notice further at present. These forms of structure then, are life in adaptations rendered indispensable by the previously contrived non-organic elements of nature. These elements therefore being as Wisdom fixed and settled they should be, there is a philosophic necessity that there should be just such and so many independent plans of structure as we find in existence.

To account, however, for nature's variety, and for the universal power of organic structures to fulfil the numberless and intricate functions necessary in order that the material at command should be held in its incessant circle of changes, by birth and decay, or so that everywhere, in a physical sense, "mortality should be swallowed up by life," we must take into view another great and beauteous law, which may be thus expressed: viz., that besides exercising its due functions in its own special or normal position, each one of these great plans of structure is so modified, that, as far as its nature admits, it occupies the other elemental positions in the world, and fulfils important functions in them. As illustrations of this law, it is enough to contemplate the vertebrate structure as modified into the fish, the crocodile, and the bird.

It may be shown that this law of modification extends widely throughout nature, influencing the character of groups —from the most extensive to those low down in the scale of generality. Hence as to classification, nature neither offers linear series nor definite circular groups. But in different eras these great leading plans of structure are exemplified in varieties of modification, corresponding to the physical character of these eras.

These deductions set aside the fooleries of the development theory, and modify to some extent the conclusions of embryology. The notion that the physical elements are the effective causes, and not merely the localities of modifications, is mere juggling with words, or is making that to be not physical which is physical. It is a fact that, as far as human penetration has yet reached, the ultimate germ of all animal structures is a cell and a dot, or nucleus; and in studying two of these cells, which appear to us to be identical in structure, we may find that though different in their origin, their process of growth does, through many stages, wear still an apparent identity, so that in the growth of a germ, to develop ultimately as an eagle or an ape, we could not distinguish it from the embryo of a fish. Yet, granting all this, we are not entitled to say that the fish form is due to arrested development; inasmuch as in the very fact that the results are so dissimilar, there is involved the certainty that the embryos themselves, notwithstanding their apparent likeness, are really and virtually as different as are the eagle and the shark. Each germ includes in it that secret and irresistible mechanism which determines the law and period of this arrest, or the character of the ultimate result. That this secret and irresistible mechanism should in its condition of origin inhere in an obscure dot in the envelope, or inside the

walls of a cell, such that our most potent means of artificial vision only reveal with hesitation its existence and its place, makes it merely so much the more wonderful, and so much more beyond the authority of merely physical agencies. Further, as to the embryonic similarity found in other vertebrates, with the completed fish form, the reason is obvious, inasmuch as the condition of life or the relations to external agencies are in the main similar in the embryo and in the fish.

Men sometimes jump at conclusions, forgetting that our knowledge is progressive, and therefore at any given stage is limited. It does not seem a philosophic idea, though commonly held among naturalists at present, that there may be found parts in an organic structure which are there not as being of any practical value, but only to conform to the plan in general of that structure. It ought not to be assumed that an organ has only one use, so that if it became abortive in respect to that one use, there are at no periods and in no conditions of the creature's life other teleological purposes to be served by it. Take for instance the case of the teeth of certain whales cited by Agassiz, which are formed in their sockets, but never grow so as to pierce the gum. These organs are undoubtedly of no value as teeth for the common purposes of teeth, but we ought not to overlook the effect they have on the form and character of the gum, nor their relation to the structure of the animal, in that conspiring of all its parts to the general procedure and purposes of its organic existence. Each tooth is a reservoir of material of a special kind, provided by special organs, and in a state of renewal, displacement, and absorption by special organs, all of which apparatus and actions in the animal frame are, we may presume, necessary to its healthy existence. Professor Owen, who entertains the same conceptions in this regard as Agassiz does, is, if we recollect rightly, represented in a report of one of his lectures, as offering in support of his views the instance of the rhinoceros in a very early stage of life developing the rudiments of certain teeth, which are subsequently absorbed and disappear. Their use as teeth therefore never could have been contemplated. But we ought to inquire into the exercise of the functions of the producing organs, as first withdrawing this material from the general circulation; then again there is the storing of it up for time, and the subsequent displacement or re-distribution of it, or perhaps its retention as formative material in other parts of the solid structure, all of which may be effects necessary to its general development at that stage of its growth. The safest conclusion in regard to all such instances

seems to be, that the uses of parts which appear to be unnecessary are only undiscovered, and not that a creature is burdened with extraneous parts merely to indicate to us, after a long process of discovery, that minute constituents of a general plan are carried out for form's sake.

We accept it as an established truth that the organic world is, as to duration, of almost measureless age, compared with those limited years which human chronology used to assign to it. We accept, also, as a position possessing the highest probability, that much of our present system, such as the coral reefs of Florida, with their radiate tenants or constructors, extend backwards in time, as Agassiz indicates, over perhaps forty times the duration which our chronologies assign to our own race. But we do not on that account feel at liberty to reject or modify the account given of creation in the first chapter of Genesis. We join Agassiz and others in viewing with suspicion the theories by which men have endeavoured to reconcile, as they conceive, that account with the present state of our knowledge; but we do not join with them in rejecting the narrative itself. We take the words of the narrative in their plain literal meaning; only assuring ourselves of what they do mean; and not making them tell more, nor tell less, than, on this condition, they do tell. The narrative could not have been expounded, and was therefore not intended to be expounded, in conformity with human knowledge two thousand years ago, nor in conformity with what men knew two hundred years ago, or twenty years ago. Nor is it intended to be expounded in conformity with the state of our knowledge now. Our knowledge hitherto serves only partially, and in fact very partially, to expound it. The narrative gives us the magnificent announcement—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." We understand this now; for nature tells us of "heavens and earth" occupying eras scarcely to be defined by years; throughout which the same physical laws prevailed, but Supreme Power originated, modified, removed, and restored forms of organic life, all conformed, as they are now, to definite plans of structure, already noticed, because the elements so require. The sacred narrative proceeds to announce to us a change—"The earth *became* without form and void,"—for so stand the words. Here, in the present state of our knowledge, our expounding stops. We have reached the starting point of that last creative work of "six days," with which our experience is bound up. The narrative does not tell anything definitely of preceding worlds, as to their state,

progress, and end. It is left in the dark, whether Creative Power on the whole re-awoke, or repeated, or prolonged, or only supplemented and added to the amount of what had been before. All of the narrative which follows, announces actings. It leaves unrevealed the amount of these actings, and the real condition of that which was acted on. The state of knowledge suitable for their exposition has not yet come. We adhere to two great truths. 1st. That precontrived elements necessitated, as an extension of that contriving, the forms found in nature at all times. 2nd. That modifying these contrivances to suit new ends, or to prepare the earth for the residence of man, proceeded exactly as the sacred narrative announces.

There is, as we have noticed, a philosophic necessity that the plans of structure should, in regard to animal life, be as they are. Except creation brought into action new elements, there could be no new forms. What was added at the latest creation was therefore conformed to the plans of what had been before. The upheaving of continents, the depositing of extensive formations, the building up of mud and shell into marble or slate, had specialized the elements, and rendered them more definite and unmixed. Corresponding with this effect there was a continuous specializing of the forms of living nature. Thus the sauroid fishes of the oldest times, which are both saurians and fish, branched off into such forms as the crocodile, in one direction, and the stumpnose or the salmon, in another, from no energy in them or in the elements, but by creative power acting over the whole scale of successive contrivance. There being no new elements, and these elements constituting or including in them the laws which regulated or gave forms, it is evident that, in introducing a new creature on the stage, there could only be a selecting amid the forms which Nature at a given era admitted of; so that there might be in the creature a suitableness to its place and function. In introducing man, therefore, into creation as an evidence of creative power, and to fulfil higher purposes than came within the scope of creation merely, his form was not so much a matter of contrivance as of selection. The law of rigid necessity in the conformity of plan to place and function had been exhausted in the forms which Nature bore in it. The choice, therefore, was of necessity bounded within the limits of these forms. That one was, as a consequence, selected which was suited, or which admitted of such modification as rendered it suitable, to the place and functions of man in time and in eternity. True philosophy, therefore, rejects and repudiates all relation between man and animal

nature, except through this selection. To Supreme Wisdom there can be but one *best.* The law of *the most fitting* is an imperative law, and the form therefore necessarily came into view to be chosen which best suited the being and the acting in the world, added to the being and the acting beyond the world, of that composite nature which is possessed by man.

It involves no contradiction to anything we know that the form chosen for man may have existed before, within the range of animal nature, exactly as we bear it; or that creatures incomparably more anthropoid lived and acted before the dominion of earth was given to our composite nature. We ought to feel no surprise if the analysis of nature should show this to have been the fact. Our composite nature sets us, our experience and our end, utterly apart from theirs; should any such have been ere our race entered on life and immortality.

Many obscurities do yet undoubtedly rest on the relations of man, his origin, his place and time of birth, when we search them out only by the light of Nature. And there may appear here and there a wide hiatus or gulf impassable between the conclusions of science and positions presented to us by revelation. These conclusions of science, however, have generally gone to overthrow, not revelation, but the theories which have been founded on it. Conclusions, also, offered even in the work which we are reviewing, as being irreconcilable with revelation, will frequently be found to confirm and illustrate what revelation teaches.

Read, therefore, with the premonition that not a little will be found in it averse to revelation, or to the notions we have formed for ourselves from it, and keeping before us the conviction that a higher philosophy will refute or modify many of its doctrines, the book will be found to present much that is of great value, in regard to principles already noticed. There can be no doubt that it will have great influence on the thinking of our era.

A LIFE.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

I saw a streamlet on a summer morning,
Leaping along, and gaily scorning,
The kind resistance and silent warning
Of the grey old rocks.

They strove to turn it to a vale secluded,
Where passions fierce nor carking cares intruded
On life of useful peace: but it eluded
All their efforts kind.

Down to the plain with wonders teeming,
Its waters in glad sunlight gleaming,
On, to the towers so noble seeming
Of the cities there.

At the great world of war and work arriving,
'Twas seized by man in spite of onward striving,
Enslaved,—each tortured act its waves depriving
Of their purity.

Thridding those cities, from afar so stately,
'Twas undeceived. Lo! what it worshipped lately,
A broken idol, fell: and desolately
The stream proceeded.

Increasing, discolouring, rolling onward,
Its *western* course seem'd tending sunward:
But ah! the proud river was flowing downward
To the boundless sea.

Lost in a dark, endless, and troubled ocean,
Night fell—no star to guide its heart's devotion,
Aimless it mingled in the murk commotion,
Lapping a lifeless shore.

Σ.

SCENES ON THE ZAMBESI.

BY T. BAINES, F.R.G.S.

A ZAMBESIAN SUGAR-FARM.

During my stay in Tete, I think about July of last year, I was informed by Mr. Thornton that he had seen a sugar-mill in a native village some miles to the northward. Being of course anxious to take every opportunity of improving my health and folio of sketches, I applied to Senhor Tito, as we familiarly called Major Secard, the commandant of the town, and he at once directed a soldier of the native force to be my guide to the plantation. Early next morning he came, bringing with him a boy to carry my impedimenta; and staying just outside the town walls, at a roomy wattle-and-daub cottage belonging to his father, he doffed his military uniform, and robed in two fathoms of calico and a straw hat, set forth upon his journey. We crossed the river about two miles above Tete in one of the usual hollow logs, and passed over a succession of plains and small sandstone ridges—traversing occasionally large groves of mangoes, spreading wide their cool sea-green leaves, while above them

rose the tall stems of the cocoa-nut palms, tossing their plumy heads in the gentle breeze, and contrasting gracefully with the dark and massive foliage below.

The houses near these oases in the desert were, however, mostly in ruins: the Zambesian colonists enjoy the luxury of savage war, and my guide had many a tale to tell of Donnas and Senhors plundered and driven from their homesteads.

The plains were scantily covered with mimosas and other trees, very similar to those of South Africa; but above these, at intervals, towered the gigantic baobab, looking, when aged and corrugated by time and the native habit of stripping off its fibrous bark for cord, more like a great rock than a tree.

The bush was farther diversified by large spreading thorn trees, bearing a fruit called the "massaa," resembling in external appearance and taste an American crab apple, but having inside a stone instead of a core. Each of these trees was kraaled round with small thorn branches, and appeared to be considered in some sort as the property of those who resided near it. Every passer by, however, overstepped without hesitation the slight boundary, and picked up what he chose to eat, and I cannot but say that I found a few of these exceedingly refreshing during the long and thirsty walk. The natives dry them in large quantities for winter use, and also distil from them a spirit which has a pungent, aromatic taste.

We dined at a place belonging to the brother of my guide, and towards evening arrived at his own little village, fifteen or twenty miles north-north-east of Tete. Entering by a small gate in a fence made from the tall stems of the Kafir corn, we found a collection of rather more than a dozen huts, tenanted by my friend Diego and his wife and their servants, or appropriated to the reception of goats, fowls, pigeons, sugar in store, or clay pots in process of manufacture. The hut set apart for me consisted of a circle of poles five or six feet high, enclosing a space twelve or fourteen feet in diameter, and supporting a conical roof, the eaves of which projected about three feet, forming a pleasant shade outside.

In an open space near the entrance stood the mill, a primitive machine, consisting of eight pieces of wood, at that time lying on the ground, having been cleaned in readiness for the morning's work. A small woodcut would give a better idea of its construction than many words,—but if this is not to be had, we must even go in for a description as short and as intelligible as possible. If people misunderstand it, please let them blame any one rather than the writer.

First—a block of matundo, much resembling our stinkwood, eight or ten feet long and twenty inches wide, at each end of which stands an upright of about three and a half feet, with a tenon on the top to receive a morticed beam as long as, but much smaller than, the lower block.

A trough six feet long, fourteen inches wide and four deep, is sunk into the block, and in the centre of this are three holes to receive the lower ends of the rollers, the upper parts of which fit into the beam above.

The lower half of these rollers, used for crushing the cane, is quite smooth, but the upper part of each is cut into a screw, the thread of the two outer turning in one direction and that of the central one in the other. The head of this last projects above the beam, and a long lever, with a mortice in the middle, being placed upon it, the mill is ready for use.

Early in the morning the yard was swept; large bundles of canes stripped of their leaves were brought in; and men, holding them up in their left hand, chopped off lengths of about two feet, with broad thin-bladed knives, or swords, of soft native-made iron, while others cleaned off the knots, off-shoots, &c.

The capstan bar was now manned by a dozen fellows, some of whom, as it is the correct thing to say, might have served as models for a Hercules, while others might as appropriately have stood for the showman's living skeleton,—another squatted near the mill, and fed in handfuls of the cane between the centre and the roller on his right hand, a man on the opposite side receiving them with his left, and passing them back between the centre and the other roller, when they were again received by number one, and, with the addition of fresh cane, passed through till thoroughly crushed. The greatest imperfection of the machine seemed to be that it allowed the cane to swell again after passing through the rollers, and, like a sponge that has been squeezed, to re-absorb a portion of the juice.

Shouting, singing, leaping, and perspiring till their bodies glistened in the sun, the men ran round with the levers till the trough was filled with the pleasant and refreshing sap, of which a liberal allowance was presented to me; the rest was ladled out into calabashes and large earthen pots, and two women, filling each a large copper pan, stirred it over a moderate fire till it assumed a beautiful golden colour and began to thicken slightly. The pans were then removed to a small bed of dry earth, and the stirring continued till the sap first consolidated into a paste, and finally crystallized and broke into the farinha or "flour" of sugar, as it is there

termed, leaving no residue whatever. I think not more than two or three boilings took place during the day.

The mill was now dismantled and washed, the pigs turned loose to feed upon the trash or imperfectly crushed cane, the usual duties of the kraal were attended to, and, as before, a palatable supper of fowl, rice, corn, paste-sugar, and milk was provided for me,—my host waiting outside till I invited him to come in and share my ration of tea.

Next morning I went to another part of the village, to sketch the manufacture of the panellas or pots in which the sugar was to be conveyed to market. A number of women, some of them wearing a stud or button of white metal inserted into a slit in the upper lip, making it project like a duck's bill, were provided with wooden platters and soft clay, which, as I guessed from the appearance of a gentleman's inferior extremities, had just been trampled to a proper consistency.

Drawing the clay out into a long roll, the operator coiled it on the platter till it formed a circular wall about eight inches high. She then smoothed and thinned it, gradually raising and diminishing its circumference, till it looked like a large pear cut off at its broadest part. These were set away to dry, and some that had been made the day before were brought out for completion. These were now set upon their narrow end, the broad base was smoothed, added to, and arched over, till the hand, and finally even the fingers, could no longer be inserted; a small piece of wet clay was dexterously dabbed on to the aperture, nicely smoothed over, a small cap made for the smaller end, and the panella was ready for baking. A few finished ones were filled with sugar, the caps luted on with fresh clay, a lacing of twisted palm leaves with loops by which to lift them fastened on, and the produce was ready for the market.

These panellas weigh on an average thirty or thirty-two pounds, about fourteen or fifteen of which is sugar. They sell for four fathoms of (yard wide) unbleached calico, value, at Tete, twenty pence per fathom; and, I think, eighteen or twenty men, women, and children, turned out not more than four of them as the result of a day's work. The mill requires frequent repairs, as the friction of the rollers enlarges the sockets, and three years' service is as much as can be expected from it.

On our way home we stopped at a native village, where an old negro, who was cleaning cotton by rolling a small iron over it to loosen the seeds, and afterwards driving them out by snapping a small bow-string over them, treated us to a

calabash of water, a little mimosa gum, and a mat on the shady side of his hut. For our further edification he called up his daughter, a young lady of tender years and considerable precocity, who sang a number of songs that provoked the laughter of the rest of the company, but appeared rather monotonous to one who did not understand them, and went through dances, in nearly all of which the great point seemed to be to produce some ludicrous motion of the feature generally most prominent in South African sheep and Hottentot ladies. Our party, increased by Diego's wife and servants carrying produce, were crowded into a large canoe, a deaf-and-dumb ferryman paddled us over, and, after my arrival in Tete, I set to work on a couple of illustrative pictures, which, perhaps, may be sent to England at some future day.

THE COAL MINES NEAR TETE.

At some time during the month of August in last year, having partially recovered from an attack of fever, and feeling that a little fresh air and change of scene was necessary to the re-establishment of my health, I applied to our invariable friend Senhor Tito, the commandant, and he at once promised me a trip to Nhamacasi, where he was working a seam of coal, and gave me as guide and companion his aide-de-camp, Major Pratt, who had taken over from me the charge of the stores on the part of the Portuguese Government when I received my letter of dismissal from Dr. Livingstone.

We crossed the Zambesi in one of his canoes tolerably well freighted with stores and supplies for the farm and mining party, and after walking about two hours east-by-north, and passing at some distance the place where Mr. Thornton had been employed upon a similar—and I believe a more productive—seam, came to the Revuvue river. The ordinary mode of crossing shallow streams here is to an Englishman somewhat novel. While he stands looking at the water and making up his mind as to the propriety of doing it barefoot, he is aware of a man stooping down behind him, a pair of hands pass round his knees which are forcibly jerked asunder, a woolly head butts forward through the opening, and before he well understands the meaning of it he is wading the stream on the shoulders of a stout negro.

The Revuvue being here too deep for passage on darkie-back, a canoe was sought out: and perching themselves and us with a magnanimous contempt of equilibrium on the very

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The Revuvue being here too deep for passage on darkie-back, a canoe was sought out; and perching themselves and us with a magnanimous contempt of equilibrium on the very

for shale and other refuse. It must be remembered also that I am writing only from memory, my sketches and notes up to the time of my being brought away from Tete having been left there to the mercy of destiny, the white ants, and reptiles more injurious than they. None of the coal was good, the best specimens ignited with difficulty, and would only be kept burning by the addition of wood, but the men had as yet only picked about eight feet backward from the original face; it was evidently becoming better,—as Mr. Thornton had succeeded in extracting from his seam a quantity fit for steam purposes and smiths' work. I trust that before now Major Secard has found enough to reward him for the energy with which he has prosecuted the work.

But all this time we have forgotten the maasa cauldrons and their attendant priestesses,—but never mind, it is a daily incantation, and were it once neglected in reality slavery would soon take unmistakable means of demonstrating that it considered itself as much entitled to its food as freedom.

The swarthy colliers fill their baskets, raise them to their heads, climb up the rocky path, and deposit their burdens as before. Platter in hand they then assemble round the fires where the women are stirring with difficulty the thickening paste; a ladleful of this, somewhat larger than the loaves in Cape Town ought to be, is dabbed on to each plate. Another pot, in which the offal and portions not fit for salting of a newly killed pig have been boiled with herbs and native condiments, is now attended, a savoury but rather more scanty ration is poured upon the paste, and the recipients retire to the shelter of their reed fence, where, before partaking of our own supper I am invited to see them enjoying theirs. What there is I have already described. If you want to know what there is not, read any advertisement of table linen, furniture, or cutlery per *Celt* and other late arrivals.

In the evening a report is current that the *Vapor Inglese* and another ship have returned to Tete, and being naturally anxious, for many reasons, to meet the commander and the party, I paid an early visit to the coal-seam next morning, and after breakfast started with my kind friend Senhor Pratt, for Tete.

We followed the left bank of the river, crossing it much lower down than before, in a canoe which must have been built, I imagine, for the purpose of receiving the indiscriminate captures of the seine and sorting them into sizes, the small fry escaping through the bottom, while those of a marketable size found themselves obliged to remain inside.

At a small farm belonging to Senhor Paseoal we found a deformed carpenter and smith engaged in trying to re-stock a musket barrel, a work which, judging from his progress, must evidently have been new to him. While sitting on the ground he seemed at first sight a fine, well-proportioned man, but his legs and thighs were of infantine proportions, and apparently rigidly drawn up Turk or tailor fashion before him. I remember having seen a Kafir in Fort Beaufort affected in nearly the same way, and it seems rather curious that of the few cases of deformity I can call to mind nearly all of them should affect the lower limbs. There were, however, two or three instances in which I noticed an imperfect development of the head, giving the unfortunates a singular resemblance to the Aztec children exhibited in London.

On reaching the Zambesi we saw masts, which at first made us think that the steamer had actually returned, but soon found that they belonged to a couple of lanchas belonging to Senhor Gauvea, and built, I believe, by native workmen at Senna; they were lateen rigged. The larger one especially was a very good model, and I doubt not would sail well.

A WEDDING-DAY IN TETE.

And so, Mr. Editor, you want to know how people get married on the Zambesi. A natural question enough, no doubt; but I wish you had asked some one of more experience in such matters, or rather, that your chosen respondent had experience of his own on which to answer you. No denial, eh? Well, then, as we are in for it, I suppose the best must be made of a poor bargain, and what little information I have at second-hand be extended so as to fill the vacuum which you, like nature, abhor, especially in the *Magazine*.

The preliminaries, I suppose, are managed pretty much in the same manner as in other countries, and there must, of course, be the usual materials for match-making. *Imprimis*, a young lady, fair or otherwise, scarce sixteen years old, with, it need hardly be added, a very large fortune in silver and gold, or ivory (I don't mean here the teeth, but the tusks, in her possession). A spark as gallant and gay as possible is sure to follow. There must also be a large magazine of gunpowder, and the more guns the better, fine dresses and native beer for the slaves, a masheela for the ladies, and a padre: the latter, however, is not always considered indispensable.

However, as I suppose you wish only to be informed of such cases as duly conform to the usages of civilized life,

I will try to give you a brief sketch of the festivities which took place when two friends of mine, Senhors Valentina and Torrezao, took unto themselves, with all proper formality, Pascoa and Victoria, the two daughters of Senhor Pascoal, one of the principal inhabitants of Tete.

For many days beforehand, all the citizens and officers in Tete were invited to the dwelling of the hospitable parent, before the ample stoep of which, four arches covered with green branches and decorated with flags had been erected, one for each bride, and one for her madrina or bridesmaid. The slaves of Senhor Pascoal, amounting to more than a hundred men, and those of the bridegrooms and the madrinas, attended in dresses of coloured calico, or gay handkerchief pieces; the men who were to bear the masheelas, or couches, of the ladies wore caps and cross-belts of coloured beads; and the female slaves of each household—in neat jackets of calico, white, or of a uniform colour, and pieces of the same loosely tied round them instead of crinoline—ran beside, clapping their hands and chaunting their good wishes to the brides. From the earliest dawn the echoes of the low hills had been awakened by guns of every calibre, from the ordinary tower-musket to the wide-mouthed blunderbuss, or the enormous elephant-gun that takes two men to fire it. I am not joking; a boer's roer is nothing to it. One man carries it on his shoulder as a coolie would carry a beam, and the marksman comes behind him, levels the gun, and pulls the trigger.

The actual ceremony, so far as I understood it, was simple enough, and did not greatly differ from our own; but at various portions of it, especially at the final blessing, a signal was conveyed to the firing party outside, and powder was liberally expended; the "villanous saltpetre," &c., being served by little boys, who, heedless of its explosive properties, rushed madly through the crowd, proffering to any man who possessed an empty musket, a keg with the head stove in, an open canister, a native basket, or a calabash more or less full of the needful.

In addition to this, the streets, from the church homewards, were lined with grenades, or packets of gunpowder strongly rolled up in paper or canvas; and, by means of a train, whole rows of these were fired in succession. The scene now was brilliant and animated almost beyond description. The four masheelas abreast, with the ladies reclining in their neat and elegant dresses, shaded by awnings of chintz or coloured silk, borne on long bamboo poles covered with zebra skins, by four

well-trained slaves, who, leaning inwards against each other, move onward with a quick yet easy pace; the native girls, in their beads and gaily coloured dresses, half wild with excitement, singing and clapping their hands; the bridegrooms and their friends, in uniform or mufti, following; the incessant firing; and the soft haze thrown over the whole by the smoke of the fusilade, combined to form a scene novel and effective in the highest degree.

And now, the ladies being safely housed and the happy men having thanked their friends for their attendance, *carte blanche* and a canoe, fifteen or twenty feet long, full of native beer, is given to the slaves and coloured visitors, and dance and song go on right merrily. Here forms a double ring of fifty or sixty men, in each hand a bullock's horn, clashing them in unison to the stroke of one supple and lithe-limbed native, who, springing into the centre, leaps nearly his own height from the ground, and beating a pair of unusual size, above the nodding cap of black ostrich feathers upon his head. Not far from them, single dancers are vieing with each other, brandishing their weapons, musket, assegai, battle-axe, or bow and arrow; and achieving *pirouettes* that would open the eyes of some of our ballet-dancers. In another place is a circle of women performing a more measured dance, and among them may be seen one of the principal merchants of the place, a descendant of one of Vasco De Gama's captains, sustaining to admiration the character of a Parsee.

Dinner of course must take place when the heat of the day is over, and a first-rate spread there is, with cut-glass in plenty, table linen of the best quality, dishes of neat pattern, and, what is perhaps of more importance, well freighted. Waiters, different in dress, but wonderfully similar in their alacrity in moving a half-empty platter to those we have known at home, stand round in plenty. Toasts are drunk and speeches made; a light supper of sweetmeats and confectionery follows, and the party breaks up about eleven. The next day is like unto the first and more abundant; and on the third, Valentina, the elder of the two, invites the company to a dance and supper at his own house, to celebrate the taking home of his young bride, while two or three days after this, both bridegrooms, according to the usual custom, make the circuit of the town to tender their thanks to those who have assisted in the festivities. Long life to both couples, say I, and when I see them again may they be as happy as when I left them.

EDWIN AND PAULINUS.

A SAXON CHRONICLE.

Star of the eve! so pure, so bright,
Foreteller of religious night;
Reposing in the calm grey sky
Like an all-loving watchful eye;
And still, as twilight pales away
Amid heaven's manifold array,
Out-beaming, brighter, lovelier far
By contrast with each glittering star.
No other vaster glittering sphere
To fancy's eye is half so dear;
Nor pensive pure-souled maid alone,
Nor thoughtful poet thy influence own.
How many a jaded care-ploughed heart,
Brooding o'er some envenom'd smart,
Hath turned towards thee the weary eye,
And felt soft breathings from on high,
Intensely o'er his spirit stealing,
Thoughts moistened with the dew of healing,
The present lose its rancour's sting,
Or memory some dear visions bring
Of father, mother, sister, child,
No longer pilgrims o'er earth's wild;
Of friend whose precious words of balm
Once could the heart's fiercest surgings calm;
Or longings to be found at last,
When life is over, time is past—
Home'd in that sapphire built abode,
Whose founder and whose glory God.

But other darker thoughts I ween,
Impressed that stern despondent mien
On him, who like a statue sat
Mute at East Anglia's palace gate.
Wronged of his birthright, of his throne—
Expelled, an outcast from his home,
Here a brief refuge had he found,
From cruel dangers threatening round.
But Ethelfrid is on his track
With malice nought but blood can slack.
Fiercely the hunted Prince demands,
Or sword and flame shall waste the lands.
And still within, on Edwin's fate,
Redwald holds wavering debate.

'Tis o'er, one comes with eager eye,
To bid him swiftly rise and fly;
Even now a recreant to his truth,
The monarch dooms the injured youth.
"Haste, then, this treacherous court forsake
Where falsehood lurks and life's at stake."
Unmoved, he heard—where should he go?
Fly where?—the birds of heaven know
Close covert, when the hawk soars on high;
But a king's son, where should he fly?

The generous heart will long disdain
To think another's honor stained.
Loftier the nature that believes
Through all the rude shocks it receives.
Suspicion and mistrust belong
Like heir-looms to the baser throng—
The rabble, like asfogels led,
Instinctive, to gloat o'er the dead.

So Edwin lingers, slow to doubt,
Or careless, in his gloom, about
A life so harrassed, so care-worn,
And sport of each successive storm.
When the bright sunshine in the heart,
The springs of hopefulness depart,
In the dark gloom that brooding rests,
Sickly resolves form in the breast.
Pale, fruitless thoughts, a languid state
Of dull indifference to fate;
So on he sits, come what there will,
Scorning to fly from further ill.
Buried in leaden-hearted pain,
The stars shine out on him in vain.
A pagan yet, he could not know
Those words, "Behold, I set my bow
Within the cloud," yet while he thought
Himself forsaken,—life as nought,
Unmarked, God's angel tarried high,
With promise of deliverance nigh.
He starts,—throughout that deepened hush,
He had not heard a footstep brush,
And yet a hand is on his head,
And yet a voice had whispered:
"I know thy watching, thy unrest,
The anguish struggling in thy breast;
What wouldst thou give to him whose power,
Could sweep away these storms that lour,
Assurance give of wealth and life,
Conquest o'er Ethelfrid in strife,
To hold unchallenged for thine own,
Thy rightful sceptre, rightful throne?"
"What would I give? 'Twere harder task
To say what he not rather ask,
And I not give—favour, reward,
The best a monarch might afford."
"But what if he who thus illumes
Thy future shall one day assume
The office of Revealer, show
Truths thou nor thy forefathers knew.
Thy Gods all false, and bid thee own
The awful Lord of Heaven alone,—
Wilt thou, victorious in each war,
Humbly receive that wondrous lore?"
"I will." "Then be recalled this sign,
That day I claim thy promise mine."
The thrilling pressure lingered ere
The voice died upward in the air;

Then like a sunbeam through a room
He glanced away and all was gloom.

King Edwin rules Deiri's land,
East Anglia, Mercia, and Cumberland,
To Anglesea extends his sway,
British and Scottish kings obey.
Year after year his might has grown,
Till owned as paramount his throne,
Throne shared by one no court could taint,
Queen Ethelburga, beatcons saint,
Too happy were it given to know
Her dear lord's hopes might one day flow
One heavenward course with her, and blend
In Christ, *her* being's aim and end.

And he,—oft as in sacred rite,
Her pious christian train unite,
Across his meditative soul
Do not deep thoughts of wonder roll
Towards that lone night; that vision dim,
That covenant sign impressed on him?
Held she then truth? to love, it seemed,
Yet, paused he thoughtfully and deemed
It duty still to pause, till given
The promised messenger from heaven.
Thus faith and reason were at strife,
And a grave line grew through his life,
A troubled heart content to wait,
Content to stand outside God's gate,
Content to trust with faith secure,
Content to know his guidance sure.

Thus pondering in thought profound
With eyes bent downward to the ground,
He sat one day, silent, alone,
Suppliant in heart before heaven's throne,
When lo! a hand press'd on his head,
And a calm voice beside him said:
"O Monarch! knowest thou this sign?"
Trembling, amazed with sacred awe,
Knowing the messenger divine,
Knowing the message, God's high law,
Swift at the good Paulinus' feet,
Instant he knelt in reverence meet,
Like babe, the Gospel to receive,
Like sage, its marvels to believe.

Why should the chronicler delay
His further tale? Salvation's day
Bless'd the rude north; Deiri's land
Stretch'd forth towards Christ obedient hand,
And king, and queen, and nobles sang
"Praise to the Lord," and Yorkshire's wolds,
With all that sea and sea enfold,
Far as Northumbria bleak and cold,
With joyful hymns of Christian praise and Allelujahs rang.

E. S. W.



SIR WALTER CURRIE,

Commandant of the Frontier Mounted Police.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. XX.

SIR WALTER CURRIE,

COMMANDANT OF THE FRONTIER MOUNTED POLICE.

Walter Currie was born in France; but while yet a child accompanied his father to this colony, where he has now attained to a well-deserved celebrity as the brave and efficient Commandant of the Frontier Mounted Police. His father, a retired naval officer, emigrated from England to the Eastern Province in 1820, and settled on a farm in the district of Bathurst, where he was appointed local Magistrate and Justice of the Peace. Walter was then only eighteen months old, and his youth was spent at Bathurst and its neighbourhood.

The Kafir tribes clustered along the border kept the early settlers in a state of considerable alarm, owing to incessant aggression; and young Currie, while yet a boy of sixteen, was taught to handle his gun, and become a witness of, and actor in, those engagements which for so long a time harassed the frontier districts. In the war of 1834-5, he took the field as a volunteer in the Corps of Guides, under the command of Captains W. Bowker and R. Southey (the present acting Colonial Secretary). At this time Sir Benjamin D'Urban was Governor, and several notable events occurred, among which was the death of Hintza, the paramount Kafir chief. At the close of the war, Currie—for dropping alike the "Mister" and the "Sir," we shall style him by the simple familiar name, now a household word along the frontier—returned to his home at Bathurst, choosing rather to pursue the peaceful avocation of an agriculturist than accept a commission in the army which was offered by Sir Benjamin D'Urban. Here he continued for several years—in the course of which his father died—and afterwards removed to a sheep farm which he had got on the Fish River.

In 1846, the frontier districts were devastated by another invasion of the Kafir tribes, and the inhabitants joined together to arrange the best means of defence. Places of rendezvous were appointed, leaders were chosen, houses and cattle kraals were made defensible, while many heads of sheep and stocks were driven westward to places of supposed security. Currie at once formed an encampment in the Fish

River, and held the position there until relieved by a party sent from Graham's Town to his assistance. During these proceedings, the burgher forces on the upper part of the frontier line were mustered under Sir Andreas Stockenstrom, who had been appointed their Colonel-Commandant, and Currie joined them in the Somerset district. Their first operation was to clear the Zuurberg country; they rapidly scoured the Kowie, Kaga, and Kromme Forests, the enemy retiring whenever they made their appearance. They then penetrated the Amatolas, but without meeting any resistance; and afterwards, in company with Colonel Johnstone and a company of the 27th, made a diversion into Kreli's country, where it was understood a great quantity of the booty carried off from the colony had been secreted. On reaching the boundary of Kreli's territory it was found that the chief had determined upon not coming to an engagement, and Sir Andreas Stockenstrom had a parley and interview with him. The force did not, however, return empty-handed; they captured about eight thousand head of Tambookie cattle, with which they succeeded in reaching the colonial boundary at the Zwart Kei. Then the burgher camp was broken up. Their services had been very valuable —not in extensively destroying the enemy, but in rapidity of movement, and wonderful endurance of fatigue, which intimidated the scattered enemy, and prevented much devastation in the open country. But they had frequent skirmishes, in which men were lost on both sides.

As the war did not immediately close, Currie continued in the field, attached to a train of commissariat wagons in connection with the 73rd. When peace was restored, he returned again to the old farm at Bathurst, to cultivate the ground, and one of his brothers took charge of the sheep farm at Fish River. Their stocks of cattle and sheep were sadly diminished and impoverished; out of 1,300 of the cattle, scarcely 1,200 remained; but their lot in this respect was not more unfortunate than that of their neighbours, and so they set to work to restore their fortunes.

But only a few years elapsed ere war again broke out (in 1850), and Currie rode into Graham's Town, when he was chosen commandant of the Albany Burghers. His first work was to organize a force in the Bathurst division; and finding the Hottentots disaffected at Theopolis, he co-operated with the magistrate (Mr. Dyason), disarmed the whole of the population, and made prisoners of the ringleaders, who had been threatening the neighbouring farmers with violence. He also took command of several wagon trains between

Graham's Town and Cradock, during this war; and had several actions with the enemy at the Fish River, but was successful on all occasions in carrying the wagons through.

In 1852, when Governor Sir George Cathcart arrived in the colony to succeed Sir Harry Smith, the eastern districts were still in the same insecure state in which they had been since the commencement of the war, and dependent upon the costly and harassing exertion of military force for protection. With a view to remedy the state of affairs, he determined to combine the old burgher levies with an organized powerful mounted police force, who were to be placed at the disposal of the civil commissioners of the disturbed districts, to patrol roads and intercept marauders, as well as to protect property. Governor Cathcart had also another most important consideration in view in the establishment of this local police force for purely local purposes—that was, that, when once duly organized, and its benefits felt, as he had good reason to hope they would, it might be easily transferred to the entire management of the colonial civil government, and thus be a permanent means of obliging those living in more favoured districts to contribute to the protection of their less fortunate fellow-colonists.

There were many persons, even in the eastern metropolis, who, when Sir George Cathcart's scheme was made public, doubted the possibility of its success. But his Excellency had relied upon finding the right men who could both understand the required duty and undertake it; and among them was Walter Currie, who was appointed commandant of the Albany district, and whose ability and activity soon gave a favourable *prestige* to the corps. In connection with Colonel Carey, C.M.R., his party attacked the Kafirs in the Kowie bush, and routed them; then followed them to Bushman's River, where they were dispersed. Various indeed were the skirmishes which they had with the enemy in that direction. Shortly after the preceding operations, it was reported that a lot of rebels had assembled at the Zuurberg, and were stopping the wagons from Algoa Bay. Commandant Bowers, of the Somerset division, and Currie's brother (an officer under him), had already attacked these fellows; but, finding they did not leave the place, Walter Currie was sent for, and routed them out. He followed them for eight days, and finally came up with them at the Fish River Bush, where an engagement took place, resulting in their total dispersion. There were several of the enemy killed, but the police lost only one officer (Lieutenant Ferreira) and three men. Currie was assisted in the affair by Captain Espinasse and a detach-

ment of the 12th Regiment, who lost two men. This happened during Sir George Cathcart's absence in the Sovereignty, and was the last resistance of any consequence which was made by the rebels. It was here, also, that the noted Hans Brander (a deserter from the Cape Mounted Rifles) was mortally wounded; he died afterwards at Kreli's great place. Sir George Cathcart, on his return, paid the following compliment to the gallant commandant's party:

Head-Quarters, Graham's Town, January 12, 1853.

The Commander-in-Chief has had before him the report of Commandant Currie, of the spirited exertions of the Albany police, under his commanding, in tracing a band of rebel Hottentots through their haunts of the Zuurberg into the Fish River Bush, near Jantje's Kraal, where sixteen of these banditti were killed and many wounded, the remainder dispersing in the bush.

His Excellency cannot express in too strong terms his high admiration of the gallant and patriotic conduct of the Albany police under their Commandant, Captain Walter Currie, who, ever since he has assumed his honourable and arduous command, has evinced a gallantry and perseverance beyond all praise

At the close of the war, the force was reduced from nearly 1,000 to 500 men, and their pay was lowered also. Sir George Grey shortly afterwards arrived, and fully realizing the advantage of a constant patrolling police on the frontier, he at once made arrangements for organizing it permanently, under the title of the Frontier Mounted Police. Under these circumstances, Walter Currie was constrained to continue at its head and superintend its management as general commandant. The force now consists of about 600 men, including inspectors, sub-inspectors, &c. They are divided into detachments of about seventy men, who, in troubled times, are stationed in the most disturbed districts, or, during peace, patrol the country to see that there are no squatters, and to drive them off; inspect traders' wagons, and see that there are no arms carried out of the country; and also prevent cattle and horses from passing beyond the boundary unauthorizedly.

Their duties at the present moment are of the latter kind; but in the crisis of 1857, when the Kafirs, deluded by one of their prophets, were killing their cattle preparatory to an attack upon the colony, the police performed the other and more important duty of protecting the frontier. All of their number who could be spared were placed along the boundary line from the Kaffrarian coast to the Stormberg, forming a cordon along the district of Victoria South and North, Queen's Town, and Albert, and there they remained until the crisis was over.

In the same year, Currie did some effectual service in the Queen's Town district, which had been disturbed by the petty chiefs Quesha and Vadanna. The latter, a daring and adventurous man, had ruined his followers by sacrificing their cattle to the predictions of the impostor prophet Umhlakaza; but fearing to lose caste and influence thereby, he placed himself at the the head of what necessarily became a band of robbers, who made nightly forays on the flocks and herds of the colonists. One circumstance on which Vadanna did not calculate, led ere long to his discomfiture. The tract of country then occupied by him is somewhat pear-shaped. At the eastern and narrow end it is bounded by the Indui, with Kreili in the rear,—the rivers Cacadu and White Kei flow through it; and at the western or broad end it is separated from the colony by Nonese with her general, Manel, and the petty chiefs Chono, Dagala, and Quesha. He was compelled to bring his cattle through their territory, and, of course, being traced thither, they were called upon by the authorities for compensation. They were under the necessity, often in the utmost dread, to try and prevent their passing through, and actually stopped several droves. Exasperated at their interference, he fell upon them, and with the exception of Quesha, whom he regarded as his friend, robbed them of all the cattle he could lay hold of, massacreing every one that came in his way. Having cleared the way of all obstacles, he was at the summit of his career. His name spread throughout Kafirland. The hungry, restless, and discontented joined him from all quarters. He hoisted his standard as the prince of thieves, and maintained great popularity by showing that those who chose to assist him did not starve. He even gave rewards and marks of distinction in his tribe to those who proved successful in bringing him booty. Kreili himself had been known personally to beg stolen cattle, and did so the very night before the patrol attacked him. All those who were worn down by famine he coolly allowed to starve; his villainy, in this way, will long be remembered by the survivors of his tribe. A writer who accompanied the expedition gave the following interesting description of it:

"In six months more, it would have taken a moderately well-appointed army for the reduction of Vadanna's band; but the danger was duly apprehended, and a considerable force, composed as follows, marched into his country, aided, as will be seen, by the branches of his own nation which cut him off from the colony:—300 burgher volunteers; 150 police; 400 Fingos; 800 Tambookies. We marched at sun-down from the Invani, the place of rendezvous, the whole expedition being placed under the command of

Commandant Currie. General Michell paid us a visit a few hours before the expedition started. The object was to surprise Vadanna before daylight, but having, as guide, the petty chief Dagala, there can be very little doubt but that he intentionally misled us. This youth is a son of Quesha, and being in opposition to his father, expressed the pious wish that his father might be shot. A Kafir knows every kloof near where he lives as well by night as does a paterfamilias the way from one room to another in the dark. Dagala lived in the exact neighbourhood for at least fifteen years; yet he dragged us through thorns, through gullies, over rocks, and in the end came to a stand still altogether, leaving us to sit at our horses' heads till daylight. Many thought that we were led into a trap, and had an attack been made, our native allies would have shot, indiscriminately, both friend and foe. It began to rain, and when day broke, our large force found itself not more than four hundred yards from a wide beaten road, and more than two hours from Vadanna's kraal. When we reached, the bird had flown; it is said that Quesha gave him information of our movement, and he had time to escape, having sent off what few cattle he had at least one day before. Much mortification was felt at finding this to be the case, and our duty now became the old-established one, of scouring the hills and kloofs, shooting *at* Kafirs, in the rocks, burning their huts, and capturing horses, the only animal, with the exception of a few goats, seen during the first day. The country was thoroughly patrolled under the able and skilful management of Commandant Currie, under whom the principal body marched through the Balota. Inspector Gilfillan was detached so as to go straight to Vadanna's 'chief place,' crossing the Cacadu. Inspector Griffith went in at M'Keons, passing through above the kraal and Field-cornet Linton, with ninety men, from the Stormberg side, between Warner's station and the Bushman's school, so as to drive the Kafirs down on us below. Every kloof was invested and scoured by hostile bands of some sort or other, and the country presented one scene of utter desolation. The *charm* of cattle-lifting, which always furnished employment in all similar undertakings, was not called into exercise, not a horn being seen, except by Fingoes, who brought a few over, shunning the general track into the colony, so that they might enjoy undisturbed possession. Very little resistance was shown, for those left behind were thoroughly subdued by famine. Women and children were grouped together, seeking for shelter in every natural crevice. They did not appear to have the least means of subsistence,—were pale, haggard, and worn down by famine, children often being unable to walk from weakness and attenuation of the limbs. Everywhere sights of misery and distress presented themselves, such as have seldom been witnessed in this favoured land of plenty. The bodies of the dead were seen half eaten by their own dogs, which, as in the Siege of Corinth,—

"Hold o'er the dead their carnival."

But what is a more unusual sight than this, was to see dogs eating each other. They shared the fate of their masters. Everything proved the utter destitution in which they have placed themselves, amid the inscrutable ways of Providence. A national suicide! The men took shelter in the high, almost inaccessible rocks, in which the ridges of mountains terminate, and by their own countrymen, who knew their haunts, were dragged forth from holes and caves and butchered. Herein Manel particularly distinguished himself. The first evening, the force united, and bivouacked in the midst of a soaking rain. The miseries of that night no force of imagination could picture. Men and

horses stamped with their feet to preserve something like circulation, and the ground became one mass of floating mud. Every break in the clouds was hailed as approaching day, but would close up, the rain descend in torrents, and again shroud us in darkness. This took place with us, well fed and clothed, but what awaited those who were turned out of house and home, and dreaded, even if practicable, to light a miserable fire on the edge of a slippery unfrequented hill! There can be very little doubt but that men, women, and children perished from cold and starvation in the most wretched manner. Their loss in this way cannot be computed under a thousand; and it is very doubtful if their chastisement, which always, as the fate of war, bears unequally, is not more severe from exposure than any injury this patrol could have inflicted on them. Vadanna and his dupes, being better fed, had strength to escape into Kreli's country."

The police patrol, however, followed up, and he was finally captured by Inspector Griffiths. This was accomplished by a clever movement arranged by that officer with Commandant Currie. They had well nigh given up all hopes of catching the fellow, as their horses and men were exhausted; but one night at the halting-place, Griffiths volunteered to go on for a distance of about twenty-four hours ride, with the hope of hearing of him. He started immediately, and reached a kraal of Toba's Kafirs, on the Bashee; here he made inquiry, and ascertained that his game was in the neighbourhood. He forced Toba's own son to guide him to the place where the fugitive was suspected to be, and rode all night until he came to Vadanna's kraal, across the Bashee. He took possession of it at once, placed sentries around, and going up to the entrance of the chief hut, informed the inmates that he would immediately set fire to it. This induced them at once to come out. There were eleven of them altogether, and as each one came out he was seized and tied. Vadanna was the last; and was forced to surrender, and firmly secured. He begged to be allowed to ride his own horse, then in the kraal; but Mr. Griffiths understood his intention, and took care to ride that horse himself, while he tied Vadanna on his own exhausted and wearied one. The prisoners being thus secured, Griffiths soon rejoined Commandant Currie, and they were all marched back through their own country, and past Vadanna's own people, to Queen's Town.

Another episode of this little war ought not to be forgotten, which reflects great credit on Sub-Inspector Te Kensch, of the police. Quesha, it was well known, had joined the league with Vadanna, and in proof of this endeavoured to fly to Anta. Visi,—a petty Tambookie chief, on the left bank of the Kei, near Tylden,—gave Te Kensch information of where he lay with about twenty followers, and volunteered

to accompany him. He started with four policemen, and was guided to the Dagana Poorts of the Zwaart Kei. Two of the horses knocked up, so he approached with but two policemen. Visi then left him in the lurch, declining to give any further assistance. He dashed forward, however, and found them all in a hut close to the river, prevented by the floods from crossing into Anta's country. He jumped off his horse and took possession of the entrance. They took the alarm, and attempted to bolt out at the door. The first man he received by a dig in the face with the butt end of his rifle. He told them to come out one by one. Not knowing what force was without, they obeyed, and four or five were caught, and secured with reims. One of these, seeing the smallness of the party, called out to those within that there were only three men, and to make a rush. Te Keusch told him that the next man who spoke he would shoot on the spot. However, another rush was made, and Gaba Gaba, one of his councillors, getting through the entrance, Te Keusch shot him dead with his revolver. This again allayed their ardour. There were twenty-two in all. He succeeded in securing ten, and found one of them to be Quesha. The reims being exhausted, the rest were allowed to escape. He then marched them on foot as prisoners to Currie's camp, to do which took him eleven hours.

The next important expedition in which the police force under Commandant Currie, were engaged, was the expulsion of the paramount Kafir chief Kreli beyond the Bashee. There were undoubted proofs of this chief continually plotting against the Government and the peace of the colony, and Sir George Grey considered it necessary to strike a blow at him which would stay his intrigues. Accordingly, a force of 1,000 men, including natives, volunteer burghers, and police, went over the Kei. They found that Kreili was enfeebled by famine, and could not make much resistance; indeed he showed little opposition, and only on one occasion turned round to face the enemy. The fight lasted about fifteen or twenty minutes, and resulted in the complete defeat of Kreli's tribe, who were then driven beyond the Bashee. Three men of the expeditionary force were killed and wounded.

Had this movement been undertaken by military men, and on military principles, it would have cost £100,000, but the way in which it was arranged did not cost Government an extra farthing, except in ammunition. The country from which the enemy were expelled, has been kept possession of ever since, by a force of 100 men. The territory is about one hundred miles square.

There have been besides these many other movements efficiently executed by the Frontier Mounted Police, the details of which may at some future time serve to form an interesting paper. The part taken by Sir Walter Currie in organizing the force, and maintaining and improving its usefulness, is already well-known to every colonist, as well as to all the military men who have held office or performed duty here. Recently these services were brought to the notice of Her Majesty the Queen, by special dispatches from Governor Sir George Grey; and among the distinguished colonists upon whom Her Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood, a few months ago, there was no one more deserving of it than Sir Walter Currie.

THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA.

On various occasions we have informed our readers of the remarkable progress of recent discovery on the eastern coast of Africa, and the inviting fields thus opened up to European commerce, civilization, and Christianity. The latest intelligence from that quarter is furnished in an admirable and most interesting letter just received by Sir George Grey, from Captain Rigby, her Majesty's British Consul at Zanzibar. Although it has already been published by the newspaper press of Cape Town, we need offer no apology for giving it a permanent place in these pages.

British Consulate, Zanzibar,
August 23, 1860.

My dear Sir George Grey,—Captain Speke arrived here in the *Brisk* on the 17th instant, and from him I have received the letter and books you so kindly sent me, and for which I feel very much obliged to you. Knowing the deep interest you take in everything connected with Africa and its races, I have often wished to communicate to you subjects connected with these parts of it, and I will do so on every future opportunity, and also forward to you, as often as I can, information regarding the progress of Captain Speke's expedition. I think he has every chance of success in his favour; British influence has been very much increased here by the events of the last two years, especially by the active aid given to the Sultan by British ships of war during the rebellion of his brother and the El-Harth tribe of Arabs. I have also lately emancipated four thousand five hundred slaves, who were held by British-Indian subjects. I have had all these slaves brought to the consulate, and given to each a certificate of emancipation, with new dresses, and presents of money and sweetmeats, and all the tribes on the coast are now aware that the English are their best friends. The negroes of this part of Africa are a most good-natured, docile, merry race, and soon become very much attached to Europeans. I have not

yet had time to study the Zooloo Kafir Dictionary you so kindly sent me, but, in glancing over it, I was surprised to find how many words are exactly the same as those of the Kisuaheli language, spoken throughout the Zanzibar dominions, and in lately reading Magyar's Travels, I observed the same of the language spoken by the tribes of the West Coast, near Benguela, proving beyond a doubt that the people of the continent as far north as the equator are of one original race. An Arab merchant, who has travelled across Africa from opposite Zanzibar to Loando, lately returned here, and he told me that the languages all across were so similar to that spoken here that his people had no difficulty in making themselves understood. Captain Speke had dozens of volunteers to accompany him directly his arrival was known, and many of his former companions are anxious to proceed with him. Dr. Roscher, a young German, who left Zanzibar in June last year to explore the Lake of Nyassa, was murdered on the 19th of March last, and his two murderers were beheaded here this morning. He reached Nussera, on the east shore of the Lake of Nyassa, on the 19th November, and remained there nearly four months, being treated with the greatest kindness by the Sultan and all the inhabitants. On the 16th of March he left Nussera to go to the river Rovooma, accompanied only by two Negro servants, and with no arms but a revolver. On the third day's march, whilst resting at a village, they were attacked by robbers, and poor Dr. Roscher was shot in the throat and chest with arrows, and expired in a few minutes. One of his servants was also shot; the surviving servant returned to the Sultan of Nussera, on the Lake, and the scene of the murder being beyond his dominions, he sent him with an escort to the Sultan Kinzomanza, in whose territories the murders occurred. This chief at once proceeded to the spot and arrested the murderers, and recovered as much of Dr. Roscher's property as he could, and sent the men here, together with all the articles Dr. Roscher had left at Nussera. Considering that no white man had ever before visited these districts, and that Dr. Roscher had no escort and no presents for the chiefs, as he was very ill provided with money, I think the kindness with which he was treated by the chiefs and people is a strong proof of their good disposition towards white men. His unfortunate death was entirely owing to his own imprudence in travelling through wild districts with valuable instruments, &c., so entirely without any means of defence. Another German gentleman, the Baron van der Decken, a colonel in the Hanoverian army, is now here preparing for a journey to the Nyassa, and by him I intend sending some presents to the Sultan Nussera and the Sultan Kinzomanza, who behaved so nobly towards a solitary and unprotected white traveller. Dr. Roscher said that it is a magnificent country all the way up to the Lake, which he reached in eighty-five days from the coast. The Rovooma is crossed about six days before reaching the Nyassa, and is there, a deep, broad stream; it discharges an immense body of water into the ocean, and is well worthy of being explored.

Whilst lately engaged in writing out the certificates of emancipation for these four thousand five hundred slaves, I remarked that most of those who had been brought here from the coast some years ago belong to the tribes which inhabit the coast opposite Zanzibar, whilst those which have been brought here within the last few years are from the south, and belong to the great tribes of Mazindo, Mizahow, and M'Nyassa, and then I was informed that most of the tribes which formerly furnished most of the slaves are now nearly extinct, and the country between the coast and the Lake Nyassa is fast becoming

depopulated. An Arab merchant, who recently returned here from the Nyassa, informed me that he travelled for seventeen days through a country covered with ruined towns and villages, which a few years ago were inhabited by theM'Nyassa and Mizahow tribes, and where now no living soul is seen. Last year 19,000 slaves were imported through the Custom-house here; of these 4,000 were from the coast opposite, and 15,000 from Keelwa, the destination of the caravans from the Nyassa. Every year the slave traffic is extended further into the interior, and a great many slaves are now brought from beyond the Nyassa, and even the Mazanza, from the valley of the Shir, are now brought here. If it should ever be found possible to put a small steamer on the Lake Nyassa it would cut off the chief supply of slaves to the east coast. The foreign slave-trade has been lately very much on the increase on the east coast.

I have recently sent in the first returns of the trade of Zanzibar, which have been compiled here. In 1859, the imports at this port amounted to—

Imports, ...	...	..	...	...	£908,911	0	0
Exports, . .	...	...	...	...	753,666	0	0
					£1,664,577	0	0

which is an excess of 83·5 per cent. over the trade of Aden, and of 16·5 per cent. on that of Kurrachee.

This is now the chief market in the world for the supply of ivory, gum copal, and cloves. In 1859 the export of ivory amounted to 488,600 lbs., value £146,666; of gum copal to 875,875 lbs., value £37,166; and of cloves to 4,860,100 lbs., value £55,666. This trade is all the growth of the last few years, and were the slave-trade on the mainland abolished, a great quantity of cotton, sugar, gums, &c., might be exported. Within the last few years they have commenced to grow sesamum on the mainland. Last year 8,388,360 lbs. of sesamum were exported from here; and 8,016,000 lbs. cowries, value £51,444, were exported from here to the west coast.

The whole of this island is of exceeding fertility; sugar-cane, cotton, cloves, nutmegs, pepper, coffee, rice, holcus sorghum, &c., grow in the greatest profusion. The cassava, or manioc, which forms the chief food of the slaves and poorer classes, yields three or four crops a year without any trouble. Almost the whole of the trade here is now in the hands of the British-Indian subjects; they have settlements at all the towns on the coast, and even far in the interior. The Arabs are a poor, debased, ignorant race, and are fast becoming confirmed drunkards. Persons bring out great quantities of cheap spirits. The climate of Zanzibar is not unhealthy, although, from the excessive dampness, and there being no cold weather, it is very enervating. The fall of rain last year amounted to 16·7 inches, more than double the annual fall at Bombay. The extreme range of the thermometer during the year was only 19°; and the mean range 7·9°. The climate of Zanzibar has acquired a very bad reputation from the great amount of sickness which prevailed amongst ships of war some years ago after coming here, but I believe that it was chiefly owing to their taking supplies of water from impure sources near the town. Now aqueducts have been constructed at some distance from the town, and they afford a never-failing supply of pure water. The crews of the merchant ships work here all day in the sun and never appear to suffer. The Sultan has also given an order to a Hamburg firm to keep up a supply of coal

here for the use of any ships of war requiring it. I think that the Zanzibar state . . . . may have a very important effect upon the future of East Africa. There are now from 5,000 to 6,000 industrious British subjects residing in it, and commerce is rapidly extending.

It is not a little remarkable that while European enterprise has been accomplishing so much in the direction of Zanzibar for opening up the great and rich country of the Nyassa, Dr. Livingstone and his expedition have penetrated into the same field from the southward. Their reports concur with those furnished by the brave but ill-fated Roscher in every detail, and the prospects they hold forth are encouraging in the highest degree.

LITERARY REVIEW.

Our Review this month again must be brief, as usual; partly because our space is already well-nigh exhausted, and partly because the new books received by last steamer at the Public Library present but few features of general interest. The best of them by far is Mr. Wilkie Collins' *Woman in White*, and which is now only re-published from the pages of *All the Year Round*. Whether it be a token for good, or a sign of evil, it were hard to say, but there can be no doubt of the fact that the cream of our modern literature now is to be met with almost exclusively in the current periodicals of the day. Mr. Dickens opened the first number of *All the Year Round* with his latest tale of the *Two Cities*, and as the Uncommercial Traveller continues still regularly to supply us with some of the most charming essays ever produced by him, although occasionally mingled with manifestly make-shift "matter." The *Woman in White*, now issued in all the full-fledged honours of volumes octavo, took several months in its periodical publication; and to it has succeeded in the last number, the commencement of a new and seemingly elaborate work of fiction, from the pen of Harry Lorrequer.

Mr. Thackeray, in his *Cornhill Magazine*, has adopted a similar course. To say nothing of his own *Lovel the Widower*, which though abounding in delightful chaff and badinage and the usual Titmarshian sarcasm, was but a mere bagatelle effort of his genius, he has engaged the fertile pen of Mr. Trollope to narrate the history of the *Framley Parsonage*, and now enriches the periodical with his own exquisite lectures on the Georges, here for the first time published to the world. We reviewed these lectures in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* some three years ago, from the mutilated reports of them furnished at the time of their delivery by the newspaper press. But we cannot refrain from presenting such of our readers as do not meet with the *Cornhill* for themselves with one or two brief and representative extracts. We shall limit them to the Lecture on George III, which appeared in the current number. Having sketched from Selwyn's

correspondence and Horace Walpole's letters the debauchery, extravagance, frippery, and folly of the "fine gentlemen" and courtly grandees of the early days of George III, we have the following charming picture of another variety of English life, in what was, after all, those brave old times:

How small the grandees and the men of pleasure look beside them! how contemptible the story of the George III court squabbles are beside the recorded talk of dear old Johnson! What is the grandest entertainment at Windsor compared to a night at the club over its modest cups, with Percy, and Langton, and Goldsmith, and poor Bozzy at the table? I declare I think, of all the polite men of that age, Joshua Reynolds was the finest gentleman. And they were good, as well as witty and wise, those dear old friends of the past. Their minds were not debauched by excess or effeminate with luxury. They toiled their noble day's labour: they rested, and took their kindly pleasure: they cheered their holiday meetings with generous wit and hearty interchange of thought: they were no prudes, but no blush need follow their conversation: they were merry, but no riot came out of their cups. Ah! I would have liked a night at the Turk's Head, even though bad news had arrived from the colonies, and Doctor Johnson was growling against the rebels; to have sat with him and Goldy; and to have heard Burke, the finest talker in the world; and to have had Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre!—I like, I say, to think of that society; and not merely how pleasant and how wise, but how *good* they were. I think it was on going home one night from the club that Edmund Burke—his noble soul full of great thoughts, be sure, for they never left him; his heart full of gentleness—was accosted by a poor wandering woman, to whom he spoke words of kindness; and, moved by the tears of this Magdalen, perhaps having caused them by the good words he spoke to her, he took her home to the house of his wife and children, and never left her until he had found the means of restoring her to honesty and labour. O you fine gentlemen! you Marches, and Selwyns, and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men! Good-natured Carlisle plays at cricket all day, and dances in the evening "till he can scarcely crawl," gaily contrasting his superior virtue with George Selwyn's, "carried to bed by two wretches at midnight with three pints of claret in him." Do you remember the verses—the sacred verses—which Johnson wrote on the death of his humble friend, Levett?

"Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

"In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured the groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

"No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void:
And sure the Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Whose name looks the brightest now, that of Queensberry the wealthy duke, or Selwyn the wit, or Levett the poor physician ?

I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us ?) to be the great supporter of the British monarchy and church during the last age—better than whole benches of bishops, better than Pitts, Norths, and the great Burke himself. Johnson had the ear of the nation; his immense authority reconciled it to loyalty, and shamed it out of irreligion. When George III. talked with him, and the people heard the great author's good opinion of the sovereign, whole generations rallied to the king. Johnson was revered as a sort of oracle; and the oracle declared for church and king. What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures: a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. "What, boys, are you for a frolic?" he cries, when Topham Beauclerc comes and wakes him up at midnight: "I'm with you." And away he goes, tumbles on his homely old clothes, and trundles through Covent Garden with the young fellows. When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had "the liberty of the scenes," he says, "All the actresses knew me and dropped me a curtsey as they passed to the stage." That would make a pretty picture: it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gaiety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful, pure eyes."

As a companion picture, take the following sketch of King George's own good, quiet, loving, and withal dull, household:

Yonder sits our little queen, surrounded by many stout sons and fair daughters whom she bore to her faithful George. The history of the daughters, as little Miss Burney has painted them to us, is delightful. They were handsome—she calls them beautiful; they were most kind, loving, and lady-like; they were gracious to every person, high and low, who served them. They had many little accomplishments of their own. This one drew: that one played the piano: they all worked most prodigiously, and fitted up whole suits of rooms—pretty, smiling Penelopes, with their busy little needles. As we picture to ourselves the society of eighty years ago, we must imagine hundreds of thousands of groups of women in great high caps, tight bodies, and full skirts, needling away, whilst one of the number, or perhaps a favoured gentleman in a pigtail, reads out a novel to the company. Peep into the cottage at Olney, for example, and see there Mrs. Unwin and Lady Hesketh, those high-bred ladies, those sweet, pious women, and William Cowper, that delicate wit, that trembling pietist, that refined gentleman, absolutely reading out Jonathan Wild to the ladies! What a change in our manners, in our amusements, since then!

King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the king kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The king had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the king and his family walked on the Windsor slopes, the king holding his darling little princess Amelia by

the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly; and Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the king never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the king rode every day for hours; poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple dumplings; to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject *incog*, the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes; sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money; often ask a man a hundred questions; about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil: "Five guineas to buy a jack." It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the king and queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks, and patted the little white head. "Whose, little boy are you?" asks the Windsor uniform. "I am the king's beef-eater's little boy," replied the child. On which the king said "Then kneel down and kiss the queen's hand." But the innocent offspring of the beef-eater declined this treat. "No," said he, "I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches." The thrifty king ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him

* * * * * *

Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure; laughed at these very small jokes; liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage; who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws; who was a true hearty old English gentleman. You may have seen Gilray's famous print of him—in the old wig, in the stout old hideous Windsor uniform—as the King of Brobdingnag, peering at a little Gulliver, whom he holds up in his hand, whilst in the other he has an opera-glass, through which he surveys the pigmy? Our fathers choose to set up George as the type of a great king; and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon. We prided ourselves on our prejudices; we blustered and bragged with absurd vain-glory; we dealt to our enemy a monstrous injustice of contempt and scorn; we fought him with all weapons, mean as well as heroic. The was no lie we would not believe; no charge of crime which our furious prejudice would not credit. I thought at one time of making a collection of the lies which the French had written against us, and we had published against them during the war; it would be a strange memorial of popular falsehood.

In a previous number of the *Cornhill*, for July, appeared the following poem from the poetess of the age, Mrs. Barrett Browning. Its rich musical rhythm will be appreciated by all, and even its too profoundly esoteric sense will readily be penetrated by the fit few who are her enthusiastic worshippers:

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
  Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
  With the dragon-fly on the river?

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
  From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
  Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
  While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
  To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
  (How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
  In holes as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
  (Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
  He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
  Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
  Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
  To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
  As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Among the worshippers referred to above, must certainly not be ranked our fair correspondent, Fredrika Giuletta, who has forwarded to us the following. Her sex alone protects her from the sore censure which otherwise we should have felt bound to pass on so unpardonably profane a parody:

A DELICIOUS REPAST.

What was he doing, the little dog Fan,
In the palmiet by the river?
Scattering duck weed, and splashing the tan
And the black of his dear little lovely coat,
Snapping the porcine* lilies that float
On the banks of the Kafirkuil's River?

He dashed at a bird, did the little dog Fan,
In the deep dirty bed of the river.
The dark blue waters darker ran,
And the wounded porkers† a-dying lay,
And the other birds all fled away,
For he caught it by the river.

High on the bank crouched the little dog Fan,
While merrily flowed the river,
And bit and tore, as a little dog can,
With his hard sharp teeth at the patient bird,
Till there was not left one feather that stirred,
To prove it had flown o'er the river.

He cut away, did the little dog Fan,
(How little he looked in the river!)
Till he pulled out the tail, like the head of a man,‡
Of the poor little birdey that once did sing,
And he tugged at the poor dead wee, wee thing
Cruelly,§ as he crouched by the river.

"This is the way," barked the little dog Fan,
(Barked while he crouched by the river!)
"The only way, since dogs began
To feast on game they could fill their jaw."
Then, dropping his mouth, he began to gnaw
The dear little bird of the river.

Sad, sad, sad, O naughty Fan,
Shocking sad by the river!
Withering sad,‖ O little dog Fan!
The sun was so shocked that he couldn't die,
And his housewife at home forgot to fry
His supper, for dreams of that river.

A sad little beast is the little dog Fan
To bark, as he sits by the river,
Killing a bird just as we kill a man;
(And there lies my moral, guess it who can.)
The good dogs sigh when they think with pain
Of the bird that will never be bird again
With the other birds of the river.

* Arums,—in the vernacular, pig-lilies. † The arums aforesaid.
‡ Of course, by contrast. § Accent the ultimate. ‖ As good as "blinding sweet."

METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER FOR SEPTEMBER, 1860.

Deduced from five observations daily.

Hours of Observation, 1h, 5h, 9h, 17h, 21h, Cape Mean Time.

Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

1860.	Barometer at 32° Fahr.	Thermometers.				Dew Point.	Hum. of Air. Sat.=100.	Barometer, minus Tension.	Wind.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.	Max.	Min.				Mean hourly velocity	Direction.		
Sep.	inches.	°	°	°	°	°		inches.	Miles.		inches.	
1	29·903	56·46	52·72	61·4	55·7	49·28	77·8	29·551	13·8	NW		8·2
2	29·861	51·12	47·00	58·3	43·3	42 70	73·4	29·582	12·5	W¼N	0·998	9·6
3	30·098	48·84	45.96	55.0	45·8	42·86	80·2	29·821	5·2	WNW	·273	7·2
4	30·011	52·46	48·54	56·7	45·2	44·68	75·1	29·715	11·2	NWbW		5·8
5	29·876	56·08	52·98	59·5	49·3	50·10	80·8	29·513	15·2	NW		6·8
6	29·841	53·56	52·44	56·3	52 0	51·34	92·4	29·462	11·3	NWhN	742	9 9
7	29·850	51·22	49·58	58·0	47·7	47·88	88·4	29·516	12·0	NW	1·080	9·7
8	30·128	51·86	49·96	58·0	47·8	48·10	87·6	29·791	3·2	SWbW	·508	7·0
9	30·365	55·18	49·88	60·0	49·3	44·74	68·0	30·069	9·0	SbW		2·9
10	30·248	55·62	51·80	63·0	46·7	48·32	77·8	29·909	4·8	WbS		0·9
11	30·062	57·96	53·36	66·8	51·2	49·38	75·2	29·708	4·9	S	·187	7·6
12	30·197	51·60	47·88	58 0	43·8	44·18	76·4	29·906	5·6	WSW	·027	7·1
13	30·206	53·36	47·94	56·3	49·8	42·56	67·0	29·933	13·6	SbW	·127	4·4
14	30·003	57·20	52·32	64·0	52·0	47·98	72·8	29·667	11·6	WSW		7·6
15	29·975	58·24	54·50	65·0	52·3	51·14	78·0	29·597	8·1	WbN		8·2
16	30·042	56·04	50·90	60·2	52·3	46·06	69·2	29·730	11·9	WbN		5·8
17	30·094	54·98	51·93	60·2	51·3	49·05	81·3	29·745	12·3	WbN	·650	8·5
18	30·202	57·45	55·13	60·8	47·6	53·03	85·5	29·798	5·8	WNW		6·5
19	30·022	56·94	53·32	63·2	49·6	50·02	78·2	29·660	5·0	WbS	·070	7·8
20	30·090	53·00	50·02	60·0	50·2	47·04	81·0	29·764	8·8	S		9·4
21	30·164	53·48	47·28	58·6	48·7	41·22	63·8	29·905	11·8	S		2·6
22	30·201	52·42	47·78	58·4	43 8	43·32	72·3	29·919	4·4	SWbW	*.032	3·1
23	30·108	56·22	52·20	61·0	47·2	48·48	76·0	29·767	3·7	WNW	·022	8·8
24	30·057	56·32	51·56	61·4	49·7	47·14	71·8	29·731	11·7	S		2·6
25	30·100	56 08	51·86	63·0	46·2	48·02	75·4	29·765	2·7	WbS		6·6
26	30·135	56·66	53·20	62·0	51·2	50·14	79·8	29·772	8·5	WSW	·033	5·4
27	29·992	59·18	54·70	62·7	53·3	50·72	74·0	29·622	16·7	SbW		4·8
28	29·957	59·52	56·62	64·7	57·0	54·06	82·4	29 538	17·1	SSW		5·0
29	29·918	57·72	53·06	67·0	52.0	48·98	74·2	29·570	11·5	WNW	·130	6·3
30	29·891	56·88	52·76	60·3	52·2	49·00	75·3	29·542	13·8	NW	·140	8·0
Mean,	30·053	55·12	51·31	60·7	49·5	47·72	77·1	29·719	9·6	WbS	Sum. 5·019	6·5

* dew

MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	5h A.M.	9h A.M.	1h P.M.	5h P.M.	9h P.M.	Highest.	Lowest.
Barometer—Cor. to 32°. Fahr.	30·033	30·075	30·040	30·042	30·069	30·414	29·783
,, Press. of dry air, ,,	29·711	29·737	29·697	29·704	29·741	30·118	29·406
Thermom.—Dry bulb. degrees	51·18	55·92	59·39	55·91	53·14	67·0	45·2
,, Wet bulb. ,,	48·95	51·84	53·56	51·84	50·18	59·4	42·0
Humidity of the air. per cent.	84·9	75·5	68·0	75·6	81·0	97	47
Dew Point degrees	46·6	48·0	48·4	48·0	47·3	56·3	37·8

ERRATA IN REGISTER FOR AUGUST.

August 21, Barometer at 32°, for 30·884 read 29·884.
,, 29, Velocity of Wind, for 12·5, read 13·5.

GEORGE W. H. MACLEAR, Royal Observatory.

THE

CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON MECHANICS' INSTITUTES AND THEIR SOCIAL RELATIONS.

Among the distinguished benefactors of society of whom this nineteenth century can boast, a very conspicuous niche in the temple of fame is due to Dr. Birkbeck, the initiator, and for more than twenty years the talented supporter, of Mechanics' Institutes. With a mind more philosophical and scientific, but less practical, than his philanthropic contemporary, Raikes (the introducer of Sunday-schools), he was the means of engrafting on society an educational appliance for supplying the defects of early training, and for assisting the development of the adult mind of the working-man, which is without a parallel in modern history. It is curious to observe that Sunday-schools and Mechanics' Institutes have followed a course in many respects analogous, and have exercised influences beneficial and lasting, with means and objects very different. Sunday-schools, which aimed at communicating religious knowledge to the poor and needy, and them who were out of the way, began—at the foundation—with elementary principles so low as to reach the meanest capacity, and a philanthropy so large as to embrace those whose destitution placed them below the reach of other educational influences. And although they were long unpopular with those who were well-to-do in the world, who erred from pride and fulness of bread, and who were unwilling to strengthen the hands of their humble inferiors, they have gone on prosperously in fitting harmony with the true spirit of christianity, increasing more and more, strengthened with the blessings of those who were ready to perish, and fraught with countless mercies to millions of the human race. They have wound their influence around the hearts and homes of England's toiling sons and daughters in whatever part of the world their lot is cast; they have become co-extensive with our English speech, and in the earliest buddings of the infant mind impart to the stammering tongue and lisping lips the power

of prayer and praise. And what is greater still, they are instrumental in imparting the same powers to the debased mind of the heathen, raising him from his degraded state to the position of a man, and bringing him under influences industrial, elevating, humanizing, and civilizing, causing, literally, water to flow in dry places and the desert to blossom as the rose.

We regard Sunday-schools as having in some measure a secular as well as a religious character, because they frequently afford the only means of education coming within reach of the children of the poor to qualify them for their struggle in the great battle of life.

One important fact, however, connected with Sunday-schools worthy of strict attention is this, that when special means are not taken to counteract the tendency, they have passed from the class of society for whom they were first intended to a higher, to the children of the middle classes, and the comfortable well-doing working-men—from those who lack the ways and means of education to those who want nothing but the will. The generally successful progress of Sunday-schools should not fail to impress on our minds an important fact, that from the elementary character of the teaching, the strong religious and moral principle which they possess, and the broad philanthropy on which they rest, they furnish a form of education well adapted for communicating knowledge to the labouring classes. Under whatever form education is introduced, or whatever name it may bear, and however high its ultimate aim may be, if it is to be enduringly and permanently useful, we must bestow much of our time and attention on the elementary branches. Whilst the successful progress of Sunday-schools illustrates this truth, a truth of a kindred character is as clearly illustrated by the retrogressive progress of Mechanics' Institutes.

The aim, in the first instance, was too high, too philosophical, too scientific, to meet the requirements of the mass of working-men in the great cities and manufacturing towns. A few superior minds there may have been, whose previous education had been sufficient to enable them to understand and enjoy and profit by scientific lectures. But Dr. Birkbeck's own expressed intentions to deliver lectures on scientific subjects and on the principles of their work to those whose occupation and previous training had prevented them from acquiring "one particle of scientific knowledge," was an anachronism which the future alone could correct in a more general diffusion of education among the people. And we find that in the general progress and decay of

Mechanics' Institutes, one important feature has presented itself, which probably never occurred to the mind of the original projector: other institutions have arisen on the same principle, but applied to a class of young men with more scholastic pretensions, and whose general education has been more cared for than that of the mechanics. These have taken various names, such as Literary and Scientific Institutions, Mutual Improvement Societies, Athenæums, &c.; and although departing widely from the intentions of their founder, have been sufficiently extensive and beneficial in their results to class him among those who constitute the true nobility of our race; whilst the mechanics have in many cases, by way of protest against what they conceived to be an alienation of a right, separated from the societies of more equivocal and pretentious names, and formed new institutions of their own, in which amusements of different kinds predominate to so great an extent, as often to seriously affect their original character and their usefulness. This is rather unfortunate. Education in any form is a matter of too much importance to be allowed to compete with amusements for a preference. Both are necessary, and both should have their proper place; but if amusements and the graver aims of a Mechanics' Institute are allowed to present themselves in an equal competition to the unbiased mind of the bowed-down sons of toil, the result is easily foreseen. If in England Mechanics' Institutes have failed in doing the good they ought, it is simply because they were of a character so high as to be rather beyond the age of intelligence in the class for whom they were intended, and the consequence has been a very extensive and fatal decline. But as education has become more general, and a desire for the diffusion of sound knowledge has shown itself to be fermenting in society, the Government has wisely stepped in to stimulate, to clear away the difficulties, and to assist; and having given to them a new impulse, there is reason to hope that before another generation has passed away they will be classed among the best means for supplying the deficiences of an early education among the working classes. But if they have failed in effecting the good to be desired in England, how much greater cause is there for their failure among us, where additional counteracting influences of a serious nature are in constant operation? We embrace in the same category all the different institutions in this country springing from the same common genus, and if they have not failed entirely, their operations are on so limited a scale as to show that their supporters are working almost against hope.

The influences which operate against the success of Mechanics' Institutions in this country, in addition to those which are felt in the mother-country, are principally three. We shall take them *seriatim*; and as they are in some measure common to all parts of the country and to all institutions of a kindred nature, we shall occasionally speak of the Cape Town Institute as a type of the whole.

First.—The exhausting nature of the climate in summer is such that it is necessary to limit the session to half the year. A high temperature acting on the wearied and exhausted frame of the working man makes repose necessary and irresistible, and study almost impracticable. If he be a sober man, which it is to be hoped he is (for we admit no others as recipients of the pure and refreshing streams flowing from the fountain of knowledge), he will seek a cool and quiet shade, and if he is inclined to solace himself with a book, it invariably acts as a soporific. It has been our lot in life to possess a rather strong desire for knowledge, and always to be actively employed; yet we can safely affirm that even in the most active and mature period of life, we could never calculate on being able to read, after the labours of the day, for more than half an hour without falling asleep. Under such circumstances, the acquisition of knowledge presents no beauties, nothing to be desired; and if this is so with individuals, much more is it so with society collectively. Further, it is neither convenient nor desirable to collect large numbers of men in close rooms in classes or for lectures in a Cape summer, and the influence of a Mechanics' Institute is at that season confined entirely to its library.

The paucity of members forms our second difficulty. We in Cape Town are apt, in our comfortable and happy circumstances, and in the pride and plenitude of a spurious dignity, resulting from the possession of a large proportion of fictitious wealth, to speak of ourselves as a wealthy commercial city of thirty thousand inhabitants. Yet what a motley group is this population, and of what various peoples is it formed; representatives of races of men from the four winds of heaven, and from the ends of the earth, and from the isles afar off upon the sea, of many subdivisions of race, of every shade of colour, and of every variety of religious profession; Christians of various denominations, Mohammedans of contending sects, and heathens sunk into the lowest state of ignorance and degradation, exhibiting every variety of wretchedness. And of all this heterogeneous mass the Anglo-Saxon element is the only one that troubles itself about the spread of knowledge in this particular way; so that if we were as active in

the support of Mechanics' Institutes as the population of an English town (and this is no very forcible comparison), instead of representing the mechanical influence which is supposed to exist in a town of thirty thousand inhabitants, we should only represent that of about one sixth of this number. How weak must be the uncombined efforts of such a population to effect a work requiring a steady and combined unity of purpose will be readily understood.

The third difficulty, though resulting in some measure from the paucity of numbers, has specific features of its own, arising from the erratic habits created by the great want of mechanical labour in the country, and the rapid and successful flow of immigration. A ship arrives, with probably one hundred mechanics, most of whom settle for a time in Cape Town, but in six months not fifty will be found remaining; the advantages so much greater in the country towns, and on public works in the country, draw them thither, and these unsettled expectations prevent them from joining a Mechanics' Institute, and take them away if they do join, and thus a state of weakness is always presenting itself. Although we class this among the difficulties of such institutions, we do not class it among our misfortunes; on the other hand, it is a mark of prosperity of a very high order, which we should use every means in our power to carry out and develop.

When we rank Mechanics' Institutes among the means of education for the working classes, we are apt to place them too high, and to expect from them much the same results as we do from schools. This expectation is assuredly based upon error—for, in the first place, the machinery is not so good, or if it be as good, it is not as constant in its operations as it is in schools. And the various capacities and previous preparations of mind from differences of education are so diverse, that they defy all attempts at "classifying" adults, as that term is understood in schools; the operations of Mechanics' Institutes being directed to the improvement of those whose capacities are so various, and who represent many shades of a defective education, no education at all, and some that is positively bad, and with means so insufficient and irregular, and with time so little to bestow on it, and with extensive influences acting unfavourably. We err when we express disappointment at not securing results more marked and in proportion to our exertions. If we can now and then see one individual who comes out favourably, and exhibits plain and unmistakable proofs of progress, we may rest satisfied that others subject to the same course of teaching have benefited by it, to an extent which, though not perceptible to us, and indeed never

may be, will still have its influence on society, causing men to think and speak and act much better than they would have thought, and spoken, and acted without it.

Having so far pointed out what we conceive to be the influences which limit or modify the effects to be expected from Mechanics' Institutes, we shall as briefly as possible consider a few specialities of the institute in Cape Town. We are rather remarkable as a community for the ready excitement with which we take up any new thing; we rally round it with enthusiasm, give it a forward impulse and leave it to its fate, forgetting, or not caring to recollect, that good results can only be looked for from long and persevering efforts. This is particularly so in the spread of knowledge; and when we find that fruits, which can only be the growth of time, do not crown our efforts with immediate success, we lose hope and give up with a despair particularly juvenile. To this rule the Mechanics' Institute is no exception. On its first formation friends rallied round it from all quarters, but at the end of the first year they had mostly melted away; very few mechanics belonged to it, and the young men who had been moved by different feelings to join it, rapidly diminished in numbers, to participate, probably, in some fresh novelty. The managing committee finding their weakness, resolved at one half-yearly meeting upon producing an effect upon the public mind, decided on getting up a display of the talent and influence of our great metropolis—a sort of intellectual carnival. Our colonial Parliament was sitting, and the time was favourable; there were Honourables and M.L.A.'s, learned doctors, merchants, employers of mechanical labour, and agriculturists, wise men from the East and from the West, working men and talking men; they came there for a special purpose and they did their work well. They told us and each other of our new political institutions, our great promise as a people, our intellectual yearnings, our industrial prospects, our undeveloped resources, and our prospective greatness, and the dignity of purpose of such institutions as aimed at encouraging and developing industry,—but this was all; it brought no new subscribers, or new supporters to the Institute, and from that time its decline became much more apparent. The committee, however, still kept on, kept up well-chosen classes and well-selected lectures; the funds were low, but a popular course of lectures, or a concert, enabled them just to go on until, in 1859, affairs came to what is usually called a crisis, the nature of which is best explained by the treasurer's report, which showed on its balance-sheet, credit, £0 5s. 0d. *contra* debit, £50 0s. 0d.

There only appeared one course open for the committee to pursue, which was to consign their charge to the "Tomb of the Capulets," and sell the estate for the benefit of the creditors, but during the discussions necessary to bring about this event, a new element in society appeared. The recent increase of the mechanics in Cape Town by immigration had been considerable, and they now came forward and joined the institute to the number of about one hundred and fifty. A sub-committee was formed to revise the laws, and the Cape Town Mechanics' Institute was resuscitated, and arose with new life and vigour, numbering about one hundred and eighty members. But from the active progress and prosperity of society, many of these have been driven away to other parts of the colony, and the members do not now exceed sixty, nor is it likely in its present position to increase to any great extent,—the cause of which we shall shortly explain.

Since the resuscitation of the Institute in 1859, it has had to contend with a difficulty not previously felt and not expected—want of room. In the early life of the institute the Town-house was less generally occupied by other parties than it is at present, and the same difficulty was not felt; but when so many mechanics joined who were perhaps a little more in earnest than the young men of whom it was first formed, the accommodation it afforded was found too limited. A class for teaching the elementary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic was formed in 1859, and and had to be given up for want of accommodation. The School of Arts class was put to much inconvenience, subject to frequent interruptions, sometimes shut out from the class-room altogether, and, at length, had to curtail their session on this account. The lecture-room could not accommodate those who wished to attend by very large numbers, it is said sometimes by as many as one half the actual attendance. The reading-room is too small to afford safety for the books and apparatus and accommodation for the readers. And we have seen the mathematical professor meeting his pupils in a space 8 x 8 feet, into which a door opened 3 feet 6 inches wide. In the midst of this space there stood a table 2 x 1 foot 8 inches, which was removed into another room, and around which seven gentlemen of the managing committee and the secretary met to transact their monthly business, amidst the military enthusiasm of a corps of volunteers who met in the same apartment. Surely the pursuit of knowledge under such difficulties, though it may succeed in a few individual cases, can hardly be expected to succeed with

considerable numbers. The Municipality kindly offered any further accommodation they had to give, but the Town-house admitted not of expansion. The question necessarily arises, what is to be done? The Mechanics' Institute cannot assuredly expect success where it is at present, if success is to be looked for from the efficient working of the classes, or the influence of the reading-room, or the lectures, because the accommodation is insufficient. It would not be prudent to invite any considerable number of mechanics to join, because want of success in any one point, or any check to expected results from persevering toil, destroys confidence, damps our ardour, and fosters disinclination, and would, therefore, be ruinous to institutions whose progress, at the best, is precarious and unsteady. The question is one that admits of no further delay. The resuscitation of 1859 has been followed by effects which it would be unwise to risk again. If a Mechanics' Institute is to succeed and produce any useful results, then it must have a building of its own, one from which it cannot be thrust by other parties—by the loud acclamations of the youthful aspirants for military glory, prepared to "pluck honour from the pale-faced moon."

Some few years since, an attempt was made to establish a Hall of Science. A joint-stock company was initiated, a considerable number of shares were taken, plans were invited for a building, and a reward of £15 given for the best plan; but the project was rather before the age, and it expired in its infancy. Some proposals have been made to try and renew that project, and if it could be carried out as then proposed, it would probably be successful in affording all that could be desired for a Mechanics' Institute, and profitable as a mercantile speculation; but the cost of it, about £12,000, is a sum so great as to preclude hope from that quarter. The problem of accommodation admits of no delay,—it is of vast importance, and yet nothing has been done. The condition of the working-classes, their prosperity, comfort, and happiness, is at all times a true index of our moral, social, and political status, and our aspirations as a rising people. There can be no lasting prosperity or peace where they are not well cared for. If they are to hold their proper position, and society to have that healthful tone which is necessary for the free development of labour and of genius among them, then it is necessary that they should be connected with the highest order of intelligences amongst us. The industry which they represent is the cause of right against wrong, of truth against error, of intelligence against ignorance, of true greatness against littleness, of all that is dignified

and ennobling against all that is mean, selfish, and degrading. And here it may be desirable to remark how much we admire, and how much we strive for that which makes up the comforts and and enjoyments of life, as the aim of all society, the primary obligation of the citizen, and the end of all earthly good, whilst we neglect the development of our higher faculties and the development of the inner life of those who much need our assistance, and in relation to whom Providence has placed us in a favourable and probably commanding position. Such a course gnaws into the very heart of society, and degrades it from its highest functions, deteriorates its character, and renders it collectively and individually selfish, dissolves the ties which bind us to each other, and extinguishes the noblest interests of private and public life. And so will it ever be when the comforts and enjoyments of life are made the chief end of our existence—its greatest good. The position to which the Mechanics' Institute is now brought may be considered as the turning point in its history; it is no longer a misnomer, but a veritable fact, and this is no small achievement; it has gone through a long preliminary struggle, and for the last year and a half has been mainly supported by mechanics; its progress has been small from want of funds to procure paid teachers of a good quality,—fitful and unsteady for want of accommodation. Whatever course is now followed in giving it a future direction will fix upon it an indelible character, either as a means of education for the working classes to supply the want of early training, or it will become a nonentity, and pass away like the ephemeral fashions of the day; if it is to succeed as the cause of industry, then it must be assisted and cherished by those who have hitherto disregarded it. With very few exceptions, the Mechanics' Institute receives no support from the master tradesmen—none from the merchants or from the medical men—from the Dutch inhabitants or from the continental Europeans of any class—or with very few exceptions, from any of the householders; and the whole support devolves on the working mechanics and the few persevering individuals that adhere to it and assist its working from a sense of its importance. It is therefore manifest that if they are to have a building, the principal assistance must be looked for from some other quarter. An impression exists that the mechanics ought to help themselves, —and so they ought, and so they do; but not as much as they ought to do. The same remark, however, applies to our farmers. Agricultural societies are necessary for the progress of agri-

culture, yet farmers do not form agricultural societies in new countries any more than in the old, unless they are combined, headed, and a direction given to their efforts by the leading men of wealth and intelligence in society. The same remark applies to our sailors. Sailors' homes are essential to the comforts and preservation of sailors, yet they do not form homes of themselves until the philanthropic and educated part of society take the lead. The volunteer cause is at present esteemed of importance, yet volunteers do not embody themselves for defence until a few spirited individuals take the lead. But how few of the upper classes attempt to forward the interest of mechanics by forming institutions for them, and for combining the often uncouth and incongruous elements into a more plastic, manageable, and improving mass. Yet surely they are of as much importance as any of the others. They are indispensible auxiliaries from which the importance and prosperity of all the other classes flow. Without the aid of mechanical industry, our unrivalled wheat would rot upon the ground or be food for the inferior animals—our fleeces of matchless staple, the pride and glory of our country, would be wasted away—and our wines never reach the market—the vintage would fail—and there would be no herd in the stall—our merchandize would rot in the over-glutted warehouses—and we should be more helpless for labour and defence than the half-naked barbarians who dwell upon our borders. Surely, then, the subject cannot be deemed of small importance.

We possess a country which boasts of some as fertile spots as are on this earth, and others as barren for want of water; yet our rain-fall is as abundant as in some of the finest countries in Europe, but from having a light soil resting on an impervious bed of clay, it speedily runs to waste, solely from want of employing the necessary mechanical labour to preserve it. Our soil and climate are capable of producing, perhaps, without exception, every article necessary for the food and clothing of man; yet with all these advantages we are unable to feed a population of perhaps not 250,000 souls; and if a European war was to break out, and England, for a time, to lose the dominion of the sea, so that we could not import our food from abroad, we should be unable to feed our population, and should be reduced to want. But at the same time that we are importing our food, we are paying £30,000 a year to import labour. Surely this is burning the candle at both ends, and it seems only a matter of common sense and common prudence to endeavour to develop, improve, concentrate, and raise the character of the labour we have, in

every possible way, by imparting to it a more educational character and raising its respectability.

The effects of the degradation of labour in Cape Town are so manifest, and ramify so minutely through society, that we meet it in places and in forms in which we do not expect it. Take, for instance, a master tradesman who has risen to comfortable affluence; yet such is the degradation attached to the name, that he cannot get his sons to succeed him in his business. The shop is too "low," and rather than submit to it, they betake themselves to other occupations, for which neither education nor natural parts have fitted them! they fail, and become reckless, or they leave all employment, and become wanderers and vagabonds over the earth, without a habitation or a home to cover them. Their presence never again cheers the family circle. Society has, by the evil influence of its opinion, by the neglect and degradation of industry, banished them from its presence, and made them exiles from kindred and home. No wise counsel of a father ever gladdens their heart. No gentle breathings of a mother's love, no dignity of a mother's blessing,—so efficacious in giving strength of purpose through life, are ever again to greet their ear. No silvery accents of a sister's voice ever welcome them home. Society, that is, public opinion, has cast them forth as fugitives, with the brand of idleness on their brow, and no thought of them ever passes through the domestic circle unaccompanied by a sigh; and their names are never mentioned there above a whisper. The effects on society is also very injurious through the other sex. No man who has been able to support his family and give them a decent education would give his daughter in marriage to a working tradesman, whatever be his character or calling, because her feelings would revolt from the degradation—and the feelings of society have isolated her and deprived her of the will and the power to make a virtuous struggle. The young working tradesmen who are their equals are not acknowledged as such, whilst against clerks of lower class no such objection would be made. And consequently great numbers of as fine women and as exemplary as any in the world are doomed to drag through a life of lone womanhood, as isolated and desolated beings, on whom society has inflicted an irreparable injury by depriving them of their claims to a social position and the place which a beneficent Providence has provided for them in the great scheme of social life; whilst the emigrant servant-maids who come here, ignorant, perhaps, even of their letters, are matched so speedily as to embarrass

us in our domestic arrangements, and compel us continually to call for a fresh supply. And it is not difficult to suppose that in after-life the immigrant servant-maid may seek as a governess for her children the unappropriated lady of middle-age, who was the young lady of the family into whose service she entered on her first arrival in the colony. Surely, then, the question is one that ought to demand the attention of every christian mind, for next to the uprooting of all society, no greater calamity can befal us than that our unemployed sons should be exiles or pine at the head of every street, and our daughters not be given in marriage.

J S. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAPE.

We have recently been treated by Mr. Layard with some interesting sketches of Ceylon, in an agreeable conversational style, and reminiscences of the Crimea by another gentleman. Perhaps a few recollections from myself of the Cape, some dozen years ago, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, especially as the *Cape Monthly Magazine* is now extensively read in other quarters.

I recollect my first impressions of the Cape were extremely favourable. Roused from a half slumber by the well-known sound of the chain-cable, as we anchored at early dawn on one of those fine still mornings which invariably succeed a rattling south-easter here, I scrambled on deck, half-dressed, in my anxiety to gaze on the land the Fates had decreed me. And what a glorious sight it was! In front stood boldly out the great perpendicular wall of the far-famed Table Mountain, with the adjoining more picturesque hills of the Lion and the Devil's Peak, the bay, with its numerous vessels, so beautifully calm, and all around—far as the eye could reach—rose towering, wild, rugged, deep blue-tinted mountains, the summits of which just proclaimed the approach of day, while all along their base lay still in the gloom of night.

Contrasted with the dull monotony of a long sea voyage, what can be more impressive than the view from Table Bay at day-break on such a morning! The grandeur of the distant hills so well defined by the rising sun behind, forms one of the finest panoramic scenes the mind can imagine; and when the first ray gilds the rugged fringe of Table Mountain, to watch how the scene changes with every second, until the whole ravine is illumined to its base.

I recollect the relief I experienced at seeing a town so much greater in magnitude and appearance than is generally imagined from previous knowledge of the Cape, spreading out on every side, down to the water's edge; and in the back ground, studded all over the valley, beautiful villas, surrounded with well-formed gardens, vineyards, and fir plantations, which at that season appeared, in every tint of the richest green, forming a pleasing contrast to the cold, grey, water-worn rocks above.

I recollect also with what confidence the sight of the good old *Phœnix*, steamer, inspired me, as she lay trim and clean with her newly red-painted paddles. The idea of this distant colony having even then a coasting-steamer was sufficient proof I would meet with some enterprising men here. So closely had we anchored that ordinary conversation on board was distinctly audible.

Soon after the castle-gun had proclaimed the break of day, the whole bay became animated, every cargo-boat was on the move, and boats with fish, bread, vegetables, and fruit were alongside in every direction. I recollect one being close to the steamer, driving a hard bargain with a dingy-looking customer, evidently a stoker, with a strong north-country dialect. He said, "It'll no doo, ye black scooneral; ye ken ye cheated me o tippence yestreen, so I'll hae nae dealins wi' ye." This was succeeded by a lusty sharp voice, which appeared to belong to the chief officer, calling out, "Sheer off there, now then. Man the ship's boat. Steward, hand up the provision basket. Make way there, lads." "Stop, stop, haud on a wee bit," called out another north-country voice, "I want to gang ashore to see aboot that crank. Erchie, Erchie—whaur's the cratur noo? Bring up the things, an' my bag wi' the claes." "Dinna fash yer thoom aboot the claes," said Archie, "I'll take them mysel'." So off they started, and in passing the paddles, the burly broad-faced chief, under whose charge the machinery evidently was, felt the new paint with the greatest care, and looking up at the old red funnel, his whole face beamed with the conscious pride of one who has a care for the charge intrusted to him.

Anxious to see more of the place I had formed so favourable an impression of in the distance, I engaged a boat and proceeded on shore.

During the passage, I remarked that it could never have been at this season the place had earned its name of *Cabo des Tormentos*.

"Ah, you're a stranger," said one of the boatmen, a rather intelligent lad. "You should have been here yesterday.

Why, there hasn't been a boat at work for the last three days. The south-easter in summer stops work far more than the north-west gales in winter; but although the south-east winds blow hardest and longer at a time, they're off the land, and there is no great sea to speak of; but when the north-west gales blow, the sea that comes in between Robben Island and the main does the damage. Ay, you wouldn't believe it, as you see it this morning; but look along the beach, and you'll see the remains yet of the *Waterloo* and *Abercrombie Robinson*. The one was a good, sound ship, with troops, and stood her ground well till every man got safe on shore. The other was only a convict-ship, and rotten in every timber—went to pieces almost as soon as she struck, and near two hundred lives were lost. If they didn't think convicts worth a sound ship, they might have thought of the sailors and soldiers, and their innocent women and children. I'll never forget that day. Oh, it was a fearful sight to see the poor women knocked and pitched about with every sea, bleeding and torn with the wreck; some with children in their outstretched arms, screaming to us on shore for help, and we so near and couldn't."

Certainly, this was to me a somewhat chilling introduction, and as we neared the landing jetty, and saw the filthy rugged beach, accompanied with a perfume wafted from anywhere but the orange groves I had pictured in the distance, I must say I felt the pleasing visions I had formed fading fast.

Nothing daunted, however, I proceeded onward to the hotel which bore the steamer's name, a well-conducted establishment in those times, and there enjoyed a breakfast which no one can appreciate so well as those who have experienced, during a tedious voyage at sea, the miserable fare of an ill-found ship, partly owned by a coarse, grovelling skipper.

One of the first things a passenger generally inquires about on landing is a barber, and well I recollect the first visit I paid my barber at the Cape.

Having received the necessary directions, I strolled forth in search of his shop, and found it somewhere in the vicinity of that Batavian stuccoed pile, the Town-house.

The house presented a clean, respectable, modest exterior, and at the door stood a chubby, smirking, ruddy-faced little woman, evidently from the atmosphere of Bow-bells. She said, "Step in, sir, my 'usband 'as just been at the George, a shavin' ov some Hinjiens, but I'll *make* him come in a minute."

I sat down opposite a large looking-glass in a composition frame, and table covered with brushes, combs, scissors,

shaving material, windsor soap, and bear's grease, all neat, clean, and placed with the greatest regularity, the whole of which I attributed to the barber being blessed witn an industrious, tidy, little helpmate; and had almost forgiven her the use of the word *make*, when I heard her in an adjoining room, call out rather sharply, "John, you're a-wanted? John, I say, will you quit dustin' 'em 'ere things, you're halways a-doin' the thing as you've no business; and what's the use, won't they be all covered a hinch thick agin afore dinner? I never see such a place as this in hall my born days, dustin', dustin', from mornin' till night and never clean; my teeth's a grindin' now with the sand as I swaller'd at breakfast?" "But, my dear," says John, "you know we have had our three days' south-easter, and I don't think it will blow to-day." "But I says as how it will!" she replied; "don't you see the cloud a-spreadin' on the mountin already?" "Well, well, now they'll be nothink the worse, and I think that's only the tail of yesterday's cloud a-goin', dear," was the good-natured answer, to which, the following was delivered with a very striking emphasis on each word: "Now, will you go into the shop—you wexation?"

I was really very glad to hear his feet treading along the the passage, for I dreaded the result of a moment's further delay on his part, and in he came, apologizing for having kept me waiting, as he said, he "had just come from the George hotel, where he had been dressing three Hinjien gen'leman." "Three what?" I asked. "Hinjiens, sir, gen'lemen from the heast, who come for the benefit of their 'ealths to the Cape. Ah, sir, they're good customers, 'em 'ere Hinjiens; they leave a mint of money here, and they take my bear's grease."

To dispose of the latter he evidently considered the climax of his art, but finding it had not the desired effect upon me, he suddenly stopped both with scissors and tongue, and holding a handful of hair before me, exclaimed, "Why, sir, you're 'air comes off,—off by the roots, I mean," and feeling about a little, cried in ecstasy, as if he had found a treasure, "I declare it splits. Pray, sir, what kind of hoil or bear's grease do you use?" Neither, I sharply replied, rather disconcerted at his officiousness. With a look of the utmost astonishment he re-echoed "neither," as if it were a thing quite out of nature for a human being to live in these modern times without bear's grease. Then resuming his speech, he endeavoured to persuade me into the use of bear's grease. "Such bear's grease as I can recommend," he said, "not the grease of the shops, sir. Ah! it *is* grease; allow me, sir, and opening a

pot which stood on the table, covered with a green printed label setting forth its qualities and uses, he held it to my nose, and with an exulting look and confiding wave of the head, which was meant to convey the secret that he was actually the only proprietor of genuine bear's grease in the colony, he exclaimed, "There, sir, I stakes my repartation on that 'ere harticle; pity to see your 'air a comin' off so, sir, and splitting too; take my word, sir, you'll soon be bald-headed unless you takes to using bear's grease, *genuine* bear's grease."

"Yes, it smells very nicely," I said, for which compliment he concluded he had made me a convert to his grease, and placing it on a corner of the table, with a sort of sold-again air, he continued his two-fold labours with the scissors and tongue. Fortunate unguent for the barber, and fitting foundation of the modest fortune on which the retired peruquier, I since have heard, now sports his "box" at Brixton!

"You're a stranger, sir, I see, just arrived, come over night in that 'ere wessel? From London, I suppose? Oh, I can tell a new arrival in a minute. Trade's been very dull here this last month, sir, nothink doin' whatsom-dever; no Hinjiens in the town scarce, and the bay a'most empty. But it's been raythor cool for the season this last week or two, and its surprising what an effect cold weather has upon our trade; people won't have their 'air cut, they're afraid of catchin' cold, and then, sir, them sales as takes place on the Parade here every week plays the very deuce with shopkeepers in this here town.

"There, no farther gone than last week, I went to one of the wholesale merchants, as they call themselves,—I don't mention no names; but lawk, sir, a wholesale merchant here is in't equal to a retailer in London. Well, sir, as I was a-sayin', I wanted some Ho de Cologne, so I goes to this here merchant and made a very large purchase, paid him down cash at the rate of four pence a bottle; and what do you think, sir! this very house sends to the sale on the parade, the very next day, for it was Friday as I went, and sold a whole lot at a skilling a bottle. Now, how can I expect to get sixpence a bottle here in my shop, when you can get it on the parade for a skilling. A skilling, you know, is something about two pence farden of our money, but I never can get over that way of countin' money by skillings, stivers, and double-g's, for I hates the Dutch language, and can't say I likes them Africanders as speaks it, nor do I fancy they have any great liking for a Henglishman, especially if he comes here to fill any situation, or to start anything new—(twelve years ago, at least, remember reader)—that they aint quite up to themselves. You see, sir, born and

bred here, as they are, and never out of sight of Table Mountain, they really think there is no other place in the world like it; and, yet to hear some of them talk of goin' 'ome, or as they sometimes call it, goin' to Europe, it does make me laugh so. They say travelling does one good; but, in my opinion, that greatly depends on the nature of the traveller. See, there's an Africander just agoin' past, who's been 'ome for a couple of years, and who used to run down Hengland and every other country but this; now he has come back, he does nothing but strut about the town with his hands in them foreign-looking trowsers, and speaks of the slow-going Cape, and thick-headed Dutchmen, just as if he wasn't one of 'em himself. Now, I'm a Henglishman, and proud to own it; but if I was an Africander, I'd go abroad and learn something, no matter where, and come back and help to raise my country, and if I could not do that, blow me if I'd help to run it down.

"As I was a-sayin', there's a summut I can't make out about 'em, leastways it puzzled me, until a customer of mine says, when speaking of the backwardness of the place, says he, 'Neither the Cape nor the people will be of much account until there is uninterrupted steam communication with the mother country. When that is firmly established,' says he, 'a host of other improvements will follow, and the Cape youth will improve also.'

"Now, I think there is something in that 'ere, for take them in the mass, they are all very well to look at, and so is their heads: you see I studies heads, nat'relly so, and I must say no better heads ever passed through my hands anywheres; they are rather fond of show, and dress in the first of style, especially about Cape Town, but you should see their country cousins when they come to town sometimes; I never see such Johnny Raws in all my born days. There was only the other day one came into my shop quite a swell to look at, everything new, just out of the tailor's hands, two rings on his fingers, and a chain round his neck, fastened in his waistcoat-pocket. I don't believe he had a watch though, for I couldn't hear no tickin'. Well, sir, I dressed his 'air, and bein' in a hawful state of wildness, it gave me a deal of trouble, and after putin' as much hoil on his 'air as I could hold in the holler of my two hands, he 'ad the himpedence to ask me to put on some bear's grease. Now, as I doesn't charge no hextras, I told him I couldn't afford it, for it isn't common grease as I uses; and then the

idea of the thing, a mixin' of it. But the best of the thing was, the feller 'ad hactually the down-right meanness to offer me a paltry 'dree-oud-laap,' as he called it in Dutch, for cuttin' and dressin' his 'air; that's three-pence you must know. Why, the hoil I put on his 'ead was worth the money. "No, no, sir, I didn't come all this way to cut 'air for three-pence. Oh, you didn't know my shop in London did you, just three doors down from the Magpie and Stump. I left a fine business to come here: heard as this was such a fine thrivin' colony; but lawk-a-mussy, there's no life here, sir: the people are all abed by gun-fire at nine o'clock. No going out here of a night, if you do, buy a lantern, or you'll be sure to tumble into one of them great open ditches they call canals, for the town is all in darkness here half an hour after sunset. No wonder the place is so dull. Then you see we seldom have a concert or a ball, and no theatre whatever. I used to dress all the ladies at the Italian hopera before I got married to my missus." Here he suddenly lowered his voice, recollecting his missus might be within hearing: and as he had just finished operating on me, I took my leave, after purchasing some Windsor soap, with the consciousness of having gained a considerable knowledge of the place in so short a time. Our further recollections and experiences of the Cape I must now however leave for future articles.

NOTES ON THE GRAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WORCESTER.

Every now and then we read in the Cape Town papers that there appears to be no stir with regard to the Show at Worcester in February next. And though, as a general rule, those who talk least and make the least noise about a thing, actually *do* most, still, there are exceptions; and, certainly, as to the matter before us, too much publicity cannot be given, and the public cannot be too urgently reminded of their duty. If, in again attempting to raise my voice or my pen for the seventy times seventh time in order to plead for liberal, unflagging, and patriotic support towards the Western Province Agricultural Society and its secretary, I tax the patience of your readers, they must thank those who flattered my vanity by assuring me that my efforts in this respect last year were

not without utility. It would, indeed, be a thousand pities, after the glorious achievements at Caledon, to allow the second grand exhibition to be of questionable result. In these things there is no standing still; unless we go forward, we must retrograde. Now, every great general knows the advantage of not allowing his troops to be disheartened even by a slight reverse at the outset of the campaign; therefore, let us all join cordially in urging upon the Worcester people to lose no time in making their arrangements, and above all to make their plans both as regards the description of stock and implements and the prizes to be awarded, as publicly known and as early as possible.*

These preliminary remarks, I feel, are perhaps more suited to the columns of a newspaper, but I am anxious that what I now intend to add should find room in the *Magazine*, because if my remarks are not quite unworthy of attention, they may be the more readily referred to for discussion hereafter.

I need not repeat my reasons for believing that, in this colony at least, very liberal support from Government is necessary, and that if properly managed the contributions from the Colonial Treasury will be returned *seven-fold* into its bosom. An agricultural board appointed by the Government has been proposed—there can be nothing very objectionable to this plan; but if my idea could find more favour—namely, to grant the whole sum voted by Parliament for the *great shows alone*, and if every subscriber at £1 per annum throughout the Western Province had a vote, the subscribers having a right to vote by proxy, I think a committee or board might be elected. The Government contribution might in that case be proportionate to the sum obtained through sub-committees or agents in the several country districts; and in this way a couple of thousand pounds would be annually at the disposal of the board for a single exhibition. With liberal expenditure for advertisements and postage, and with a paid secretary, or at least a good allowance for an assistant to that functionary, whose interest it would become to prevent people from going to sleep, I see no reason why for once such an institution should not become a permanent one. I have myself been the secretary of the Swellendam Agricultural Society during a quarter of a century, for which, of course, I never desired or expected thanks or remuneration. I felt that my other avocations would not allow me to fulfil the

* Since this was written the Prize Lists have appeared.—Eds.

duties properly; and the bane of all these small societies is, that after the novelty has gone off, the secretary and committee-men gradually get tired of the thing as amateurs, whilst all the funds of the society if paid as a salary to a secretary would not suffice to make it worth any man's while to attend to its interests in a business-like way. Therefore, I plead for one monster society to bestow the Government aid upon (local societies may still be continued if thought necessary). I am for a paid secretary, or a clerk to the secretary, with a salary sufficient to induce him to beat up for recruits, and to carry on an increasing correspondence both within and without the colony.

The votes of the subscribers being merely delegated to the board or committee from time to time elected by them, it follows that those localities which come forward with the greatest number of subscribers will be most favoured. This, we must suppose, will stimulate people who have influence in a district to do their best to increase their local strength.

I wish those who feel an interest in the stability of the work would think of this proposal. I thought the committe showed much good sense in awarding so large a share of the funds in their hands to competition for machinery and implements. It must be evident to all that new inventions and improvements, whether made in the colony or not, can only be effectually encouraged by combined efforts through societies, and at these shows alone can the importer or manufacturer learn the opposite opinions of different practical agriculturists and draw their own conclusions. At the Caledon Show several things had been neglected, which the local secretary cannot be blamed for, seeing that notwithstanding his indefatigable zeal Mr. Bourhill could not be ubiquitous. The mistake was in not having given the supervision of each branch to one member of the committee or sub-committee, so that everything might be in proper order, in each particular department. But after all, the exhibitors themselves were most to blame, and we may fairly hope that if the prizes be increased and offered year after year, people will soon find it worth their while to come on the show-ground with properly trained cattle and labourers who understand their work. Not one of the half-dozen reaping machines exhibited at Caledon had a properly trained span of cattle to draw it. Some were drawn by oxen borrowed or hired on the spot, and so on. This is not the way to come to an exhibition with the intention of gaining a prize; and I am not at all certain that the plan of carrying out the machinery to the

plaee of exhibition *gratis* did mueh good. If the sums said to be eontributed by the people of Caledon towards the transport of maehinery had been added to the prizes for the best ploughs, reaping and threshing maehines, perhaps competitors might have thought it better worth their while to come properly prepared for the contest. At any rate, whatever may have been thought neeessary for the first exhibition, I would be an advoeate for the plan proposed.

There was a fine reaping maehine exhibited, with revolving cylinders, but as it eould not be adjusted to the height of the erops, it did not answer. Proper explanation to the inventors as to the kind of crops and the absenee of undersward, &e., in this eolony, may, perhaps, bring this instrument to perfection. It deposits the sheaves in a line, at the side of the machine so that on its return the wheels do not toueh them. At all events, reaping maehines must be encouraged. They tell me merehants import them and nobody buys them. In England, where, owing to wet seasons, grain is often laid, and so forth, the substituting the reaper for the hand-hook or seythe was of doubtful benefit. But I find from Hawes & Hedley's eireulars that large numbers of reaping-maehines are now used in England. I think it was their eireular for May last, and if I am not mistaken, the ealeulation was that 4,000 men were saving the labour of 40,000 men. It is only by determined and repeated attempts on the part of our agrieultural societies that sueh maehines will gradually come into use. Then there were two threshing maehines. The one so badly managed that the mules had to be broken to it half an hour before commeneing the trial, and a gentleman kindly volunteered as feeder. This is not the way to eneourage farmers to try machinery. I used a threshing maehine last year for the first time, and shall have to use it again this year, although I have little or nothing to thresh; but times have so altered since the introduction of merino sheep, that eomparatively few horses are kept at any season, whilst what with horse-siekness and the drought, numbers of those who had brood mares left have lost them all, so that if it had not been for the threshing-maehine, I do not know how I could have threshed out the little I had. But there are improvements and modifieations required in this colony, which exhibitions like our Great Western ones must bring out. For instance, last year I had partly to tramp my barley over again, as the beard remained after passing through the threshing-maehine. I would therefore be for trying barley sheaves at the Worcester show.

Worcester, too, is one of those districts where, I think,

great things can be effected by irrigation; and I would draw the society's attention to the difficulty of using reaping machines on land made unequal by means of the channels and cross-channels required for this improvement. On places where irrigation can be practised, the introduction of artificial grasses may be worth thinking of in these times of dear butter and meat. Perhaps a prize for the best experiment, on a small scale, with different kinds of grasses, holcus, or tube-roots, giving the quantity reaped and the expense of culture (by the best evidence attainable), would set people's minds in this direction. I am one of those who believe that artificial feeding will answer in many parts of the colony; but *only where irrigation can be practised on a large scale.* Now, by offering prizes for experiment—say on half an acre—we shall gradually arrive at a pretty accurate estimate of the comparative value of irrigable and unirrigable land, and, consequently, be able to calculate to what extent we can afford to go in building permanent works for the purpose of diverting rivers and mountain torrents from their present beds. The next show, I am told, is likely to be held at George. I think it ought to be Beaufort; but if it is to be George, I know no district where artificial meadows may be tried with greater probable success, and there will be ample time between this and the Worcester show for the committee to think about it. At the Hex River, an irrigated meadow may already be seen; but if the proprietor could be induced to enclose a portion, and experiment with artificial grasses, no doubt the secretary would willingly obtain seeds.

The Hex River farmers have been long famous for the excellence of their horses. A good show of that description of stock may therefore be expected; and as to the Worcester wine, I must be allowed to say a little more than I intended. Mr. Myburgh, of Somerset, who was one of the judges of wine at Caledon, came up to me with a glassful in his hand, and asked me to taste it. "This," said he, "is the wine I think entitled to the prize without any doubt." I replied, "This is not wine grown at Hottentots' Holland, nor at Stellenbosch." "That might be, but it is excellent wine," was the rejoinder. He then pointed out the cask and mark, and, to my *no* great surprise, I found afterwards Mr. Keyter, of Worcester, had obtained the prize. I believe the farm most famous for its wine is situated near the main road, between Darling Bridge and Worcester. Mr. Quinn told a gentleman within my hearing that he had been the purchaser of the wine from this farm

for years, and that he did not believe the making or preparation had much to do with its quality, for it had belonged to more than one proprietor, who all treated the wine without any particular attention to scientific rules or the slightest knowledge of Liebig. Now, I wish the members of the committee, as they pass on their way to Worcester, would just step aside and see if there is anything in the *soil* different from most other vineyards in the division.

Horses, cattle, pigs and poultry, grain, wine, fruit, and vegetables, Worcester will be able to exhibit without blushing, perhaps, until we come to feed artificially. They may not excel in wool and sheep, but parts of the district, I believe, are well adapted for this description of stock also; and, no doubt, the prizes and rewards will induce breeders from George, Caledon, Riversdale, and Swellendam to bring their rams to Worcester, and, by so doing, at the same time give the Worcester growers an opportunity to provide themselves with animals of any particular breed that may be adapted to their several localities. I have only one word more to add, which I do in order that the committee may ponder over the proposal so as to make arrangements for future years. It should be advertised months before the show-day that all sheep intended for exhibition (that is, if the shows are always to be held in February) must be clipped in October, for I do not believe it possible to form a fair comparative judgment of the fleeces of animals clipped some three months and some fifteen months previously. As it is, good judges of wool and sheep, who are not themselves interested, are the most difficult to obtain; but, unless something of the kind I have just mentioned be done, the difficulty will increase.

Lastly, I am firmly of opinion that the show cannot be got through properly in less than three days. On the last day, the sale of stock should be held, and also a general meeting of subscribers, when three or four hours might be devoted to the discussion of the best plans for the future management of the society and matters generally connected with the objects of the institution. If I can manage to be present, and such a meeting be held, I shall certainly propose that all the money voted by Parliament be exclusively devoted to the general prize shows. I think, too, that the local societies of the Western Province should be invited to send delegates to Worcester in February. We were much disappointed last time when we saw no one from George or Beaufort.

F. W. Reitz.

THE SISTERS OF MADRID.

A TALE OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LA GITANA."

CHAPTER V.

It was a splendid morn—Vittoria's towers
And halls shone brightly in the rising sun;
And they who viewed her beauty and her bowers,
Could scarce have dreamed that tears and blood would run
Warm and profusely ere that day was done;
But war o'er-rules man's destiny and mars
Hope, Joy, and Fortune, oft when nearest won;
And Life is subject to a thousand jars,
Which lay its best schemes low, to leave but groans and scars.

Yet 'midst war's evils, 'tis a glorious sight
To see embattling hosts in bold array;
Banners, and glittering arms, and vestures bright,
And hearts, whom bravery's accustom'd sway
Inspires with dauntless feelings for the fray;
Even, where Reason's dictates would condemn
The cause which prompted nations to essay
And spill each other's blood—Valour's a gem,
The world must ever prize in Honour's diadem.

WAR OF THE ISLES, CANTO 6.

THE light mist of a soft summer's night was melting away from the tops of the mountains, when in and around the walls of Vittoria (now crowded with a numerous host and all its accumulated munitions of war, together with the camp-followers and baggage of a whole army) an unusual stir was observed by those citizens who had arisen at that early hour, evidently foreboding some mighty event near at hand; and as the day smiled out into a clearer atmosphere, those who gazed on the surrounding hills, towards the Ebro's side, shortly beheld the sun's rays now and anon reflected from the glittering arms of the British columns as they advanced and wound through the passes which converged on that city.

"Three hosts combined to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!"

Fifty thousand men, arrayed in the form of a crescent around the capital of Alava, composed the force in which the hopes of the usurper's crown were placed; and where Valour is concerned to give Honour its due, no braver troops ever

fought for triumph and empire. But in the glare of those other fifty thousand warriors, marching boldly to the encounter, the star of Wellington (now glittering high in its zenith) was symbolized. It was, indeed, an imposing scene; man to man, in equal number, augured a magnificent trial of skill and courage, and ere that sun of June had reached its noon-day splendour, the shrill note of the bugle-horn and the sharp rattle of musketry announced that the battle had begun.

Louder and unbroken did those sounds now peal and increase as the booming of cannon reverberated in thunder-echoes from the surrounding heights, until the bright sun itself paled in the heavens from the clouds of sulphury smoke which rose as the incense of victims offered in sacrifice for Victory.

> "The fires of death,
> The bale fires flash around, from rock to rock;
> Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
> Death rides the air and claims the stricken flock;
> Red battle stamps his foot, 'till nations feel the shock."

Still onward and onward that glorious host advanced, the occasional breeze unfurling the standard of England, where "God and my right" was seen enblazoned on its shield; for in a just cause inspiringly prophetic of a successful issue had those words been, when already from the Tagus to the Ebro, the legions of France had been driven by the sons of Freedom, bearing that victorious banner.

The pages of history teem with the records of this day's fight—how the eventful struggle was maintained—each position valiantly defended, but more heroically assaulted and carried—and how the enemy, driven back upon its assembled retinue of camp-followers, equipages, and stores, fled like the hosts of Darius, conquered and captured by one destined to be as renowned and mighty in war as the Macedonian hero of ancient triumphs.

These events have become immortal in the world's annals—our story lies amidst that mass of fugitives flying for life and safety from the battle-field.

Encompassed almost on all sides by their indomitable foe, one road alone of retreat towards Pampeluna was left open to King Joseph's army. It would seem strange, on first thoughts, why no precautionary measures had been taken by himself and the French leaders to remove a portion, at least, of those incumbrances, so harassing in case of defeat, as if a blind confidence in success had clung to them. But the

truth was, that numerous parties of Guerillas, ever rife in those provinces, hovered constantly on their rear; and as a large force would have been requisite to protect treasure, stores, &c., thereby weakening the main army, it was considered more advisable to trust to the chances of war, than to risk an attack (if sent weakly guarded) from those daring and merciless bands.

The more level and open country immediately around Vittoria enabled the flying mass partially to retire for the first mile; but as the road became narrowed between the more elevated ground on each side, the very pressure for escape increased the hindrance and confusion, whilst the French skirmishers, in attempting to keep up a desultory defence from amongst the retiring crowd of carriages, baggage-cars, laden mules, and terrified followers of both sexes, made the scene one of fearful results, as the road became at every moment more choked with broken down vehicles and the carcases of dead or dying men and animals.

At this crisis of disasters, King Joseph rode up on his jaded charger. A less exhausted steed was procured for him, whilst he changed his uniform for a plain jacket.* He was attended only by two or three of his suite, one of whom was De Montholu. This momentous circumstance took place where several carriages had been stopped from pursuing their flight, amongst which was the calezza of Donna Jacinta. The Count, naturally led to say a few hurried words of consolation to his wife, knowing that he would have to resume his station by his royal master's side immediately—and being half-maddened at the idea, seeing her state of despair, had just uttered, "Be of good cheer, my beloved," when a shot struck him from his horse, and he fell to the ground.

One loud shriek and as sudden a rush to his assistance was Jacinta's impulse. With a promptitude of thought and action far beyond that even of maturer years, aided by a soldier near at hand, she raised and placed De Montholu in the calezza. The ball appeared to have struck him on the breast, and seating herself by his side, she prayed the driver to make one strenuous effort more to urge on his mules. The body of retiring French cavalry close at hand in order to facilitate the flight of the king endeavoured at this moment, by putting on a bold front, to retard their opponents' advance. This attempt sufficed for the object it had in view, and the escape of a few others, but no more. The fate of the battle had long been decided. A rapid succession of disasters ensued, and on the flying steps of this once imposing but now

* Vide Larpent's Memoirs.

discomfited army, the cheering shouts of the British Hussars were heard, rushing on to become the captors of the scattered and valuable spoil around.

On this decisive day of victory, the energies of Horace Vernon, as a humble actor in aiding to obtain its triumphs, were not the feeblest. He was seen frequently in the thickest of the fight carrying orders to the different divisions, and animating the soldiers to deeds of valour—not that a British soldier ever requires an appeal to his courage.

It was on the ensuing evening after the battle that the column to which Vernon was attached, halted for the night, at the small town of Salvatierra, which being greatly crowded by the advancing column, obliged him and a comrade to take up their quarters in a building upon the skirts of the Puebla not unlike an old barn. It was late when they arrived, and being much fatigued after the day's long march, the party, after having cooked a *carbonatje*, lay down to rest. Vernon slept soundly, but awoke, nevertheless, before daylight, when his ear was attracted by a noise proceeding from the floor of the loft over-head; but concluding at the time that it was occasioned by rats, so common in such places, he took no further notice of it. Day now broke; all were again astir, and about to move off, when the sudden shrill bark of a dog called forth their surprise. The sound evidently came from the loft above: what could it be? One of the servants was told to mount a flight of decayed stairs, and endeavour to open a trap-door which had been tried but found fastened on the previous evening. On this occasion the attempt to force the shutter caused the little animal to bark more loudly than before, when at the moment a summons from his General obliged Vernon to quit the spot, leaving his friend and their servants to satisfy their curiosity. This was shortly done by the trap-door being opened, which enabled one of the men to ascend into the loft, when he was immediately accosted by a female voice in French.

The strange circumstances which could have placed those who occupied it in such a situation, induced the officer to mount into the loft,—ascertaining from the individual who addressed him that her husband, a French officer, the severity of whose wound had obliged him to halt, had concealed himself there,—with herself, a servant, and the little lap dog, which had been the cause of their being discovered. The person who spoke broken French, but whose address evidently told she was a lady (the darkness of the place not allowing her features to be distinctly visible), made the

most urgent appeal not to be betrayed, accompanying it with an earnest request that the officer would take charge of her little *Fidèle*, to which she was strongly attached, as the incumbrance of it, amidst their distress, and the serious apprehension of its causing future misfortune, she was anxious to be relieved from, notwithstanding her attachment to it. The compassionate feelings of a Briton in cases requiring sympathy and assistance are as strong as they are honourable; not only did the officer meet the wish expressed, but proffered his aid by any other means in his power. This, however, was gratefully declined. Her husband's wound, she said, had been carefully dressed. Rest was now the most material remedy, and as a few days would leave the neighbourhood freed from the Guerillas, who would follow on the track of the French army, their chief apprehension of danger would be removed. The fair speaker now thanked him again for his compliance with her request, and taking up her pet, on which she lavished many endearing epithets and embraces (during which the poor little animal whined and seemed to cling to her), placed it in his charge, beseeching him to take care of it. The young Englishman's reply, on taking his departure, being a warm assurance of compliance, and an expression of his anxious hopes for their safety and her husband's recovery.

Upon rejoining Vernon, shortly after on the march, his friend related all the particulars of the extraordinary adventure, showing him the little dog to verify his statement, which so interested the former that he begged earnestly to have the pet animal, which after some hesitation was acceded to, and with whose ultimate part in the *dénouement* of our tale the reader will be made acquainted.*

Following on the results of the late combat, glorious was the career of the British arms. Soon did the defiles of Roncesvalles, famous before in chivalry and song, echo back their victorious shouts, whilst the plains of Orthez glittered, anon, with the splendour of their magnificent array, until Toulouse at length received them as conquerors, consummating the crowning triumph of their valour by leading War and Freedom wreathed with Glory's laurels to the shrine of Peace.

Linked together in the chain of destiny through hardships and dangers,—bound by more than ordinary feelings of sympathy and regard, when many a dear comrade, swept away by the scythe of war, has left a gap in that social fraternity who started lusty with life, and eager for the battle (memories still to linger over with sighs), the parting

* This occurrence is no fiction.

hour which is to sever brethren-in-arms who have been so associated for several campaigns, brings with it those regrets on separating which even the bright prospects of home cannot chase away or hope subdue with its visions of the future; and many a soldier's heart now beat with these saddened feelings, on beholding the broad Garonne crowded with England's bulwarks of the sea, which were to part old companions and bear them back to their country. This sentiment on the mind of Horace Vernon was peculiarly impressive. His was no common stamp of character. The chivalrous bearing of his soul was softened down but not enfeebled by a bright romance of the heart. Honour and duty were the guiding stars of his actions, whose mandates, nevertheless, did not chill those softer sensibilities, which we have already seen him so fully possessed of.

A vision of past joys, moreover, amidst war's late tempest had illumined his path. Madrid and the hidalgo's halls, Theresa d'Avila, and her sister,—all started forth at the touch of Fancy's wand! But again, on reversing the dream, —what had been their destiny since he bade them farewell? Had he been remembered in their joys or sorrows. Filled with such reflections, day after day would he sit, musing o'er the dark blue sea, endeavouring to gild the future with hope's brightest smiles,—when the cry of "Land ahead" at length dispelled these images, and aroused his mind to the thought of Old England and his home.

CHAPTER VI. AND LAST.

A year had passed away since the events recorded in the last chapter had passed by; and the month of April, 1814, left Europe rejoicing in the hope of a smiling and lasting peace. But this blessing was not to be accomplished yet. More momentous still to Europe than any outbreak that went before was the advent of the ensuing year of 1815, when from the Bay of Antibes a cry arose, whose sound was to go forth from that remote shore and be borne trumpet-tongued to the very poles. That comet of human wrath whose fiery course had recently entailed so much misery on mankind had once more risen in the firmament of fate, to threaten it with fresh convulsions; and startling indeed to the world was the first blaze of success which ushered in its reappearance.

Several months subsequent to his return were spent by Horace Vernon at the large town of C———, in the bosom

of his family, where several fair cousins resided also,—amongst whom he introduced the waltz, seldom practised before by the maids of merry England, even if known. But still the memory of former days, when his arm encircled the waist of Theresa d'Avila, would often rise in sweet and yet saddened thought, recollections which even the perfect form and loveliness of his fair cousin Caroline could not altogether efface.

It was from amidst this retreat of bright eyes and happy hearts that the trumpet of war called him away once more, as well as many others similarly situated, to muster on Waterloo's famed field against the chieftain of a hundred fights, who had here to learn that he was not invincible. Histories and harps have recorded the mighty achievements of that battle:

> "How in an hour the power which gave annuls
> Its gifts,—transferring fame as fleeting too.
> In 'pride of place,' here last the eagle flew,
> Then tore with bloody talons the rent plain,
> Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through.
> Ambition's life and labours, all were vain,
> He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain."

Yes, such was the doom of the one Titan, who, striving for the world's mastery, was hurled from the heaven of his ambition; yet, whilst *his* deeds will be recorded through all time, how many, many were the heroic acts of individual courage and skill performed on Waterloo's memorable field which never have or will be known on earth, worthy too of immortal praise and perpetuity.

It was Vernon's good fortune to escape the slaughter of that day, so glorious for the British arms; yet on the morrow, as his duty led him to traverse the deadly plain amongst the thirty thousand killed and maimed in that fearful contest,—dismounting occasionally to assist in the removal of some wounded soldier,—sorrowful, indeed, were his contemplations, on reflecting how many dear and fondly beloved ties *that* victory, great and glorious as it was, had severed for ever on earth. One mournful instance fell under his own observation. He had ridden up where a party were burying the dead. The grave dug was a wide trench, into which as many bodies were laid as its extent would admit of. The last corpse brought to be interred with friend or foe was that of a fair-haired youth, evidently of gentle birth, and which had been entirely stripped of clothing. Deeply touched at the sight, he begged that the body might be consigned separately to its mother earth, to which request

the serjeant of the party acceded. The spot so selected happened to be not far from Hougomont, where the brave guards had had their most desperate conflict. This melancholy task had scarcely been concluded when a carriage drove up on the road, near at hand, from which an elderly gentleman was observed to alight. He was alone, and commenced moving amongst the still unburied dead who lay thickly around, evidently searching for some dear relative or friend. His depressed countenance interested Vernon forcibly, causing him to linger near, yet hesitating to accost him and intrude upon his sorrow. The stranger, however, came up to him ere many minutes had elapsed, and with low and mournful utterance said he was in search of his son. The features of the dead young guardsman, as he had lain for burial, had so strongly impressed themselves on Vernon's mind, that they rose again vividly before him on looking at the stranger's countenance, causing him, as he pointed to the grave, to say almost involuntarily, "I think he must lie there."

"Then I must see him once more," was the mournful reply.

An offer of recompense to the burial party for their trouble procured the means of immediate disinterment. Not a word was spoken until that pale, gentle face was again unveiled to the light of heaven, when the old man sank down on his knees, and bending over the corpse, was heard to say, "Yes, it is he."

The whole scene was overpowering in the extreme. The tone of the aged father's voice almost implied relief at being able to behold, although in death, the features of a beloved child once more. Vernon felt a tear gush to his eyes, and not being able to spare further moments in offering consolation, withdrew, leaving the aged mourner still kneeling there in the attitude of prayer.

It is fortunate through life that our duties and necessities oblige us to re-occupy our minds with the things required of us, or that more selfish interests tend to obliterate from our hearts what is irremediable in destiny. Memory is a mirror on which the forms of daily events present themselves, thereby displacing the shadows of the past,—for Waterloo was won,—Paris captured and at the mercy of its victors,—and shouts of triumphs and the pageantry of conquest were now to supersede darker reflections and drown the lamentations of anguish for the loved and the lost.

And Vernon stood in Paris, that modern Babylon,—whose name for a quarter of a century had been the countersign of

nations for all that was implacable in power and iniquitous in principle—that city from whose walls mandates had gone forth more subversive of peace and order than Rome and her Cæsars ever effected over the lives and liberties of mankind. But the hour of retribution had overtaken her at last, and the spoiler of nations in her turn was to drink of the cup of bitterness which she had so often forced the rest of the world to quaff. Then commenced the disgorgement of paintings and statues, until a proud race were made to feel that the empire of the earth was not to be usurped by one man, nor its wealth by one people.

It was about a month after the occupation of Paris that Horace Vernon had been sauntering alone in the garden of the Tuilleries, when seating himself on one of the benches, he began to ruminate on the scene around.

On the right was that palace which the imperial daughter of Maria Theresa had graced with her fair and queenly charms. On the left was the place where her lovely tresses had been dyed in her own blood; and thousands had fallen under the hand of the executioner. All the horrors of those monstrous deeds could not be driven away from his present meditations, although the Great Napoleon in his zenith of military glory had endeavoured to efface their remembrance by disguising the objects around under the renowned names of Rivoli, Jena, and Austerlitz.

The little dog, much prized and petted by Vernon, ever since the events of Vittoria two years before, had accompanied him in his stroll, and now lay at his feet, gazing up wistfully in his face,—when a stranger, whom he had already observed looking attentively at the animal in passing once or twice before, came up, and raising his hat from his brow, said—with the natural grace of French *politesse*, "I hope, sir, you will not attribute my intrusion to curiosity alone, but your little companion reminds me so much of one my wife parted with after the disastrous day to the French arms at Vittoria, that I could almost fancy it is the same."

Before Vernon had time to reply, the natural sagacity of the little animal seemed to have recognized something in the stranger's voice whilst he was speaking,—for it commenced to whine and look uneasy and startled, whilst the strange incident surprised him greatly, as he said, "Your conjecture of identity is most correct. Pray, may I ask if you are the French officer who lay wounded in the barn at Salvatierra,—for it was from his wife that a friend of mine received the little favourite in charge."

"I am that individual; my name is de Montholu."

"How extraordinary," replied the other, "that we should thus have become known; mine is Vernon,—you may have heard of it before at Madrid."

"Grand Dieu, it is indeed strange," was the Count's exclamation, "affectingly strange, but it is better still, it is surpassingly fortunate. You are then the English officer so much esteemed by Don Francesco d'Avila and his family, and I am the husband of his daughter Jacinta."

"Those names do indeed revive sweet memories; but they are often in my thoughts. May I ask ——," but before he had said more, a sudden nervous hesitation came over Vernon as he was about to inquire for those he had never forgotten; he turned pale also, and confused, when de Montholu more self-possessed, said, "The Fauxbourg St. Germain, where I reside, is close at hand; do me the happiness to accompany me there. We can converse as old friends on our way; you will then renew your acquaintance with my dear wife, and our poor *Fidèle* will be doubly cherished by all of us—but for her we should never have become known to one another." In saying this he took up the little creature in his arms and caressed her, whilst she, by her barking whine of delight, showed that he was recognized.

There was so much kind feeling in his manner as well as his words, that, added to the desire of meeting Donna Jacinta again, Vernon expressed great pleasure in complying with the Count's wishes.

"Come then," said de Montholu, taking the other's arm, "we have been foes in War, let us make the *amende* by being true friends in Peace, come, I long to show you my boy; come, *Fidèle*," and thus commenced the fortuitous acquaintance between these two brave soldiers, which turned out happily for all.

They soon reached the Count's residence, a handsome mansion in the fashionable part of Paris.

"We will take my wife by surprise," he said; "but unexpected pleasures are always the sweetest."

They had scarcely entered when a light footstep was heard, and Jacinta appeared on the staircase, holding out a letter, and exclaiming, "What do you think, de Montholu? A letter from Theresa, and she and my father are coming immediately to Paris."

"Indeed?—How fortunate! We shall then have a merry party;" but ere her husband had finished speaking, having observed him whom she took for a stranger, she was about to withdraw, when he added, with a laugh,—"*Regarde, ma belle; vas-tu renoncer à vos anciens amis?*"

De Montholu had made Vernon on entering the house take the little dog up in his arms, and now stepped aside that the other might approach her.

Those bright eyes became riveted on both. Memory instantaneously lighted up her heart, and she exclaimed with delight,—"Oh, mon Dieu! est il possible?" "C'est Monsieur Vernon!—c'est *Fidèle!*" "Yes, it is both," answered Vernon, and as a brother and sister long separated, their happy meeting called forth an affectionate embrace. *Fidèle* was then taken and caressed over and over again as they ascended to the saloon, where all the circumstances that had occurred since they had parted were repeated by her.

These details of the fair countess commenced with their departure from Salvatierra,—of their having actually been stopped by a party of Guerillas, but that her Spanish birth, and the representing her husband as one of their countrymen, grievously wounded in the breast, had saved his life, he being carefully disguised in *capota* and *sombrero*. That they reached Pamplona in safety under cover of night, where de Montholu recovered sufficiently by the time that city surrendered on the last day of October, to return to France. She now requested Vernon to relate each particular circumstance respecting herself and her little lap-dog, and at the conclusion of his narrative she said, feelingly, "Oh, how much there will be to tell my dear father and sister when we meet. Will you be glad to see Theresa again?"

There was a simplicity in her words, and an artlessness in her look which assured Vernon that nothing more than friendly interest was meant in mentioning her sister's name, yet the question drew forth a deep blush, even to his very brow, as he replied, "It is always a happiness to see dear friends, especially when, having parted amidst sorrow, we meet them again in joy."

It will be recollected that Jacinta having kept her room for some time before Vernon's departure from Madrid, had consequently not witnessed the attentions latterly shown to her sister; a suspicion, however, now arose that his heart had a more tender interest in the subject, and not wishing to increase his confusion, she said, with animated expression, "Now, Captain Vernon, I must show you my sweet boy," and taking up *Fidèle*, left the apartment for her child.

The sight of the fair Countess did not tend to lessen Vernon's excited feelings on being thrown so suddenly into her society before he had had sufficient time to collect his thoughts; for it has been already stated that the two sisters resembled each other greatly, and the lapse of three years

having rather improved than impaired Jacinta's form and features, it brought the image of Theresa before him, reflected in all her beauty.

During his wife's absence from the room, de Montholu read Donna Theresa's letter aloud to his guest. The epistle entered at first into the reasons for Don Francisco's visit to Paris, on a diplomatic mission relating to the restoration of the Bourbons. It explained, next, the total change in her father's feelings towards the Count himself, caused by hearing that he had not joined the imperial standard during the convulsions of "the hundred days," the effect of which had been his warm acknowledgment of de Montholu as his son-in-law; it then concluded with a recital as extraordinary of the Hidalgo's having altered his wishes altogether respecting her taking the veil, but had determined, on the contrary, that she should accompany him to Paris, and to which she herself had become quite reconciled in the delightful anticipation it gave of seeing her beloved sister again. Under such circumstances it was not to be wondered at when the lovely Countess returned with her smiling little cherub in her arms, whom she held out to Vernon's admiration, that nothing but friendly congratulations and joyous looks rewarded the happy group.

Day after day things glided on for nearly three weeks, filling up the time with bright anticipations, until, upon Vernon's approaching the Hotel de Montholu one afternoon, he observed a heavy, cumbrous vehicle, such as were used by travellers at that period, standing in the court of the premises. He had just returned from a review of the British army before the Allied Sovereigns, and being in full uniform (with his charger equipped in its military trappings) looked particularly handsome. He had scarce time to dismount when the Count came rushing out, and, shaking Vernon heartily by the hand, exclaimed, "They are come, they are come," with eager delight. "Here, Pierrot, take the Captain's horse,"—now calling to a servant who had followed him out,—then addressing the former again, said, "And Donna Theresa is looking so handsome, she will be sure to captivate some heart in Paris." Vernon's only reply to this remark was, "She was always so."

The reception of the young officer by Don Francisco was cordial in the extreme, that of the daughter equally so, although more subdued to outward appearance, but there was so much to relate upon all subjects and events since they had parted, in addition to personal inquiries, that the Hidalgo, engrossed nearly all the conversation on political matters. During some of his longest remarks, the eyes of Vernon

strayed continually towards the one fair object whose image had never died away in his thoughts; whilst as he now gazed on her, admiration made him ask himself whether she who now sat there in all the radiance of matured perfect beauty was the same Theresa he had known before.

Don Francisco, who had always admired the character of Horace Vernon, developed as it had been by the circumstances which had transpired at Madrid, now saw it more brightly displayed as each day's visit terminated, whilst de Montholu and his happy wife were rendered still happier by witnessing his constant assiduities to their lovely sister.

And it need scarce be added that before many more days had passed Theresa d'Avila was wooed and won.

FOUR YEARS AGO.

Everybody confesses that we live in amost wonderful age. Most people are prepared to maintain that there never was so marvellous an age since the world began its existence,—whenever that event may have occurred,—whether six thousand years ago as Dr. Cumming, or even so many millions as Baron Bunsen, says. Talk of the grand days of old Egypt and you will be asked where was printing? Hint at the triumphs of Grecian art and literature, and you will be reminded that ancient Hellas knew nothing of steam. Refer to the glories of mighty Rome, and you will be requested to give your opinion as to how long her legions would have stood before Enfield rifles and Armstrong guns. Come at a stride through the middle ages and survey the greatness of the Elizabethan age, and you will be asked where were railways and electric telegraphs? Drop down the "gentle reign of our Queen Anne," and you will be told how long it took Marlborough to cross the Channel before the invention of steam navigation.

It is pleasant to think ourselves the finest and cleverest set of fellows that ever lived: satisfactory to say what wonderful discoveries we have made. It is delightful to reflect on the comforts and pleasures we all enjoy in comparison with those unlucky mortals who lived in the dark ages; just as we peep from our comfortable fireside on a wet day and enjoy the sight of a half-drowned foot-passenger in the street, exposed to the pitiless storm without an umbrella or macintosh. It makes us all so well contented with our lot—at least it ought to have that effect, but upon reflection I am

not sure that it does. Never mind; we will not indulge in speculations calculated to interfere with our perfect self-satisfaction.

I recollect once to have read a brilliant address of Dr. Channing, entitled "The Present Age." The doctor gave an eloquent account of all the advantages of his age compared with those that had preceded it, and the doctor evidently considered himself a fortunate man to have been born so late in the world's history. But, after all, what was the doctor's age? Why, the man was writing twenty years ago! Can anything be more absurd, my dear young friend in the Mandarin (or pork-pie) hat, than to compare twenty years ago with the present time? Why, *you* were not born then—that alone makes a great difference, does it not? That pretty sister of yours, who danced with the Prince the other day, was not born till two years later—that makes a still greater difference, in my estimation. Twenty years ago! It quite turns our brains to attempt to think of the vast changes on this globe during that enormous space of time: it is almost as confusing as looking at the stars with a very scientific friend at your elbow, who keeps telling you how many thousand times bigger than the earth is yon little dab of light, and how many millions of miles it is distant from that other dab of light, which looks to be a very short stone's throw from it. Twenty years! I dare not think of it. Visions of my own "salad days" rise up and disturb heart and brain. Let us drop the curtain and shut out the view.

Four years ago! Aye, that will be better for our purpose. Let us see what we have done, what changes we have gone through, here in the Cape colony, during these last four years. What had we then, and what have we now? What good things have we gained, what evil ones have we got rid of?

Everything gives place to steam in these days. Well, four years ago we were just beginning to have steam communication with England every month. They called it steam at least, but the contractors used so very little of it actually that their ships were almost as slow as the professed sailing vessels. Four years ago we certainly had not the excellent, punctual, fast-going, and well-conducted boats of the Union Company. Our letters were floating about the Atlantic at all kinds of irregular periods, and the date of their arrival was as uncertain as an old maid's age. There are very few things we value more than our mail steamers, and for these at least we are indebted to the last four years.

We had a newspaper press four years ago: we had some men of talent writing for it; but the newspapers were sadly

misnamed, because news was the rarest thing to be found in them. They were certainly ingenious compilations—very ingenious—but wonderfully unlike all that an Englishman looks for in his paper. Within the last four years the *Cape Argus* has been started, and it has effected a thorough revolution in the newspaper establishments of the whole colony. I am not a writer in that journal, and have no sort of connection with it, so that my eulogy is at least disinterested; but decidedly the *Argus* inaugurated a new era in South African journalism. *News*, which was the last consideration with the old papers, was made its first object. The latest intelligence of every kind, and from whatever quarter procurable, was the prime thing sought for its columns: everything was subservient to this, though I don't mean to say that anything else was neglected. The consequence was natural: it obtained the largest circulation, and set all the other papers to work to imitate it. Reporters and correspondents, supplements and extras became the order of the day, not only here but on the frontier, and Cape newspapers began to be worthy of their name. If you, my good friend, should happen to prefer some other paper to the *Argus*, recollect at all events that it is to that one you owe the present excellence of your own journal—and be grateful.

Four years ago we had—I mean the ladies had—no crinoline in South Africa, or so very little that it was stared at as much as a Kafir chief in native costume would be in Regent-street at four in the afternoon of a June day. I think I recollect the very identical original crinoline: I fancy I see it now, surging and swinging about as it descended the steps of the Masonic Hotel in a south-easter. Since then, ye gods! I have seen it through the length and breadth of the land, ballooning out every pretty girl of sixteen, and every venerable matron of sixty, tripping up the incautious, offering great impediments to the tender approaches of "spooneyism," puzzling cook how to get to the fire, and Betsy how to make the beds, excluding paterfamilias from his own carriage, and rendering ludicrous the solitary petticoat of the Kafir woman over the border. Where shall I rank it, this addition of the last four years? Shall it go into the catalogue of the good things we have secured, or of the evil ones which we have *not* got rid of?

Four years ago we had Volunteers; but not such volunteers as we have now. Where was then our gallant Cavalry with their silver helmets and horse-hair plumes, their blue and white uniform, their clanking sabres, and their fiery steeds? Those noble heroes were hidden in the counting-

house, charging customers instead of squares of infantry, thinking of horse-hair only as a article of commerce instead of an ornament for helmets, and exercising their steeds in buck-wagons instead of putting them through the cavalry *manège*. Where was the Artillery? Where were those fine, well-fed, John Bull conditioned gentlemen who perspire so freely and so bravely at their guns? Where was the Scotch Corps with its plaid continuations and its painfully audible bagpipes? Where were the Sappers and Miners, who seem to be always suffering the fate which they ought to be preparing for others—that of being "blown up?" Not one of these great and noble institutions of Cape life was in existence four years ago!

And at the same period, where was the drama? Not a solitary player fretted his hour upon the stage in Cape Town. Its only theatre had been turned into a chapel; no one thought of building another. People lived upon the reminiscences of Gustavus Brooke and the plays he acted during his few days' call; and a great many, I believe, lived still more upon the remembrance of a certain sweet Fanny Catheart, who turned their brains and did not trouble herself much about her own conquests and other people's mania. Now we have two amateur dramatic clubs, playing against each other in friendly rivalry, and soon, I hope, to play together. Now we have two theatres—one of them fit for almost any provincial town in England, and we are expecting two "talented" professional companies, though I confess I am an infidel as to the talents of actors who are obliged to emigrate to the Cape. No matter: the drama thrives now, and Cape Town would sadly miss a theatre if Mr. Glynn should turn his into a chapel and preach a sermon in it for the benefit of the Sailors' Home.

Four years ago a South African railway was a mere dream. Steady men laughed at the notion, or shrugged their shoulders as at something which they would have nothing to do with. The project was in not much better repute than would be an aërial ship company to carry monthly mails between the Cape and Pekin. At the present moment half a dozen trains a day are running with their loads of goods and passengers along the two miles line at Natal, and our own fifty miles line is fast approaching completion. Even the breakwater—that two hundred years dream—is begun now; but four years ago it seemed as far from being a realized fact as it did when the jolly old Dutchmen talked of building a wall from the mainland to Robben Island.

Four years ago we had no system of immigration. To the European labourer the Cape was the veriest *terra incognita*. He knew something about Canada and the United States, and had heard a great deal about Australia, but of the Cape nothing was ever spoken to him: if he chanced to know that it was in Africa, he thought of lions and deserts, negroes and slavery. Since then we have had Dutch, German, and English labourers pouring into the country almost as fast as we could dispose of them; and let no man say they have done us no good.

But I am forgetting the things that we have got rid of. Four years ago—aye, exactly four years ago—another of those fearful evils (which people at home fancied we liked as some still imagine that eels like the excitement of being skinned), another Kafir war seemed by no means improbable. Since then thanks to a Kafir prophet, and thanks still more to the best head that ever guided South Africa, we care no more for Kafirs than a crocodile cares for mosquitoes. Four years ago no man's life was safe on the north-east border: the other day a Royal Prince rode across it, and his safety was as indubitable as if he had been cantering in Windsor Park or strolling in the woods of Balmoral.

Four years ago—the subject seems inexhaustible, but my readers' patience might be less so. Let us then draw to a conclusion: but hold! Four years ago there was no *Cape Monthly Magazine!* In those benighted times we were content to import our literature with our punjums and baftas, and never thought of producing any for home consumption. Just at that period the idea entered the heads of several of our Cape worthies that a periodical which should foster local talent, and encourage a taste for arts and learning would be worthy of the position which the colony was beginning to assume, and would be certain to meet with adequate support. The result was the establishment of this *Magazine*, and the installation of the writer of this paper as one of its editors—a post which he has filled most inadequately, and which he never could have even nominally maintained without the able and assiduous aid of his co-editor. Looking back through the four years' career of our literary offspring, I see nothing to blush for in its performances; it may not have been as brilliant as we should have wished it to be, but I don't think it has ever been very dull. I am quite sure it has always been honest, pure, and truthful. My own fostering care (though I blush to say I have been no better than a step-father to it) is about to be withdrawn, but I shall still watch anxiously over its fate, and hope for

its success, and still perhaps occasionally talk a little nonsense (which is all I ever have done) to its readers.

At all events I very, much doubt whether anything better or healthier, more free from alloy, and more worthy of our affection than the *Cape Monthly Magazine* can be found among the gifts that have fallen to us since

FOUR YEARS AGO.

A. W. Cole.

"HOW WE ARE STANDING!"

If it were possible for a man to be so thoroughly in earnest, on a rational topic, as not wittingly to advance the subject of his writing to the dignity of a "bore," then, perhaps, it might follow that a fair statement of our social position and the wants of our neighbours would be conducive of some benefit to the readers of these pages. For some time we have had it on our mind that the people of Cape Town are grossly ignorant of the true nature of those duties of citizenship whereby the health and happiness of the greatest number are likely to be secured. We therefore propose this month to examine the character and quality of existing nuisances; to look into their practical bearing on the wants of the day; and to point out some of the more prominent deficiencies which impair our utility in the cause of social progress. In doing so, we shall try to preserve a proper respect for the logic of inexorable facts, and deal as gently as we can with the errors of those who are deeply enamoured of the religion of "vested interests."

To come at once to the point, we should like very much to know why it is that the capital of South Africa is made, on closer inspection, to give a practical lie to the strong promises of wealth and salubrity which its handsome suburbs and beautiful position so hypocritically extend to a stranger? From the deck of a newly-arrived ship, the prospect on all sides is fraught with delicious hopes. The blue waters of the bay form an admirable introduction to that town of which it is so magnificent an adjunct, while the amphitheatre of azure hills glows with the varied tints of a tropical harvest. Viewed thus from afar, there is no town in the colony that can boast of equal picturesqueness. Enclosed in the wide sweep of the Lion's Hill and the spurs of Table Mountain, its whited sepulchres stand out prominently against the noble

background of forest and field, heath and pine, which adorn their slopes. Stretching away on every side, we see lovely gardens and well-kept grounds; villa-like residences embowered in woods; snug cottages peeping out of vineyards; lordly mansions rearing their handsome fronts,—all attest alike to the presence of wealthy inhabitants and abundance of fresh air.

How is it, then, that such promises are delusive? By what agency does it happen that a few days' residence is sufficient to disgust every traveller with the local inconveniences? Why should a mighty imposition betray itself at every street corner, and houses which at a distance seemed so cleanly and white turn out to be the mere shells of dens of corruption? Is it because landlords are ignorant of drainage and building, that therefore sewer and ditch reek with the grossest impurities; or is it due to the inefficiency of municipal authorities that its unfortunate citizens are nearly stifled by the heat, choked by the dust, and dislocated out of all propriety by the villainous streets and abominable smells? We ask these questions because the condition of the town is assuming a very serious aspect. In spite of the self-constituted commission recently set on foot in the columns of the *Argus*, very little seems to be doing, whereby the ravages of cholera might be prevented, should it ever trouble these shores. Are the people, then, so deaf to all remonstrances as not to see how absolutely needful it is that they should make some stir in the cause of Hygiene; and that a combined effort is needed to purge our devoted city from the more salient evils with which it is threatened? We would most earnestly call upon all sane men to read the revelations to be found in the pages of Kingsley, who, in his novel of "Two Years Ago," draws a true and harrowing picture of what obstacles are to be overcome by every sanitary reformer, and then to ask themselves whether we are not almost as bad in our obstinacy as the people there depicted. If we are not ultimately punished for our remissness as severely as Kingsley's characters, it certainly will not be owing to any peculiar activity on our side to avoid such punishment.

Like masses of inert matter,—mere lumps of clay, we seem inclined calmly to await the decrees of heaven, and to trust to the plasticity of our perishable natures for the means whereby to avoid the consequences of any undue pressure being placed upon our individuality. Year after year, we have gone on in this way, seeing the metal of our roads, streets, and squares dispersed into thin air before our very eyes; calling on all our friends to witness how

shamefully we are knocked about whenever we attempt a walk or short excursion, invoking curses both loud and deep on the originators of that vilè system of paving which ensures the speediest possible consumption of boot leather with the utmost conceivable amount of dust, and frantically demanding, in the name of outraged humanity, why our bodies, and clothing, and peace of mind should thus prematurely be worn out and destroyed when there is such an abundance of means wherewith to obviate such discomfort?

We may be in error, but we cannot help thinking that it is downright blasphemy to impute to heaven what are simply the results of human neglect and indifference? We regard it as an irreligious act to ascribe the small-pox and measles to a direct dispensation of Providence; and hold ourselves justified in maintaining the opinion that "disease" is but another word for expressing the void which all men feel whenever they lapse from the preservation of that integrity of the body and vital functions which has been intrusted to their keeping. All human experience should warn us against a blind credence in the laws of contagion. Quarantine regulations will never keep our shores free of European or Asiatic epidemics; and unless we can afford to remove everything which may assimilate our soil or climate to that of other and more sickly countries, we may just as well adopt the doctrines of the fatalist, and so find a panacea for all earthly and avoidable evils in the richness and toleration of Destiny. Indeed, it can never be impressed too strongly on our minds how much of happiness and of life we carry in our own hands. There are certain facts in our existence of such paramount importance that they not only bear but require repetition. The common duties of every-day life and the common rules of social policy are matters which no moralist states once for all. On the contrary, they are reiterated so often as occasion requires—and occasion requires them very often. We therefore must again urge upon our fellow-citizens the paramount importance of agitating thoroughly this vexed question of proper supply of water, fresh air, and house-room to our labouring classes; and to believe with Miss Nightingale that epidemics require no "first specimens" for their propagation, but are quite capable of being begun in close rooms and overcrowded courts.

We need not go very far in proof of our assertion that Cape Town has grown most alarmingly unhealthy of late. The establishment of a free dispensary has brought to light a great deal of misery, poverty, and wretchedness; and, from the numbers of patients who have been attended at their own

homes by the "visiting physician," it seems quite clear that the native population must be stifling themselves in hot-beds of fever, and undergoing a considerable amount of personal hardships. Without here entering upon the question whether medical or pecuniary relief are likely to alleviate what municipal or civic apathy have primarily inflicted on these wretched "lumps of clay," we nevertheless feel it our duty to freely ventilate a subject which is considerably more in want of some fresh air than of a *douche* of cold water. Not that the public have too much water given to them at any time, for the disciples of Father Mathew find it cheaper to carry out their principles by imbibition of weak Cape sherry than of clear, wholesome "pump mixture," but because water can be put to a better use by conveying it through more customary channels and by hoarding it for more legitimate distribution.

Within a very short space of time we have been scourged by two severe epidemics. Scarcely has the "measles" abated in the country districts than it has again broken out in the town, and the prevalence of "putrid sore throat" and of many cases of bilious or choleric diarrhœa should warn us against indulging too soon in hopes of being further exempted from the ravages of disease. With a view, therefore, to a fuller intelligence of the real dangers of our position, we shall take the liberty of giving a brief digest of what is a tolerably fair summary of European experience as regards the hatching, nature, and dangers of fevers. We may take it for granted, then, that the writer is correct who, in a recent publication, says that "the three forms of fever which always prevail to a greater or less extent in England are severally named typhus, typhoid, and relapsing."

Of these, suffice it to say that the first is still better known as filth or "low nervous fever." By protracted contact, and in crowded dwellings, it is contagious. In such places, it likewise *spontaneously* rises among the inhabitants, probably, as Mr. Simon suggests, from the "putrefaction of their undispersed exhalations.

Typhoid fever is the epidemic which created so much anxiety in 1858 at Windsor. Then and there, as in other well-observed outbreaks of it, the engendering morbific influence was proved to arise from emanations consequent upon defective ventilation in the drains, and from the gases which belong to such nuisances as pigsties, dung-heaps, and foul gulleys. "The haunts of cholera and typhoid fever are identical," says a writer in *Once a Week*, when we dislodge one, we dislodge both!

Relapsing fever owes its chief terrors to the fact of its dependence upon destitution. It is the "famine fever," just as typhus is the "filth or putrid" fever; and typhoid, the "sewage fever." At the commencement of an epidemic, all and during its continuance nearly all its victims are among the destitute and imperfectly nourished. "It does not spread readily by slight and casual contact with the infected, but is freely communicated when the contact with or contiguity to the sick is prolonged, and takes place in confined rooms."

The practical conclusions, then, to be drawn from the above statements are apparent. "Use all possible means to prevent people crowding together in filthy ill-aired houses, and so prevent typhus; give protection from sewage gases, and so prevent typhoid fever; and lastly, in times of scarcity and destitution give timely succour, and so prevent the poor from falling under the relapsing fever. The thorough application of these preventives requires a better system of sanitary police than we possess, and a higher grade of officers to carry out the administrative details. The supervision of dwellings must be made stringent and general, in respect of number of occupants, ventilation, cleanliness, and sewage gases. For all these conditions, authoritative and intelligent supervision is required, but particularly in respect of house and town drainage."

If such be the state of things in London, in the very centre and heart of civilization, what are we to hope for at the southern extremity of Africa? The answer may best be found in availing ourselves of local advantages!

First, about the drainage. No man can walk through any of the more densely populated parts of the town, without ascertaining by the evidences of such senses as sight and smell, the lively existence of all sorts of animal, vegetable, and fluid abominations. What becomes of them ultimately? Are they washed into the sea; or do they disappear beneath the action of the sun's rays! Neither, we are sorry to say! There they lie heaped up, in filthy little hillocks, until a certain sort of dissolution takes place in each mass; the solid portions being carted away by municipal vehicles; and the more fluid, trickling slowly on their dark and slimy career to some open ditch or stagnant pool. As there are no means for flushing the drains, except in wintry seasons, when there is little occasion for such mechanical assistance, it follows that every street is favoured with a thin treacly stream of inconceivable odour and composition, strong enough in some places to knock a policeman down. To abate this nuisance one of two things ought to be done; either the ditches should

all be covered over, or else a supply of water should be secured from the reservoir, which conveyed in pipes through the town might also be instantly available in the event of fires breaking out. This would necessitate a large expenditure in the provision of proper material and tubing no doubt; but the safety to health and property which would thus be insured, would largely compensate for some additional taxation, for such a supply. These "fire plugs," too, would allow the streets to be watered in windy or summer weather; and so prevent the present awful destruction of clothing and amiability of temper. All these ditches might then be made to empty their contents into the three great sewers which the town requires, namely, one in connection with the Capel Sloot stream, through the property behind the Castle Bridge into the sea, near the market. Another (parallel with the first, down St. John and Plein-streets, across the Parade) might be made to discharge the water flowing past Orange-street into the bay, close to the shambles; while the third, if properly paved in the elliptical form, would, by passing down Long-street, be kept perfectly clean by the Kloof road rivulet, and so efficiently carry all the sewerage of that part of the town lying against the hill right out to the north wharf. At present the water-courses are defective, because they are choked with weeds and mud; they are too broad and not deep enough for their purpose, and they all need such a juxtaposition of their sides as will enable the smallest stream to scour them effectually. The velocity of water is increased by a contracted channel; and capillary attraction will be ensured by obviating too much friction, as at present.

Now, about the dust. Probably nothing annoys travellers so much as the horrid consequences of a windy day here. Since, however, we can't abolish south-easters by Act of Parliament, perhaps we may abate some of their more preventible annoyances. Now, it so happens that half the dust of the town is always sure to be found either at the angle of Heerengracht and Keizergracht, the corner of Church-square and Grave-street, or the open space near the old prison. From the peculiar position of our streets at right angles to one another, whatever the south-east winds blow down to the sea, the north-westerly gales blow back again towards the Downs. The dust is thus kept travelling backwards and forwards in a most irritating manner; and even when the roads are well watered, a great deal more of it is flying about than can be accounted for by the traffic. The plain fact seems to be, that Caledon-square, the commonages near the toll and market, and the dust banks raised on either side of the Rondebosch road, are

all like so many reservoirs of very fine loose dust, whence we may at any moment be flooded and overwhelmed. It is quite a mistake to suppose that these strong winds keep the town healthy. They simply displace putrid and fermenting matter, and reduce it to a consistence which may admit of its easier introduction into our systems and lungs. It must, therefore, be quite obvious to all, that until these open spaces are either abolished, or properly levelled and metalled, the winds will always carry away their loose surfaces into the precincts of the town. The sand and claystone, too, of which all our thoroughfares are made is decidedly unfit for constant traffic. It has such a tendency to pulverization in hot weather that the heat, *minus* hoofs and wheels, would alone suffice to destroy the cohesive power of its particles. What we really want is wood pavement, with side-walks of asphalte and gravel, and an abolition of those stupid level "stoeps" which destroy the beauty of the town, so as to enable ladies in sloppy weather to do their shopping without being run over or splashed from head to heel. For instance, there is no reason why a "pavè" six feet broad should not extend the whole length of Adderley, St. George's, Keizer, and Longmarket-streets, without interfering with vested interests, even though it be on an incline as steep as some parts of Edinburgh or London. We should not then mind the wet weather so much, and we should gain immensely in health and power of locomotion.

If, however, there be a radical fault in our extension of house-accommodation, it is to be found in our foolish plan of spreading out our streets on every side, in order to reach wretched little cottages which are dotted about at random on the open spaces behind the castle, &c., &c. These houses, for the most part, are speculations in brick and plaster, run up in a hurry, and not expected to last longer than five years. They seldom contain more than a ground-floor and a couple of rooms; and the approaches to them being naturally destitute of water or any comfort, give a stimulus to all the native fondness for dirt, laziness, and obscenity. If our town is to be rebuilt, we must have new domiciles, at least three stories high; and then we shall be under no necessity for keeping miles of street in repair, or wasting a small fortune in cab-hire from different and distant parts of the town. As half of these cheap dwellings are now being hurriedly run up without any regard to drainage, water-supply, or regularity, we foresee that, in time, people will have to come all the way from Zonnebloem to fetch water at the trough near Tennant-street; and unless the style of road accommodation be very much altered for the

better, a trip to any of one's friends at the top of Hanover-street will soon be a more arduous undertaking than a walk over the old Kloof road and the sands of Camp's Bay.

The space at our command, however, warns us to conclude these rambling remarks upon our sanitary condition and as to how we stand in the eyes of our neighbours and visitors. We are quite conscious of the difficulty which exists in these dull times to get people to put their hands in their pockets and bear present taxation for the sake of future benefits to another generation. It is, however, absolutely necessary that something should be done to cleanse away some of our local and social evils. We want better lighting, paving, drainage, water-supply, and air; less dust, bad roads, and tumble-down tenements; and, above all, more consideration for the pressing wants of our humbler brethren, and more immediate action in works of charity and public utility. Grant us but these improvements, and we shall then have but little cause for believing that "our lines are not fallen in pleasant places," or that our lot is such a very bad one, after all. B. A.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

NO. XXI.

HON. RICHARD SOUTHEY, ESQ., ACTING COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Mr. Southey is a native of Devonshire, and came to this colony with his father, who brought out a "party" of settlers in 1820. The well-known failure of the wheat crops in Lower Albany, which were destroyed by rust, and the want of a profitable market for other descriptions of produce, soon made it apparent that to continue on the location assigned to them would lead to ruin, and that some other means of existence must be resorted to. This caused a pretty general dispersion of the settlers, as well as of members of families —the younger branches having, of course, to be placed in positions whence they could make their own way in the world. It was then that it fell to Mr. Southey's lot to be placed as junior clerk in the mercantile establishment of Messrs. Heugh & Co., at Graham's Town, where he



HONOURABLE RICHARD SOUTHEY,

Acting Colonial Secretary

remained five years. He left this to join his brothers, who were farming on the Fish River, between Trompetter's and Committee's Drift; but soon afterwards purchased, in conjunction with them, the "Kap River farm," situated about midway between Graham's Town and the mouth of the Fish River, where he went to reside, and had nearly completed the erection of commodious and extensive farm premises when the Kafir war of 1834-5 broke out.

It was in this war that Mr. Southey first distinguished himself as one of the coolest and most intrepid of the frontier burghers who took prominent and honourable parts in it. The history of his proceedings in connection with it extends over the whole period the contest lasted; and instead of presenting any second-hand sketch of our own, we here insert the modest, unpretending personal narrative—thoroughly characteristic of the man—with which, at our request, he has kindly furnished us. It forms one of the most interesting chapters of our frontier history:

"I was in some respects more fortunate than some of my neighbours, as I received timely notice of danger, while they were attacked unawares, and some of them fell under the ruthless assegai. One of my brothers happening to be at Graham's Town, heard of the "affair" with a patrol under Ensign Sparkes, and of some other circumstances, which left no doubt of war, and he at once determined to warn me of danger on his way home. This he did about midnight, on the 20th December, 1834; and it was arranged that I should await further intelligence from the farm ahead, on the Fish River, to which he at once proceeded. At daylight, on the 22nd he returned, reporting that on the previous day they had been attacked by a large body of Kafirs, who had swept off all our stock—some 900 horned cattle (many of a superior breed), 2,000 sheep, and 30 horses; and that they had only succeeded in bringing away the family and such articles as could hastily be got into two wagons—all else was gone. I at once dispatched my stock, in charge of *Kafir* herds, to Graham's Town. My wife and two children followed in a cart drawn by oxen, and a few articles of wearing apparel and bedding were lightly thrown into the only wagon I had and sent after the rest. I followed in the course of the day (warning all the neighbours I could get at, by the way, to follow my example).

"On reaching Graham's Town in the evening, I found that all I had sent on in the morning had arrived in safety. My Kafir herds had taken good care of the stock, and they continued to do so for several weeks afterwards, until the

good folks at the head of affairs deemed it unsafe to have Kafirs at large among them. My servants heard of this, and fearing that they would get into the 'tronk' decamped.

"At Graham's Town confusion and terror prevailed to a large extent. The Kafirs were hourly expected to come down upon the place in great force, and, hence, all who came in from the country were expected to remain and aid in the defence of the capital and of the women and children who flocked there for security.

"Persons possessing a knowledge of Kafir character did not join in this feeling. They were of opinion that no attack would be made upon the town, and that it was the people in isolated positions in the country who stood most in need of aid. This was my idea, and I readily joined in every movement with this object in view. The first expedition was to the Clay Pits, in search of the Mahoney family. We met old Mrs. Mahoney and some grandchildren on their way to town on foot, having been in the bush all night, and having walked some twenty miles over a rugged and difficult road. Her husband and son-in-law, Henderson (a merchant of Graham's Town, on a visit to the country), we afterwards found murdered by the road-side about a mile from their house. On our way we had fallen in with several other dead bodies.

"We had left town with the intention of patrolling three or four days, but, as the whole country so far as we had gone, was deserted by its inhabitants, and it was thought that all had either made their escape to the military posts or towns or been already killed while attempting to do so, it was resolved to return to town in the evening.

"On parade next morning twelve volunteers were called for to carry dispatches to the Kafir Drift and Gwalana posts. The latter, where a detachment of Cape Corps was stationed, was reported to be surrounded by the enemy, and unable to obey the summons which had gone forth to all the 'out-posts' to fall back upon Graham's Town. The required number—of whom I had the honour of being one—immediately responded, and we reached Kafir Drift that evening without meeting any of the enemy, and found the Gwalana party already there. In obedience to orders, the following morning saw the whole party on the move for head-quarters, thus abandoning to the enemy a military position (Kafir Drift)—which might have been, with a little addition to its force, of great protection to the coast country—and all the stores that could not be got into the few wagons at command. As we were about leaving, a small party of Kafirs passed in

sight of the post driving a fine herd, two or three hundred head, of splendid Lower Albany cattle before them towards Kafirland. The twelve volunteers asked Major Lowen, the commanding officer, for permission to ride out and recapture them, but he refused, arguing that as they were going to leave behind all cattle belonging to the post not required for draught, it would be only a waste of time to go after more. It went, however, very much against our grain to see with what boldness we were bearded with impunity.

"It took us two days to get to town, and we had not the good luck to meet any of the enemy, except a few stragglers, never more than half a dozen together; and to our mortification, we found on arriving in town, that on the previous day a train of wagons on the same road had been attacked within ten miles of Graham's Town, the oxen cut loose and carried off, and some of the drivers killed. We had longed for such an attempt upon ours but it was denied us.

"All the outposts had been by this time abandoned, and all the force that could be got together, military and civil, was in town, and it was resolved to attempt a first invasion of the enemy's country. The inhabitants had formed themselves into corps under various titles, and I belonged to the 'Albany Mounted Sharpshooters.' We paraded at stated hours morning and evening. At evening parade we were told that a certain number of our corps would be required next day to form part of a patrol, and to take three days' biscuit with us. It was left to ourselves either to volunteer for the duty or for the officer to order the required number. We chose the former, called for volunteers and the required number rode to the front immediately; of these I was one. The next day saw us on the road towards Kafirland. Our patrol consisted of forty Cape Mounted Rifles, and one hundred and sixty others of all sorts, Sharpshooters, burghers, and native levies, all under command of Major Cox, C.M.R., assisted by Capt. Halifax, 75th Regt. At the first halt we were told that our destination was Eno's kraal, where we arrived at sunrise next morning (having marched all night), half an hour too late to catch the wily old chief asleep. We now had our first brush with the enemy, of whom between thirty and forty were killed—the only casualty on our side being a burgher pinned to his saddle by an assegai. This, however, rather interfered with our arrangements, as it rendered some kind of carriage necessary. We found some traders' wagons at the kraal, which had been carried off from one of the stations, and we soon selected a span of oxen, and so got our wounded comrade on with us to Fort Wilshire,

whence we sent him to Graham's Town under escort of a portion of our small force, reducing us to about one hundred and eighty men. We halted at Fort Wilshire two or three days, to allow of a party from Fort Beaufort under Major Burney, which was to move up through the Kat River Settlement and pass over the Chumie Mountains, to unite with us in an attack upon Tyali's kraal, which was supposed to be the stronghold of the enemy at that time. Of course, the time of attack had been agreed upon; and we moved out of Fort Wilshire one evening a little after dark, and proceeded to a point from which the kraal could be reached at daylight. The rain fell in torrents during the night; and as we had no tents or shelter of any kind, we were soon drenched. Our horses remained saddled during the three or four hours' halt, and our orders were to stand at their heads and be prepared for an attack at any moment. No attack was made upon us, however, and at dawn of day we proceeded on, drenched to the skin, and most of our guns probably useless if they had been needed, from wet. Arrived at the kraal, we found it abandoned; set fire to the huts (the heat from them being by no means disagreeable after our wet march); destroyed all we could find that a Kafir prized; and then off-saddled for breakfast. Of course, all this time we had been looking out for our gallant allies from Fort Beaufort, but they did not make their appearance; and later in the day we went in search of them, expecting that they might have fallen in with the enemy and been repulsed, and so prevented from fulfilling their engagement. We found them comfortably housed and tented at the 'New Post.' The officer in command was asked why he had not obeyed his orders to be at Tyali's kraal at the hour appointed, and replied something to the effect that the morning being wet and uncomfortable, he had preferred remaining under shelter. We thence returned to Graham's Town, when our detachment received a good share of praise in 'general orders,' and Major Burney procured a leave of absence to England.

"It was now known that the Kafirs were collecting in great force in the Fish River Bush, and Colonel, now Sir Harry Smith, having arrived from Cape Town and assumed the command on the frontier, ordered a strong patrol, under Colonel England, 75th Regiment, to assemble at Trompetter's Drift, to reconnoitre and report as to the position and strength of the enemy. This being done, Colonel Smith came down himself to take chief command with a view to dislodge him. Our force was now in three divisions,—the

head-quarters, at Trompetter's, under Col. Smith; the second division, at Somerset Mount, under Col. Somerset; and the third at Committee's, under Col. England; and a combined movement of all three was to take place during the night. Guides now became requisite, and hearing that I knew something of the country, I was called to the tent of the colonel, and after a little conversation, arrangements were made in this particular by which I was to act as guide to the head-quarters division. We moved from our ground about midnight (after the moon had gone down), and ascended the hills on the eastern bank of the river by a steep and rugged elephant path, towards the position whence our operations were to commence at daylight. During a short halt to allow the infantry breathing time, Colonel Smith rode to the front and told me that, as a number of guides would be required during the campaign, if I would undertake to collect together a sufficient band acquainted with the country and willing to act, I should be appointed to command them, with the pay of captain. This was agreed to, and we moved on again, arrived at our ground in good time, and at daylight the six-pounders from the three divisions opened upon the dense bush from the several points agreed upon on the previous day. We saw a good many cattle in various parts of the bush, indicating, of course, the presence of the enemy, though few of them were visible. A little later, the order was issued to penetrate the bush and bring out the cattle. This was responded to with alacrity but without sufficient precaution. The bush could only be penetrated in single file, and the Kafirs, lying concealed behind stones and cover of every description, had greatly the advantage of us, and thus we lost several of our best men. We continued our operations for three days, and, notwithstanding their advantages, the Kafirs found the bush too warm and quitted it for the Amatolas. It was during this patrol that a portion of the third division, under Field-cornet Rademeyer, had a hand-to-hand fight with an overwhelming number of the enemy, and after a severe struggle defeated them, not, however, without severe loss on their part.

"It was now decided to invade the enemy's country in as many directions as possible, and with all the force that could be procured. The Governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin D'Urban, had arrived at Graham's Town and assumed the immediate command. Every available soldier, and as many burghers and levies of natives as could be collected, were in front, and the Corps of Guides, about forty strong, had been organized.

"I was now told off specially as guide to the Commander-in-Chief, my orders being that although retaining command of the corps, and being held responsible to provide guides whenever and wherever required, never to be absent from the head-quarters staff. The campaign lasted about three months, during which we penetrated to the Bashee, and scoured the country of the late paramount chief Hintza, from the sea to its northern limits, at the sources of the T'somo.

"We were now in a position to punish the Kafir for his treachery, and Hintza feeling this, made overtures of peace which were too eagerly listened to. He with his son Kreili, his brother, Booko, and some followers came into our camp, and concluded a *treaty*, binding himself to deliver a large number of cattle within a given time, upon condition of our vacating his territories; he meanwhile remaining as a hostage in our camp. We commenced our backward movement towards the Kei.

"At this stage, the Corps of Guides and some of our leading burghers very nearly lost the good opinion previously formed of them. It was admitted that they had done good and gallant services, and the 'general orders' of the day still testify to this. But they were now guilty of such an act of insubordination as soldiers never heard of. They actually drew up and sent to the Commander-in-Chief, a *remonstrance* against his arrangements with Hintza. They represented that the old chief was only anxious to get us out of his country, and had no intention of fulfilling his engagement; that without much difficulty now, we could take what he engaged to give; and expressed, moreover, their willingness to remain in the field any length of time necessary for the purpose of recovering compensation for the losses of the country.

"We continued our march westward, however, crossed the Kei, and on the right bank, in presence of Hintza and with the firing of cannon proclaimed that we had conquered and beaten the enemy and brought him to terms, that henceforth that river should be our eastern boundary, and the territory between it and the Keiskama should become British, under the title of the Province of Queen Adelaide. Hintza here beguiled our chiefs into the belief that his own presence among his people was necessary to enforce the fulfilment of his engagement, and about the half of our force was detached under Colonel Smith, to accompany him and fetch the cattle. A portion of the Corps of Guides under its lieutenant, my brother George, accompanied this force, and in their charge was given the great chief.

"He was allowed to ride his own horse, a fine animal in good plight and wind (while those of the Guides were jaded and out of condition) and to carry his arms, but they were to take care that he did not escape. The result of this expedition was as many expected it would be. Hintza never intended to fulfil his engagement; he wanted to get away. The Guides were, however, too much on the alert; he attempted, and was killed, his death wound being inflicted by the lieutenant George Southey.

"During this time, I had charge of the other hostages, Kreili, Booko, &c., but the former was now set at liberty, under a promise never fulfilled or intended to be, to carry out his father's engagement. We travelled westwards to the Buffalo, the present site of King William's Town, from where I was sent on to Graham's Town, in charge of the hostages. They remained under my care for a month or so, and I was then sent back with them to their own country, there to set them free.

"Sir Benjamin now set about organizing a system of government for the management of the new province (somewhat similar to its existing arrangements prior to the issue of the letters patent), and I was appointed one of the magistrates. This ceased with the reversal of the D'Urban system by the Stockenstrom treaties of 1837, and I left the service and the frontier to be out of the way of the wars which I believed would follow."

For the succeeding ten years, Mr. Southey resided at Graaff-Reinet, until in 1847 Sir Harry Smith arrived as Governor, from whom he received the appointment of secretary to the High Commissioner, and he accompanied him in that capacity throughout the colony, Orange River Sovereignty, and Natal. He was present, we believe, at the battle of Boomplaats, on the 29th August, 1848, after which he was left in the Sovereignty as President of the War Tribute Commission, formed for the purpose of levying fines upon the persons who had been engaged against us, both as a punishment to them and to pay the expenses incurred. Some £9,000 was collected and paid into the general treasury within six months.

Having completed his duties there, and having visited the Transvaal territory—notwithstanding the exasperation of the Boers against the English—at the special invitation of Commandant Potgieter, he returned to Cape Town in the beginning of 1849, and at the end of that year received the appointment of Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Swellendam.

During his tenure of office there, and notwithstanding that at times political feeling ran high, he succeeded in gaining the confidence and respect of the inhabitants as thoroughly as the approbation of the Government whom he served.

In May, 1852, he was selected to act as Colonial Secretary, during the absence of Mr. Montagu on leave to England. It was while holding this appointment that a collision between himself and Lieutenant-Governor Darling led to a temporary suspension from office, to which, however, by order of the authorities at home he was honourably restored; a decision which gave the most lively satisfaction to every gentleman in his department, as well as to the public generally.

On the arrival of Mr. Rawson from Mauritius as the newly appointed Colonial Secretary, Mr. Southey resumed his magisterial duties at Swellendam in May, 1854; and in February of the following year was appointed Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor. While discharging this office he resided at Graham's Town, and honourably distinguished himself there by his ready co-operation in every movement for the promotion of the agriculture, the education, and the general prosperity of the district.

In January, 1859, he was selected by Sir George Grey to fill the vacant office of Auditor-General—a nomination which called forth the universal approbation of the public and the legislature. It was superseded, however, by another nomination from home, and Mr. Southey without a murmur returned to the duties of his own previous office on the frontier, and continued there until called in September last to supply temporarily the vacant Colonial Secretaryship during the absence on leave of Mr. Rawson in England.

Mr. Southey by his uniformly honourable services merits, as every colonist hopes he may speedily attain, that permanent high promotion for which he has so abundantly proved his fitness, and of which the Fates have hitherto seemed systematically to have disappointed him.

LITERARY REVIEW.

The most interesting book recently arrived at the Public Library is one that seems to have excited less attention than it merits. It is an autobiography of the most devoted patriot and the boldest and most courageous hero of the present age—the Italian liberator, Garibaldi.

It is an inartistically compiled work, hurriedly "got up" by Alexandre Dumas, but abounding in the most moving accidents by flood and field. Throughout the greater part of it Garibaldi himself is the narrator, and although his tale was evidently penned only for the perusal of his friends and followers, the style is so vivid, and the burning words so graphic and so powerful, that the reader is swept on by them with resistless force. At intervals the editor presents himself, and fills up the gaps left by his hero in the true Dumas French romantic vein; and towards the close, Garibaldi's comrade, Colonel Medici, narrates the leading events of the memorable campaign of 1848. In the brief space at our disposal for these notes, it is impossible to attempt anything like a systematic review of the book, or even to abridge the narrative of the patriot's wonderful career with anything like tolerable completeness. We shall, therefore, only advert briefly to the leading events and turning points of his life, and extract two or three passages best illustrative of his style and most characteristic of the man. Garibaldi was born at Nice, in 1807, in the same chamber in which the brave Massena first saw the light. His father, and his father's father, alike, were sailors; and of his mother, Rosa Raguindo, he declares that she was the very model of a woman. "Certes," he says, "I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm this, that in the most terrible instances of my life, when the ocean moved under the keel and against the sides of my vessel, which it tossed like a cork—when bullets whistled in my ears like the wind of the tempest—when balls showered around me like hail—I constantly saw her on her knees buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High, and for me. That which gave me that courage at which people have sometimes been astonished, was the conviction I felt that no harm could happen to me while so holy a woman, while such an angel was praying for me." In early life he entered his father's profession of the sea; and continued it, trading in the Mediterranean, until the revolutionary movement of St. Julian's, in 1833, attracted him to fight for his country's liberty, although then without success. He escaped—learning afterwards that he had been condemned to death—and in the following year embarked as mate of a French brig, for Rio Janeiro, in South America. Here he and his comrade passed a few months in idleness—"for I call it idleness to carry on a commerce for which neither of us was born"—and, soon afterwards, chance directed him into the service of the republic of Rio Grande, then at war with the empire of Brazil. Garibaldi was appointed to command a small corsair craft of thirty tons, and under that commission, both on sea and land, performed the most extraordinary prodigies of valour, which he describes in detail, but with the air of a man who deemed his most wonderful exploits no more than were required by common skill and daring. It was while engaged in these operations he first met and wooed and won his matchless heroic

wife Anita. The pathetic tenderness with which he speaks of her wonderful courage and devotion, attests the character of the man, and shows how the highest valour is ever conjoined with the truest gentleness of soul. One passage must be quoted illustrative of her character. The event described occurred after the fight of Caritibani, when Garibaldi, with sixty-three foot soldiers, was surrounded with five hundred of the enemy's cavalry :

Anita on that day witnessed some of the most melancholy incidents of war. Submitting with regret to the part of a simple spectatress of the fight, she urged on the supply of ammunition, fearing the combatants would want cartridges. The fire we kept up, indeed, gave her reason to fear that if our ammunition were not speedily recruited, it would be exhausted. With this object she was approaching the principal place of the fight, when a score of the enemy's horse, pursuing some of our fugitives, fell upon our soldiers of the train. An excellent horsewoman, and mounted upon a superior horse, Anita might have fled and escaped them ; but her woman's breast contained the heart of a hero. Instead of flying, she excited the soldiers to defend themselves, and was suddenly surrounded by the Imperialists. A man would have surrendered ; but she, clapping spurs to her horse, and with a vigorous spring, passed through the enemy, receiving only one ball through the hat, which carried away some of her hair without even grazing her skull. She might perhaps have saved herself if the horse had not fallen, struck dead by another ball. She was obliged to surrender, and was presented to the enemy's colonel.

Sublime in courage amidst danger, Anita became still greater, if possible, in adversity, so that in presence of the staff, astonished at her courage, but which had not the good taste to conceal the triumph of victory before a woman, she replied with rough and disdainful haughtiness to some words which appeared to her to express contempt for the conquered Republicans, and fought as vigorously with her tongue as she had with arms.

Anita believed that I was killed. In this belief she requested and obtained permission to seek my body among the slain on the field of battle. For a length of time she wandered like a ghost about the ensanguined plain, seeking for what she dreaded to find, turning over the dead who had fallen with their faces towards the earth, and who, by their clothes or figure, she thought bore any resemblance to me.

The search was useless ; it was for me, on the contrary, that fate reserved the anguish of bathing with my tears her icy cheeks ; and when I had endured that supreme agony, I was unable to cast a handful of earth or a few flowers upon the grave of the mother of my sons !

As soon as she felt convinced I still lived, Anita had but one thought, and that was to escape. An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Profiting by the intoxication of the victorious enemy, she passed into the house adjoining that in which she was kept prisoner, and where, without knowing her, a woman received and protected her. My cloak, which I had thrown off to give more freedom to my motions, had fallen into the hands of an enemy ; she exchanged it for hers, which was handsomer and of greater value. Night came, Anita darted out into the forest and disappeared. It required the heart at once of the lion and the gazelle, of this noble creature to risk herself thus. Only he who has beheld the immense forests which cover the summits of l'Espenano, with their secular pines, which seem destined to

support the heavens, and which are the columns of that splendid temple of nature, the gigantic reeds which people the intervals of them, and which harbour ferocious animals and reptiles whose sting is death—only he can form an idea of the dangers she had to encounter, of the difficulties she had to surmount. Fortunately, the daughter of the American *steppes* knew not what fear was. It was twenty leagues from Caritibani to Lages, and that through impenetrable woods, alone and without food! How did she do it? God knows.

. . . . . .

In fact, it was a strange thing to see: this valiant woman mounted upon a fiery courser, which she had asked for and obtained in a house where she had sought hospitality, and that during a tempestuous night, rushing along at full gallop, over rocks, by the flashing of lightning and amidst the noise of thunder; for such really was that unfortunate night. Four horsemen, placed at the passage of the river Canoas, fled away at the sight of this vision, concealing themselves behind the bushes on the banks. In the meantime, Anita herself arrived on the edge of the torrent; the torrent swelled by rains, doubled by the rivulets descending from the mountains, had become a flood; and yet she crossed this furious flood, not, as she had done some days before, in a good boat, but swimming, and clinging to the mane of her horse, which she encouraged with her voice.

The stream rushed growling on, not in a narrow space, but over an extent of five hundred paces. Well, she gained the other bank safe and sound! One cup of coffee, swallowed in haste at Lages, was all this intrepid traveller took during the space of four days, which it required to regain the corps of Colonel Aranha, at Vaccaria. There Anita and I met again, after a separation of a week, during which we had thought each other dead. Our joy may be imagined.

After his career in Rio Grande had been completed, we find Garibaldi for a brief season employed as a commission agent and teacher of mathematics in the city of Monte Video, and soon afterwards, now as a sailor and now as commander of an Italian legion, repeating his old exploits in defence of that republic. And then succeeded the movement for the reformation of Italy, begun by Pope Pius IX, and terminating in the fall of Rome before the French army of Oudinot. Garibaldi was too patriotic an Italian to remain abroad when he thought his country required his aid at home. Rejoiced at the liberal policy proclaimed by the Pope, he eagerly offered the services of himself and his legionaries to help the Holy Father in his auspicious work, but they were rejected. Still he determined to return, and with a small but heroic band he threw himself heart and soul into the patriotic movement conducted against the Austrians by Charles Albert of Piedmont, and from that day acted a prominent and heroic part until he was compelled to yield at Rome to the overwhelming force of the French army. While in Monte Video, the officer who made the report to General Paz, was satisfied in speaking of the Italian legionaries, to say "They fought like tigers." "That is not to be wondered at," replied General Paz; "they are commanded by a lion." And leonine was the courage displayed by Garibaldi in all this campaign of 1848, in Italy. His defence of Rome is described in graphic power, partly by Colonel Medici and

partly by himself. But we can here find space to quote only the disastrous close of it. Garibaldi writes:

"On the 2nd of July, I assembled the troops in the Place of the Vatican. I advanced into the centre of them, and I announced to them that I quitted Rome to carry into the provinces revolt against the Austrians, the King of Naples, and Pio IX, and I added:

"'Whoever is willing to follow me shall be received among my people. I require nothing of them but hearts filled with love for their country. They will have no pay, no rest—bread and water when by chance they can find any. Whoever is not satisfied with this fate had better remain here. The gates of Rome once passed, every step backward will be a step towards death.'

"Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse ranged themselves around me; these constituted two thirds of the defenders of Rome that were left. Anita, dressed as a man, Ciccemacchio, who would not stay to witness the degradation of his country, and Ugo Bassi, the saint who aspired to martyrdom, were the first to join me.

"'Towards evening we quitted Rome by the Tivoli gate; my heart was sad as death."

And here the memoir in this volume closes. Dumas adds: "Some day I will obtain from him the second part of his life as I have obtained the first. It will be resumed in two words—EXILE AND TRIUMPH."

WE had been promising ourselves ample scope in this our closing number, for, if not reviewing, at least glancing rapidly at the pile of interesting new works now on our table. We had even been disposed, notwithstanding the assurance of a friendly critic that the *Cornhill Magazine* was read over the whole colony, to dip into that last cruel lecture of Thackeray's on the Georges, and quote some of the fierce denunciations poured by him on the wretched royal mummy George IV. We had quite a pretty homily prepared, suggested by a correspondent, on the contrast between the training of our own young Royal Alfred and the strong temptations to which young George Princeps and the Duke of York were exposed among the men of fashion in the days of George III. We had even meditated a wondrously graceful valedictory review of the eight volumes of our own *Magazine*, which must now be abandoned to the tender mercies of our successors. When at the last moment we received the medley, macaronic, hudibrastic, and nondescript verses which here succeed, commemorative of the recent anniversary celebrated by a dinner in the Exchange. Then, of course, *cedat judex armis*, which means that the volunteer reviewer must give place to the review of the Volunteers at Mess. And by way of reviewing the review, we must express a friendly hope that our esteemed and gallant correspondent in his return from the "orgies," of which at the outset he writes so soberly and pungently, paced homeward in less halting steps than the dislocated feet of his concluding verses would not unreasonably give suspicion of!

R. N.

THE VOLUNTEER ANNIVERSARY.

BY C. M'E. O'D.

In the Cape Monthly Magazine
Some months old, a Wag is seen
Rhyming all sorts of slang and chaff
Only intended to make people laugh,
He quite ignores those noble aims
To which the prospectus laid some claims.
But then "*non sequitur*," or, "it don't follow"
That "*Semper tendit Arcum Apollo*,"
The solemn man frowns and the puritan winces
At idle Idyls on Idols of Princes;
But let them, I care not, I'll have my own way now,
And lustily "*Arma Virumque Cano*."

From Table Mountain's craggy front
The snow white clouds come streaming down,
As is their ancient use and wont
When south-east storms sweep through our town.
About the wind there's "no mistake,"
As through the streets your way you make.
At every cutting, pelting gust
The Heerengracht kicks up a dust;
In Keizersgracht its rather worse
For there the gale with scraping force
Sends flying stones and bits of bricks
Bang in your eyes; so half-past six
Shown on the dumpy Dutch Church steeple,
Ain't visible to many people.
On Wednesday, then, at that same hour,
Defiant of the Storm King's power,
Picking the pebbles from your eye,
You might on every side descry
Warriors wending each his way
To where on shores of Table Bay
The Hottentot erst gazed with wonder
At winged and floating Homes of Thunder,
And on their weather-beaten crews
Who came ashore to dig up news,
And browse on scurvy grass, and fill
Their casks at Table Mountain's rill,
Or try the Straud Loopers to cheat
In knowing bargains for fresh meat,
For you see they encountered in their rambles
Nothing at all like the present shambles.
Down by the Tronk and Hanbury's store
Was all a seaweed covered shore.
There on that spot that building strange,
The Cape Commercial Exchange,
May now give food for many a lecture
On gross bad taste in architecture—
But all this wide o' th' mark appears,
Supplies of food for Volunteers,
Are now engaging our Ideas.

On Wednesday last,
In spite of the blast,
I hurried fast
To that repast
With which the jolly Volunteers
Of the peaceful Cape of Storms,
After a service of five long years
All tucked out their uniforms.
St. George's and the Lutheran clocks
Show half-past six. The door unlocks,
Responsive to the thundering knocks
Of a fat yet a hungry Bombardier.
For well to the front
Came the men of weight
As is their wont ;
Artillery blue,
With roomy stowage for any freight
Of meat and drink, and few
Can think of a jollier Volunteer
Than their Colonel the gallant Chevalier.
Their brawny arms with vigour swell
As they twirl like a straw the tail of a gun,
And now they can play their parts as well
At the festive board when their work is done.
With the blue, white striped, of the Cavalry,
And Rifle invisible green,
Red Sappers in friendly rivalry
On every side are seen,
When—"God save the Queen,"
And there Sir George is
With twelve or thirteen
Big wigs and officers, clergymen e'en
To give grace to our orgies.
We looked *well* on the whole ;
Sir Lowry Cole
With his martial cloak around him did stand
On the canvas above our colonel's poll.
Talent and valour on either hand;
Sir Thomas Maclear himself observes,
But he can't describe the number of stars
That his neighbour wears, in proof that his nerves
Have stood the test of many wars.
And the wind blew,
The Rifle Band too,
Ireson showing what they could do.
Clatter, clatter, clatter,
Knife, and fork, and platter.
"Hilloa! what the Deuce is the matter :
D'ye screw up your nose at the food?"
"No, the wine" ————————
"Yes, Cape, but good."
"In England we'd be contented enough
To drink Cape wine if you'd send such good stuff."
"I don't complain."
"Try Champagne."
"Good again.

"I don't know when
"I had such a glass of beer.
"We couldn't have picked out a better man
"As judge of all good cheer;
"Or, as a Trump in general, than
"Our Commissary here."
"I really must say we can't find fault.
"Pleasure of wine?—with you, sir."
"Ho! the Sergeant lets slip four holes of his belt—
"That Bombadier nine—it's true, sir."

. . . . .

Hush—h—h! and be still.
Silence that chatterer
"FOR ALL THESE ETCETERAR."
There's Colonel Hill
Now on his legs,
And he begs
All to fill.
So the company raise their glasses,
And quickly toast on toast he passes
All the honours; but a very short speech,
Introductory (or not) to each.
I'm not well-bred enough to preach
Or mark etiquette with a note on its breach;
But I think that the best of all these hints is
We shouldn't nick-name Royal Princes;
Nor publicly speak of a court-card, although
The best of all Trumps; but I don't know.
Never mind, 't was simply meant
In hearty loving compliment.
We've heard that Truth
In wine leaketh,
Of fulness of mouth
The heart speaketh.
At length our Governor arose.
He did not tell we'd bravely fight
Against imaginary foes;
But what he *did* say pleased us quite
As well; he told what each one knows;
That on parade we look all right;
That he's our friend, so I won't chronicle
What else he said, in this style ironical.

But the oddest thing that had happened for years,
And the worst that can be said is,
A Captain wouldn't answer for the Cape Town Volunteers,
Nor the Cavalry speak up for the ladies.
At length a guest *would*,
He doubted, if he could,
From inability to respond to their feeling,
The ladies he meant
His fun was evident,
And our cheering shook the plaster on the ceiling.
And the wind blew,
The Rifle Band too,
Ireson showing what they could do,

And thus the hours mirth-laden flew,
Until the Dutch Church clock struck two.

If you think we might
Have got rather tight
Towards the latter end of the night
I say "in a globular sense"—not quite,
Though it must be confessed
By even the best
Subscriber or guest,
That what with honouring every toast,
And cheering nine times nine,
Some of them looked, at the last, almost
As if they'd been drinking wine.

From Table Mountain's scraggy face
The south-east wind tears screaming down,
As it always does in this nasty place.
When such a dust blows through the town,
Even a saint couldn't walk quite straight
It blows so hard and it blows so late.
Go home like good boys,
Without any noise,
Let me tell you its very like folly, or worse
To carry home cabs with the cabby and horse
All standing. You really are stronger than wise,
Pray do get inside.
I must go to sleep, or else my eyes
Will look quite red,
And it will be said
I've got a head
That's not all clear for work when I rise,
I'm off to bed.

. . . .

This last, be it known, is poetical licence,
I freely own it's what I call lies,—since
Up to the time I left the feast
No man was making himself a beast.
In fact I aver
That none could discover,
A Volunteer there,
Even half seas over
Some were mechanics with toil hardened hand
And some were gentlemen first in the land
In every respect "*their behaviour was sich*"
No one could detect "*the t'other from which.*"
I honour the tie of Bread and Salt,
Not to mention good victuals and Cape wine and malt,
And though with my scribbling you may find fault
And think both my rhyme and my sentiments queer,
Don't fancy my nonsense alloyed with a sneer
For I feel like a brother Volunteer.

